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THE COURTSHIP OF ALLAPHAIR

A HAPPY VALLEY STORY

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHN

PREACHING at the open-air meeting-house was just over and the citizens of Happy Valley were pouring out of the benched enclosure within living walls of rhododendron. Men, women, children, babes in arms mounted horse or mule or strolled in family groups homeward up or down the dusty road. Youths and maids paired off, dallying behind. Emerged last one rich, dark, buxom girl alone. Twenty yards down the road two young mountaineers were squatted in the shade whittling, and to one she nodded. The other was a stranger—one Jay Dawn—and the stare he gave her was not only bold but impudent.

"Who's goin' home with *that* gal?" she heard him ask.

"Nobody," was the answer; "*that* gal al'ays goes home *alone*." She heard his snort of incredulity.

"Well, I'm goin' with her right now." The other man caught his arm.

"No, you ain't"—and she heard no more.

Athwart the wooded spur she strode like a man. Her full cheeks and lips were red and her black, straight hair showed Indian blood, of which she was not ashamed. On top of the spur a lank youth with yellow hair stood in the path.

"How-dye, Allaphair!" he called uneasily, while she was yet some yards away.

"How-dye!" she said unsmiling and striding on toward him with level eyes.

"Allaphair," he pleaded quickly, "lemme——"

"Git out o' my way, Jim Spurgill." The boy stepped quickly from the path and she swept past him.

"Allaphair, lemme walk home with ye." The girl neither answered nor turned her head, though she heard his footsteps behind her.

"Allaphair, uh, Allaphair, please lemme—" He broke off abruptly and sprang behind a tree, for Allaphair's ungentle ways were widely known. The girl had stooped for a stone and was wheeling with it in her hand. Gingerly the boy poked his head out from behind the tree, prepared to dodge.

"You're wuss'n a she-wolf in sucklin' time," he grumbled, and the girl did not seem displeased. Indeed, there was a grim smile on her scarlet lips when she dropped the stone and stalked on. It was almost an hour before she crossed a foot-log and took the level sandy curve about a little bluff, whence she could see the two-roomed log cabin that was home. There were flowers in the little yard and morning-glories covered the small porch, for, boyish as she was, she loved flowers and growing things. A shrill cry of welcome greeted her at the gate, and she swept the baby sister toddling toward her high above her head, fondled her in her arms, and stopped on the threshold. Within was another man, slight and pale and a stranger.

"This is the new school-teacher, Alla-

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phair," said her mother. "He calls hisself Iry Combs."

"How-dye!" said the girl, but the slight man rose and came forward to shake hands. She flashed a frown at her mother a moment later, behind the stranger's back; teachers boarded around and he might be there for a week and perhaps more. The teacher was mountain born and bred, but he had been to the Bluegrass to school, and he had brought back certain little niceties of dress, bearing, and speech that irritated the girl. He ate slowly and little, for he had what he called indigestion, whatever that was. Distinctly he was shy, and his only vague appeal to her was in his eyes, which were big, dark, and lonely.

It was a disgrace for Allaphair to have reached her years of one-and-twenty without marrying, and the disgrace was just then her mother's favorite theme. Feeling rather poorly, the old woman began on it that afternoon. Allaphair had gone out to the woodpile and was picking up an armful of firewood, and the mother had followed her. Said Allaphair:

"I tell you agin an' agin I hain't got no use fer 'em—a-totin' guns an' knives an' a-drinkin' moonshine an' fightin' an' breakin' up meetin's an' lazin' aroun' ginerally. An' when they ain't that way," she added contemptuously, "they're like that un thar. Look at him!" She broke into a loud laugh. Ira Combs had volunteered to milk, and the old cow had just kicked him over in the mud. He rose red with shame and anger—she felt more than she saw the flash of his eyes—and valiantly and silently he went back to his task. Somehow the girl felt a pang of pity for him, for already she saw in his eyes the telltale look that she knew so well in the eyes of men. With his kind it would go hard; and right she was to the detail. She herself went to St. Hilda to work and learn, but one morning she passed his little schoolhouse just as he was opening for the day. From a gable the flag of her country waved, and she stopped mystified. And then from the green, narrow little valley floated up to her wondering ears a song. Abruptly it broke off and started again; he was teaching the children the song of her own land, which she and they had never heard before. It was almost sunset when she came back and the teacher was starting for home. He was ahead of her—she knew he had seen her coming—but he did not wait for her, nor did he look back while she was following him all the way home. And next Sunday he too went to church, and after meeting he started for home alone and she followed alone. He had never made any effort to speak to her alone, nor did he venture the courting pleasantries of other men. Only in his telltale eyes was his silent story plain, and she knew it better than if he had put it into words. In spite of her certainty, however, she was a little resentful that Sunday morning, for his slender figure climbed doggedly ahead, and suddenly she sat down that he might get entirely out of her sight.

She got down on her hands and knees to drink from the little rain-clear brook that tinkled across the road at the bottom of the hill, and all at once lifted her head like a wild thing. Some one was coming down the hill—coming at a dog-trot. A moment later her name was called, and it was the voice of a stranger. She knew it was Jay Dawn, for she had heard of him—had heard of his boast that he would keep company with her—and she kept swiftly on. Again and again he called, but she paid no heed. She glared at him fiercely when he caught up with her—and stopped. He stopped. She walked on and he walked on. He caught her by the arm when she stopped again, and she threw off his hold with a force that wheeled him half around, and started off on a run. She stooped when she next heard him close to her and whirled, with a stone in her hand.

"Go 'way!" she panted. "I'll brain ye!" He laughed, but he came no nearer.

"All right," he said, as though giving up the chase, but when she turned the next spur there Jay was waiting for her by the side of the road.

"How-dye," he grinned. Three times he cut across ledge and spur and gave her a grinning how-dye. The third time she was ready for him and she let fly. The first stone whistled past his head with astonishing speed. The second he dodged and the third caught him between the

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shoulders as he leaped for a tree with an oath and a yell. And there she left him, swearing horribly and frankly at her.

Jay Dawn did not go back to logging that week. Report was that he had gone to "courtin' an' throwin' rocks at woodpeckers." Both statements were true, but Jay was courting at long range. He hung about her house a great deal. Going to mill, looking for her cow, to and fro from the mission, Allaphair never failed to see Jay Dawn. He always spoke and he never got answer. He always grinned, but his eye was threatening. To the school-teacher he soon began to give special notice, for that was what Allaphair seemed to be doing herself. He saw them sitting in the porch together alone, going out to milk or to the woodpile. Passing her gate one flower-scented dusk, he heard the drone of their voices behind the morning-glory vines and heard her laugh quite humanly. He snorted his disgust, but once when he saw the girl walking home with the teacher from school he seethed with rage and bided his time for both. He did spend much time throwing at woodpeckers, ostensibly, but he was not practising for a rock duel with Allaphair. He had picked out the level stretch of sandy road not far from Allaphair's house, which was densely lined with rhododendron and laurel, and was carefully denuding it of stones. When any one came along he was playing David with the birds; a moment later he was "a-workin' the public road," but not to make the going easier for the none too dainty feet of Allaphair. Indeed, the girl twice saw him at his peculiar diversion, but all suspicion was submerged in scorn.

The following Sunday things happened. On the way from church the girl had come to the level stretch of sand. Beyond the vine-clad bluff and "a whoop and a holler" further on was home. Midway of the stretch Jay Dawn stepped from the bushes and blocked her way, and with him were his grin and his threatening eye.

"I'm goin' to kiss ye," he said. Right, left, and behind she looked for a stone, and he laughed.

"Thar hain't a rock between that poplar back thar and that poplar thar at the bluff; the woodpeckers done got 'em all." There was no use to run—the girl knew she was trapped and her breast began to heave. Slowly he neared her, with one hand outstretched, as though he were going to halter a wild horse, but she did not give ground. When she slapped at his hand he caught her by one wrist, and then with lightning quickness by the other. Quickly she bent her head, caught one of his wrists with her teeth, and bit it to the bone, so that with an open cry of pain he threw her loose. Then she came at him with her fists like a man, and she fought like a man. Blow after blow she rained on him, and one on the chin made him stagger. He could not hit back, so he closed in, and then it was cavewoman and caveman. He expected her to bite again and scratch, but she did neither—nor did she cry for help. She kept on like a man, and after one blow in his stomach which made him sick she grappled like a wrestler, which she was, and but for his own quickness would have thrown him over her left knee. Each was in the straining embrace of the other now and her heaving breast was crushed against his, and for a moment he stood still.

"This suits me exactly," he cackled, and that made her furious and turned her woman again. To keep her now from biting him he thrust his right forearm under her chin and bent her slowly backward. Her right fist beat his muscular back harmlessly—she caught him by the hair, but unmindful he bent her slowly on.

"I'll have ye killed," she said savagely—"I'll have ye killed"; and then suddenly he felt her collapse, submissive, and his lips caught hers.

"Thar now," he said, letting her loose; "you need a leetle tamin', you do," and he turned and walked slowly away. The girl dropped to the ground, weeping. But there was an exultant look in her eyes before she reached home.

The teacher was sitting in the porch.

"*He* never would 'a' done it," she muttered, and she hardly spoke to him.

A message from Jay Dawn reached the school-teacher the morning after the "running of a set" at the settlement school. Jay had infuriated Allaphair by his attentions to Polly Stidham from Quicksand.

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Allaphair had flirted outrageously with Ira Combs the teacher, and in turn Jay got angry, not at her but at the man. So he sent word that he would come down the next Saturday and knock "that mullet-headed, mealy-mouthed, spindle-shanked rat into the middle of next week," and drive him from the hills.

"Whut you goin' to do about it?" asked Allaphair, secretly thrilled. To her surprise the little man seemed neither worried nor frightened.

"Nothing," he said, adding the final *g* with irritating precision; "but I have never backed out of a fight in my life." Allaphair could hardly hold back a hoot of contempt.

"Why, he'll break you to pieces with his hands."

"Perhaps—if he gets hold of me." The girl almost shrieked.

"You hain't going to run?"

"I'm *not* going to run; it's no disgrace to get licked."

"But if he crows over ye atterwards—whut'll you do then?"

The teacher made no answer, nor did he answer Jay's message. He merely went his way, which was neither to avoid nor seek; so Jay sought him. Allaphair saw him the next Friday afternoon, waiting by the roadside—waiting, no doubt, for Ira Combs. Her first impulse was to cross over the spur and warn the teacher, but curiosity as to just what the little man would do got the better of her, and she slipped aside into the bushes and crept noiselessly to a spot whence she could peer out and see and hear all that might happen. Soon she saw the school-teacher coming, as was his wont, leisurely, looking at the ground at his feet and with his hands clasped behind his back. He did not see the threatening figure waiting until Jay rose.

"Stop thar, little Iry," he sneered, and he whipped out his revolver and fired. The girl nearly screamed, but the bullet cut into the dust near Ira's right foot.

"Yuh danced purty well t'other night, an' I want to see ye dance some more by yo'self. Git at it!" He raised his gun again and the school-teacher raised one hand. He had grown very red and as suddenly very pale, but he did not look frightened.

"You can kill me," he drawled quietly, "but I'm not going to dance for you. Suppose you whoop me instead—I heard that was your intention." Jay laughed.

"Air ye goin' to fight me?" he asked incredulously.

"I'd rather be licked than dance."

"All right," said Jay. "I'll lam' ye aroun' a little an' spank ye good an' mebbe make ye dance atterwards." He unbuckled his pistol and tossed it into the grass by the roadside.

"Will you fight fair?" asked Ira, still formal in speech. "No wrestling, biting, or gouging."

"No wrasslin', no bitin', no gougin'," mimicked Jay, beginning to revolve his huge fists around each other in country fashion. The little man waited, his left arm outstretched and bent and his right across and close to his chest, and the watching girl almost groaned. Still his white, calm face, his steady eyes, and his lithe poise fascinated her. She would not let Jay hurt him badly—she would come out and take a hand herself. Jay opened one fist, and with his open hand made a powerful, contemptuous sweep at Ira's head, and the girl expected to see the little teacher fly off into the bushes and the fight over. To her amazement Ira gave no ground at all. His feet never moved, but like a blacksnake's head his own darted back; Jay's great hand fanned the air, and as his own force whirled him half around Allaphair had to hold back a screech of laughter, for Ira had *slapped him*. Jay looked puzzled, but his fists clenched. Right and left he swung, but the teacher was never there. Presently there was another stinging smack on his cheek and another, as Ira danced about him like the shadow of a magic lantern.

"He's a-tirin' him down," thought Allaphair, but she was wrong; Ira was trying to make him mad, and that did not take much time or trouble. Jay rushed him.

"No wrasslin'," called Ira quietly, at the same time stopping the rush with a left-hand swing on Jay's chin that made the head wabble.

"I reckon he must be left-handed," thought the wondering Allaphair. There are persons who literally do grind their teeth with rage and it is audible. The girl heard Jay's now.

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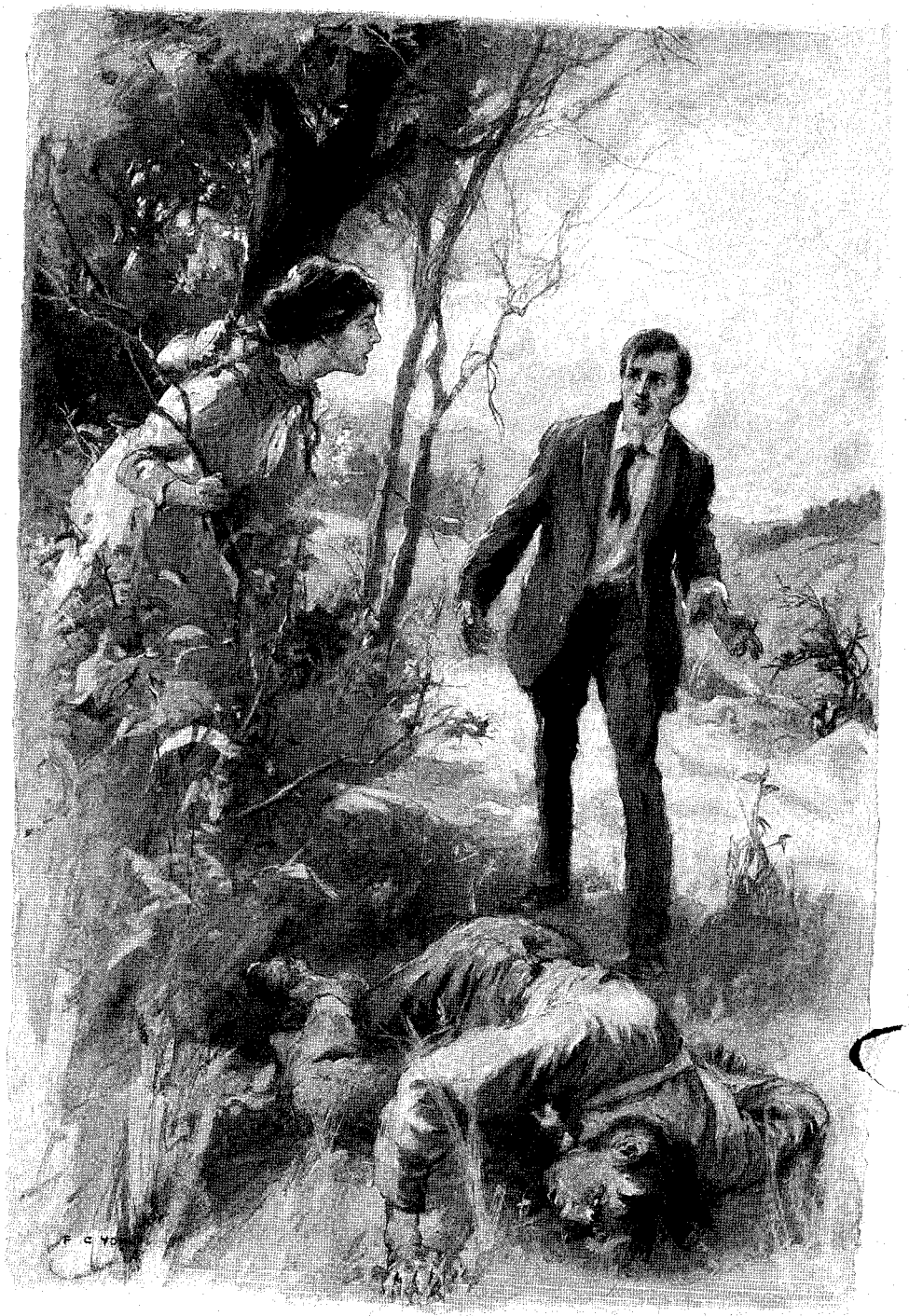

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"You got him down!" she cried. "Jump on him an' stomp him!"—Page 7.

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"He's goin' to kill him," she thought, and she got ready to do her part, for with a terrible, hoarse grunt Jay had rushed. Like a greased rod of steel the boy writhed loose from the big, crooked talons that reached for his throat, and his right fist, knobbed on the end of another bar of steel, came up under Jay's bent head with every ounce of the whole weight behind it in the blow. It caught the big man on the point of the chin. Jay's head snapped up and back violently, his feet left the ground, and his big body thudded the road.

"My God, he's knocked him down! My God, he's knocked him down!" muttered the amazed girl. "You got him down!" she cried. "Jump on him an' stomp him!" He turned one startled look toward her and—it is incredible—the look even at that moment was shy; but he stood still, for Ira had picked up the ethics as well as the skill of the art, of which nothing was known in Happy Valley or elsewhere in the hills. So he stood still, his hands open, and waited. For a while Jay did not move, and his eyes, when they did open, looked dazed. He rose slowly, and as things came back to him his face became suddenly distorted. Nothing alive could humiliate him that way and still live; he meant to kill now.

"Look out!" screamed the girl. Jay rushed for the gun and Ira darted after him; but there was a quicker flash from the bushes, and Jay found his own gun pointed at his own breast and behind it Allaphair's black eyes searing him.

"Huh!" she grunted contemptuously, and the silence was absolute while she broke the pistol, emptied the cartridges into her hand, and threw them far over into the bushes.

"Less go on home, Iry," she said, and a few steps away she turned and tossed the gun at Jay's feet. He stooped, picked it up, and, twirling it in his hand, looked foolishly after them. Presently he grinned, for at bottom Jay was a man. And two hours later, amid much wonder and many guffaws, he was telling the tale:

"The damned leetle spindle-shank licked me—licked *me!* An' I'll back him agin anybody in Happy Valley or anywhar else—ef you leave out bitin', gougin', and wrasslin'."

"Did ye lose yo' gal, too?" asked Pleasant Trouble.

"Huh!" said Jay, "I reckon *not*—she knows *her* boss."

The two walked home slowly and in silence—Ira in front and Allaphair, as does the woman in the hills, following close behind, in a spirit quite foreign to her hitherto. The little school-teacher had turned shy again and said never a word, but, as he opened the gate to let her pass through, she saw the old, old, telltale look in his sombre eyes. Her mother was crooning in the porch.

"No ploughin' termorrer, mammy. Me an' Iry want the ole nag to go down to the Couht House in the mornin'. Iry's axed me to marry him."

Perhaps every woman does not love a master—perhaps Allaphair had found hers.

"IN THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW"

By Margaret Cable Brewster

As one who bears a flaming torch
Into some alien gloom,
So, with my face upraised, I go
Unshrinking to my doom.

Whether it be that Death is kind,
Or Heaven forever bright;
Surely some answering torch shall flash
Within the encircling Night!

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JOHN O'MAY

By Maxwell Struthers Burt

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALONZO KIMBALL

ONE comes across adventure, mental or physical, unexpectedly. There was a dinner at Tommy Dunstan's and I had driven five miles across country. I was late, and I came in out of the semi-darkness of an April night—a little crescent moon cutting a thin band of white in a pale-green sky—to find the others already at table. They were mostly people I knew, neighbors of Tommy and myself: nice people; fox-hunters, most of them; solid young people with money back of them; tall, slim, delightfully healthy; the women with the iridescent, small-headed, not very mellow loveliness of American women—lilies without perfume. Then I noticed O'May.

He struck me at once as alien and arresting. There was exotic coloring: a brown of sunburn, a vivid black of hair, a heather-gray of eyes. Despite the half of him hidden by the table-cloth one received an impression of slim-waistedness, of broad but distinctly well-bred shoulders, of clothes worn with the careless assurance of perfection that seems to be one of the new traits actually inherited. And there was as well, from the way in which he bent toward the woman to whom he was talking, that curious suggestion of masculinity more common in Europeans than in Americans; a suggestion of—how shall I put it?—of humorous acquiescence in a tradition observed but seen through completely. . . . I wondered who the man was. My neighbors wondered too.

When dinner was over Dunstan called out to me. "Billy," he said, "come here. I want you to meet Captain O'May. Captain John O'May." Captain John O'May! A name like an Irish day in April, isn't it? "Ex-Tenth Hussars"—Dunstan has the explanatory manner—"ex-Boer War, ex-coca-planter, ex-everything, aren't you, Jack?"

"Ex-everything," returned the gentleman in question, with just the faintest hint of a brogue, "ex-everything, except exacting." Then he laughed, showing very white, even teeth under a short mustache, and put out his hand.

I felt immediately the tang to him.

Captain O'May sat down; he poured himself a liqueur; he pushed the bottle toward me; I found myself listening with a bewildering suddenness to a preposterous story of baboons. I have no idea how baboons came to be mentioned; I don't believe they were mentioned; but I was swept up in the tale. It seems in South Africa they march in regiments, the males first, the females with their babies following. In front goes a gray-bearded creature, portentous and not to be laughed at. When they come to a river the leaders plunge in and, taking hands, form a line over which the wives and children go. There is much screaming and refusal. The pantaloon general cuffs the obstreperous. It is a curious sight in the great moonlight—the hairy shapes, the precision and gravity of it. All the while they swing their arms and make a hoarse marching chorus —"Rum-pah! Rum-pah!" Something like that. . . . I didn't know whether to believe what I was hearing or not; but I had a distinct vision—of sands and a river like slow quicksilver, of a night wide as unknown seas, and of outlandish processions. My mind was entirely removed from an American suburb to countries lying on the outer edge of a planet which, if only you could see it in perspective, would seem a witch-like globe, phosphorescent with romance. . . . After that I saw O'May no more for a month.

When I did see him again it was again at Dunstan's, and instantly I felt the little thrill you feel when subconsciously you have been desiring the renewal of an acquaintanceship. I asked him over to my place for the night. He came and spent six days—borrowing my collars and

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shirts with a calmness that gave to that irritating act a perpetual dignity. A dinner-jacket of mine fitted him perfectly. I imagine that every one's clothes fitted O'May.

And so, in the curiously casual manner he had, he fell into the habit of Dunstan and myself.

All that summer and autumn and winter he would appear without warning, stay a week or two, and disappear as quietly as he had come. I liked him about; I liked his feline walk; I liked his attitude of quiescent readiness. He was so immediately willing to do anything, but at the same time so little weary of doing nothing at all. One seldom meets a man who combines stoicism with eagerness. O'May lay in wait for life. I spoke of him to my friends as "a silent Irishman;" I was not a little proud that I had discovered him. I had forgotten the baboon story, you see, or, if I thought of it at all, put it down to the conversational eagerness that follows an introduction. After three months I found, quite unexpectedly, that baboons, allegorically speaking, were poignantly characteristic of O'May.

He sucked his pipe; he looked at the fire, and then at the clock which had just struck ten; he sipped his whiskey and burst into a passion of epic narration. I was utterly unprepared. Behind the rigid mask of a British ex-soldier I saw—what I should have suspected long before, peeping out—leering out, rather—the unkillable Celt. I was delighted and astonished. Here was tang added to tang.

And O'May did not let the salt evaporate. Before strangers he was a trifle shy,—not incurably, a little persuasion would as a rule produce the desired results,—but he preferred evenings alone with me. An open fire, a bottle of King William, some tobacco handy, were all the scenery needed for extraordinary feats of mental conjuring. It was as if, having taken my measure and found me an amenable victim, he had decided to exercise upon me to their limit the very great powers of his imagination. And the interesting part was that one never knew when he was telling the truth and when he was not. I doubt if he knew himself.

What was back of it all baffled me. I often wondered. Possibly it was the chromatic Gael, educated almost entirely by a reckless, hard-bitten world. In a happier age O'May would have sung to a harp. But this much must be said, as I have said before—the total effect was magnificent. Through all the tropic dusk and welter of incredible incident adventure glowed like a monstrous firefly.

He took me to Trinidad, where he had gorgeously failed at coca-planting; he took me to Ireland, where, apparently, he had been born rather carelessly into an aristocratic but typically Hibernian family; to Africa, where he had fought, and to India, where, as a young subaltern, he had served; and every time he took me he took me differently, nor did I ever recognize again any one met before. Life blossomed exotically. It became alchemic. One had a confused impression of coincidence and paradox.

There had been a little sister of his when first he had gone out to India, a little sister he remembered as a wee bit slip of a thing with big blue eyes and yellow curls. A sunbeam she was in the shadows of an old, badly kept park—and then, apparently, he had forgotten all about her. You conjectured the O'Mays were an enormous family. Years later came a small tribal war up in the hills, and the regiment was ordered there, and with it a young chap just out from England. O'May hardly knew him, but found him as a tent-mate. A nice young fellow he was, son of a Devonshire baronet. Details were never lacking. One night he tacked a photograph above his cot—a photograph of a girl in evening dress—very lovely, astonishingly lovely. O'May felt his heart stirred, and there came the glimmerings of memory. "Who's that?" he asked sharply; he was excited.

"Cordelia."

"Cordelia who?"

"Cordelia O'May. My fiancée."

Cordelia O'May! Fancy it! 'Way out there, thousands of miles from anywhere, meeting your future brother-in-law in such a fashion! . . . Exactly! Fancy it!

And then there was the adventure of the nose. One falls naturally into the language of the Arabian Nights when

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speaking of O'May. It was a curious nose, I must admit. It presented obvious opportunity for the narrative gift. Halfway down its thin, flexible length it was broken distinctly and badly, and the lower half seemed not altogether connected with what had gone before. To O'May's countenance it added a finishing touch of *diablerie*, a supplementary leer, also an additional interest. Here, at all events, was a man to whom something of moment had once happened, even if it was no more than falling forcibly and dramatically down-stairs.

One night he told me about his nose; I had suspected he would.

"It's an imitation nose," he said.

"A what?"

"An imitation nose. It doesn't belong to me—at least, the lower half doesn't. I lost it through a dirty Swede in one of old Botha's commandos."

There was no use in asking how in a cavalry skirmish one could have ascertained the nationality of one's adversary. I awaited the sequel in silence. O'May had been removed to a hospital. They thought he wouldn't live. But he did. When he was convalescent there presented itself the question of his nose. How possibly could he go through life with such a ridiculous subtraction of feature? One imagined a hospital distraught over O'May's nose. Then out of the sunshine of an African day stepped a lady—a veiled lady—a lady who refused to give her name. About the incident was all the unexpectedness and fierceness of Oriental romance. And what had the lady come for? She had come to offer the skin of her knee to help restore O'May's shattered countenance. "And so you see," he said, "it isn't my nose at all, it's the lady's."

As to the pursuit of the vivid chance, he exhibited unexpected delicacy. How could he? How as a gentleman? Had the lady wanted him to know who she was she would have told him. No, one shouldn't disturb impalpabilities such as this. The whole thing was so delicate, so tenderly intriguing—and then he laughed—"and so damned ridiculous!" and suggested just the touch of Rabelaisianism for which one was looking.

Of course O'May could not live even in a great city without becoming known. There came a period of wide and sweeping popularity. His name was on every one's lips; every one repeated his stories; he was asked about constantly. Older women found him stirringly alien; younger women, possessed of an air of danger sufficient to be interesting; and the men, although from the first most of them did not like him, were grimly unable to overlook his undoubted skill at games. He played polo unexpectedly well; he rode across country like the crack of a whip; and in cricket he achieved almost immortal fame. I mention cricket particularly because it is important in O'May's story; very important. By mere chance he was asked if he was interested in the placid game. . . . Oh, a little. He had played, of course—at school. . . . He appeared in flannels and promptly knocked out a century. Playing myself, I marvelled at his slashing but singularly invulnerable style.

O'May accepted all this in the same unconcerned way in which he had accepted his year of leanness and obscurity; but such casual versatility is likely to bring a certain amount of disaster in its train. Before long I found that disaster had happened. O'May was not designed for unruffled good fortune. The thing grew prodigiously. I realized its seriousness when one day I called upon an old friend of mine, a woman to whom a gift for frankness had become an affectation. She attacked me on the subject of O'May. I found myself submerged in a flood of condemnation. It was a dam bursting. To combat it seemed useless. . . . But he was not a gentleman! He boasted of amorous adventure. . . . Did he mention names? . . . No, but what difference did that make? He was not the sort of person one should introduce to young women. He said he had been in the English army. Well, if he had been, for what reason had he left? He told some ridiculous story about having married for money and then having been forced by the insane jealousy of a woman he did not love to throw up his commission and obtain a divorce. Likely, wasn't it? At all events, she for one would have no more to do with him. . . .

I sipped my tea and reflected with

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I wondered who the man was. My neighbors wondered too.—Page 8.

dumb resentment on the impossibility of destroying prejudice, old or new. Of course O'May was a gentleman; everything about him, his hands, his voice, his figure, the real ideas that lay back of all his abracadabra were those of a gentleman. As to his absurd self-glorification, at his very gloomiest he was most inclined to bolster up failing vanity by means of imaginary triumphs. Besides, there was always that business of being a derelict—the inevitable disdain and bitterness. Frequently the world must have seemed a place of too many complacent

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people, of judgments too cruelly made, of an unrelieved monogamous placidity. The desire to shock it would be overwhelming. But how prove all these things? It involved the whole question of what a gentleman is. Why, I have an uncle who regards all Methodists as blackguards!

I went out into streets already lit with lamps. A fine rain was falling. I was angry and ashamed. I do not like to have people's characters flayed in my presence. There is a suggestion about it of the indecency of tortured bodies on the rack. Besides, I had had no idea of the size of the storm gathering in O'May's wake. The prospect alarmed me.

And then—just at this precarious period—O'May brought matters to a climax by a bit of egregious folly peculiarly his own. I don't wonder he left the English army. I have an idea that he irritated fond but distracted superiors to final angry tears.

There was a girl—I shall call her Elinor Beech—who for two or three years had basked in a reputation for beauty. Further description is unnecessary, for perfection implies finality. You saw Miss Beech, you admitted her radiance, then nothing more happened. As for myself, by the hour I talked to her gently, all the while asking in the back of my mind, "What in the world are you doing, and where in the world are you going?" For in a perfectly unconscious but coldly heated way she was going somewhere. That was evident. She possessed the bright, small, golden-haired way of looking busy and alert when she really wasn't. Poor child, life after all must have been to her a waste of level pulchritudes. For several years I had felt sorry for her, but my sorrow now changed to indignation when I perceived that in her brisk flight from flower to flower she had alighted upon the somewhat frost-bitten leaves of O'May.

To my extreme irritation, O'May welcomed the distraction. He began to fancy himself as a suitor. He blossomed out into flowers in his buttonhole and yellow buckskin gloves. To me the whole affair smacked of speculation, with the addition, of course, of fatuous gratification at the ensnarement of a much-desired beauty. I confronted O'May with these opinions. He accepted them with his usual calm. I informed him that Miss Beech belonged to what might be called "our American royalty"; and that he was twice her age, penniless, and divorced. "Divorced, you understand!" I repeated. He looked at me mildly. "But I'm not divorced," he said.

I gasped. "Not divorced?"

"No."

"Then why in heaven's name did you tell such a lie?"

For a moment he was thoughtful, but not embarrassed. "To tell you the truth, I don't know," he observed finally. "If I could remember the circumstances, no doubt I could explain satisfactorily." Then he brightened perceptibly. "But once a story's told you have to stick by it, don't you?" He seemed much relieved by this bit of superlative wisdom.

I washed my hands of him. For a while he did not come any longer to see me. Two months passed and rumors were abroad. The older Beeches, the infatuated Beech mother and father, were, it seems, at last awake to the situation. Three generations of restraint had been flung aside. Mr. Beech, a choleric man, made lawless by extreme wealth, had threatened to kick O'May. O'May had laughed delightedly and had offered him a back for this purpose, warning him, however, as an apoplectic elderly person, to indulge in the new exercise gently. It was evident that he had made himself, to a man without humor, unbearably offensive. The world overlooked the engaging debonairness of this incident in its rage at O'May as a discredited adventurer. It was clear that even if willy-nilly he married Elinor Beech she would take no wealth with her. Mr. Beech had threatened disinheritance, and he was one of those men who pride themselves on keeping their word, no matter how foolish that word may be. He was bitter with the bitterness of the disenchanted parent.

Then summer came and for me, at least, a respite from all such vexing problems.

It was Dunstan—Dunstan, delightfully heedless of gossip—who in his vague, guileless way produced a crisis and a drama. He gave a house party early in

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September. I am sure O'May was not aware that his captive princess was to be present, and as for her she was either equally ignorant or else had lied adroitly to her parents. At all events, they both turned up smiling, met in the hall, hesitated, seemed to wish to blush, and then, in the pleasure of seeing each other after a separation of three months, forgot all about everything else. The rest of us, with the exception of Dunstan, who was completely innocent, proceeded to sit apprehensively upon the edge of the crater.

Behind the rigid mask of a British ex-soldier I saw—the unkillable Celt.—Page 9.

The objects of our speculation meanwhile went their way as if oblivious of the talk swirling about them. I think they were happy. O'May, who shared a room with me, was preoccupied and gentler than I had ever seen him. In the violet breathless dusks before dinner the two walked in the gardens, or found inadequate excuses to motor. In the evenings they did not join us at cards or dancing, but sat on the terrace watching the immense, warm stars. Once or twice I came upon them. I must admit even my disapproving imagination was touched. There was something about O'May's lean, quiet, dark-headed figure that seemed to pick him out as a mate

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for the tiny, radiant fairness of the girl. Nature seemed to be wiser in this instance than Mr. Beech. After all, why not? I found myself arguing the situation in my mind. The question was—Was O'May really in love? He seemed to be. One night he stood by the window and stretched wide his arms.

"A man's never old, Billy," he said, "is he? I was thinking I was, but I'm not, Lord love you!" He paused. "She's sweeter than June," he said in his softest Irish voice.

The revelation pleased me. There seemed here a chance of complete regeneration. The prospect suddenly became secure, vivacious, reillusioned. And then a Packard car—a large, plum-colored Packard car—put an end to such unsubstantialities.

I found it—the car—standing in the driveway before Dunstan's house one afternoon as I came in late from riding. A smart chauffeur dozed in the last rays of the sun. Frogs croaked from a near-by pond, upon the shimmering surface of which gossamer flying things caught, for a moment as brief as their lives, a glory of light on their wings. I was not prepared for the red, carefully plump gentleman, clad in a fawn-colored silk suit, who sat in a wicker chair on the porch, his hands clasped determinedly upon a heavy walking-stick. The elderly gentleman glared at me; the carmine of his face was heightened by the level rays of the sun.

"Are you Dunstan?" he growled.

"No, Mr. Beech," I answered amiably—my heart leapt. "You don't remember me, I see." I introduced myself. He seemed to regard the formality as an added irritation.

"Where is the fellow—the—the—what's his name?"

But at that moment I saw the unsuspecting Dunstan approaching and I fled stableward. There was not a motor to be had, but I procured a horse. The saddling seemed unbearably slow. I was afraid O'May and the girl would arrive before I could warn them. I galloped down the driveway. And then—after all this, they were late; absurdly and fatally late.

I waited by the gate at the end of the mile-long drive. A great moon swung up over the liquid darkness of the hills to the east. Would they never come? Then I heard the purr of a motor and the long gray car swept past me in a blinding arc of light. O'May's voice reached me.

"What's wrong?" he said sharply.

I stammered. "It's none of my business, but Mr. Beech—your father, Miss Beech—is waiting for you up at the house. I thought I would warn you."

There was a moment's silence before the girl's voice said, a trifle wearily:

"It's almost nine o'clock."

I moved my horse to where the dazzling light was no longer in my eyes. O'May, his hand on the wheel, was looking at the girl. Suddenly he flung up his head.

"If you're game," he said, "so am I. I'm sick of this. Let's get through with it."

He threw in the clutch and the great machine groaned and leaped forward. I followed at a hand-gallop.

I had imagined nothing out of the ordinary; nothing, that is, on the surface, or I would not, when I came back from the stable, have gone in at the front entrance. As it was I stumbled suddenly into a strange, excited little group in one corner of the shadowy hall. Dunstan, astonished and ill at ease, stood with his hands in his pockets, and near him, but not noticing him, O'May and Elinor Beech and her father. The last was expressing some opinion in a restrained but obviously passionate voice. O'May was fingering a book on the table, his eyes first on the older man, then on the girl.

I was congratulating myself on slipping past unnoticed, but Mr. Beech saw me. "Here!" he said. "Here's a man I want. I watched him gallop down to the gate—gallop right past me. Now, sir, what did you do that for?"—I realized what a fool I had been—"Why, may I ask?"

I stepped into the circle of light.

"Mr. Beech," I said, "I am not aware what particular houses you adorn, but judging from the way you are acting here they must be curious houses. Where I live, gentlemen can ride at a gallop any time they like without being asked nonsensical questions by comparative strangers."

O'May threw back his head. He never could resist such moments as this. I

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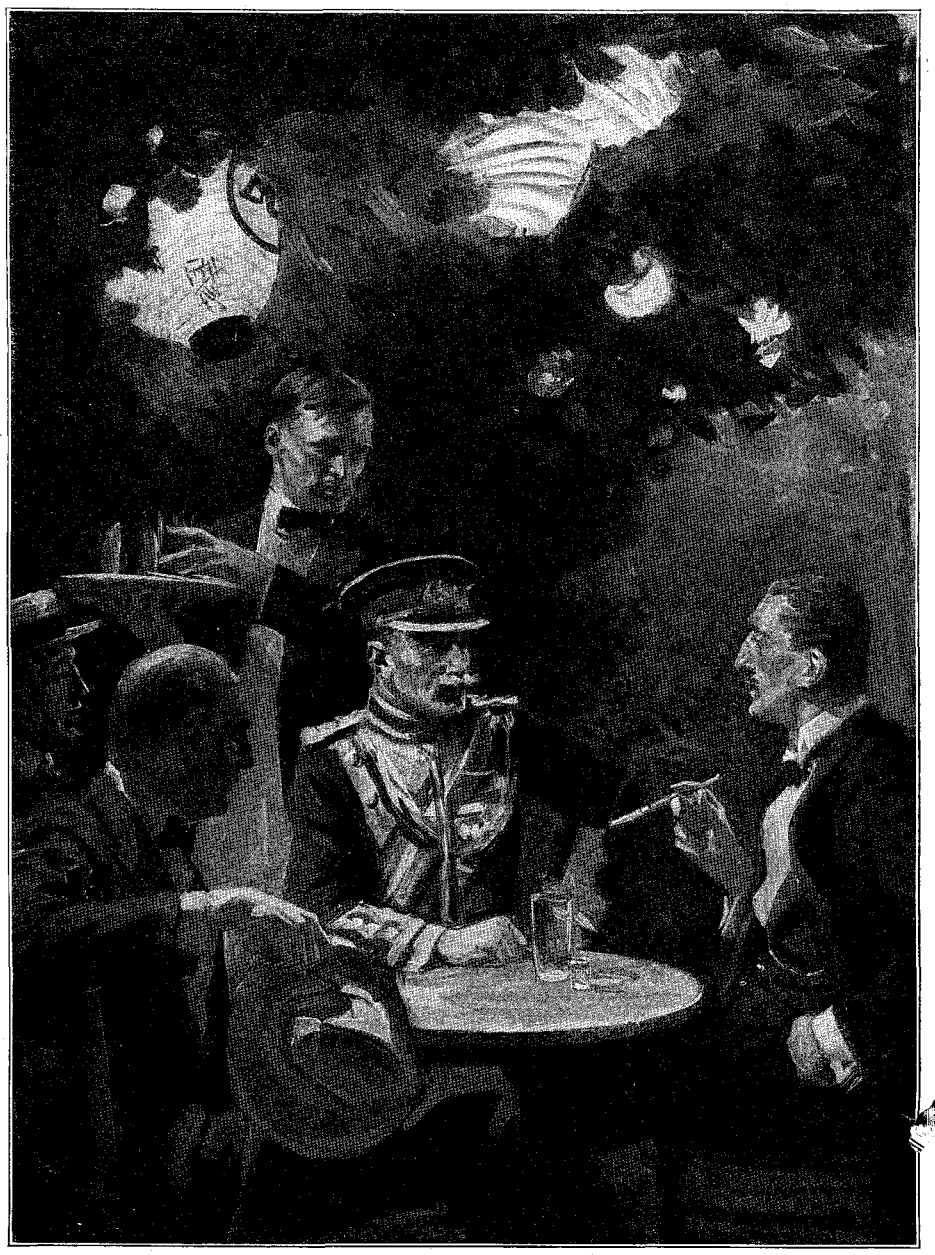

"Long Jack!" said the governor-general. "Old Timmy!" said O'May.—Page 20.

suppose more than anything else they were what had ruined him.

"Oh, I say!" he applauded. "Oh, by Jove! Got just what he deserved, didn't he?"

"You fool!" hissed Dunstan.

Very satisfactory, of course; very satisfactory, indeed; but can you imagine any idiocy greater? I can't. The effect upon Mr. Beech was instantaneous. For a moment he glared; then he turned once more to his daughter and spoke in a new and peculiarly deadly voice:

"I will waste no more words. My mo-

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tor is waiting outside. You can come home with me, Elinor, or else never speak to me again. You understand? You know when I say a thing I mean it. As for you, sir,"—he wheeled upon O'May—"beggar that you are, I'll make you still more of one. I can do it and you know it." He looked at his watch. "You have five minutes, Elinor," he said, quietly.

It was incredible. The kind of scene one does not expect. Life had suddenly slipped back to a more brutal period. Old age in a passion has a way sometimes of producing such anachronisms.

I watched attentively O'May's face and the face of the girl. I was hoping—hoping bitterly, now—that she would step forward. I for one would help O'May if she married him; so would Dunstan. Why didn't she move? Her great eyes were wide and staring. Her small, beautifully chiselled features seemed frozen to ice. God knows what processes of computation and balance were going on behind them. Possibly this was the first time in all her life she had been called upon to think. It was unbearable. Then O'May made a sudden movement.

He laid aside with the most curious care the book the leaves of which he had been absent-mindedly fluttering and stepped nearer to Mr. Beech. His whole appearance had undergone a subtle change. The fierce intentness was past; he was careless and reckless and half-smiling again. He thrust his hands deep in his trouser-pockets and jingled some keys.

"I've lost, Mr. Beech," he said, and inclined his head. "You can take your daughter home."

Dunstan gasped. The girl suddenly stepped back and put out a hand, but O'May did not notice it.

"And I've something more to tell you," he continued; "I——"

But the older man appreciated victory. "Not a word, sir," he said. He turned to go.

O'May leaned against the table. "Oh, very well," he agreed amiably, his gray eyes smiling, his brogue very thick. "Only I think ye'd do well to listen."

Mr. Beech hesitated.

"It's just this," said O'May. "At present ye think Elinor's a fool, don't ye? Well, she's not, Mr. Beech; far from it. I'm an old hand; it wasn't very difficult for me."

"What wasn't?"

"Well, a lot of things. To tell her my brother was a baronet, and had no children. To say I'd be worth a million or two in a short while. To show her pictures of the place of a distant cousin and let her believe it was one day to be mine. To try to elope with her to-night." He paused and looked about for the effect of this announcement. "Yes, just that, Mr. Beech. If it hadn't been for her common sense we'd not be here now. That's what made us late. But she wouldn't do it. She has lots of sense. She's"—he looked at her with a sudden proud, fatherly look—"she's a girl of character, Mr. Beech; take her home and be good to her."

There was silence, and then:

"You cad!" said the older man. "Go home to your divorced wife."

"My divorced wife?" asked O'May gently. "Which one, Mr. Beech?"

"Which one!"

"Yes, you didn't know I'd been divorced twice, Mr. Beech, did you?"

This was too much. I stepped forward. "There's not a word—" I began; but Mr. Beech was already on his way to the door. Over his shoulder I caught a glimpse of a delicate gold head. The girl looked back once. Her face was small and white and perplexed.

The three of us who were left remained for a moment silent by the table, then Dunstan abruptly swung on his heel and made off down a dim corridor toward a door from which came the voices of his other guests. I went out into the garden.

Late that night I found O'May in our bedroom, smoking a cigarette and regarding the moon. "Well," I said, "I hope you've made enough of an ass of yourself to satisfy even you."

He threw away his cigarette and stood up to the full length of his lean height and stretched his arms above his head.

"Oh, no," he said. "Thank God, there's always some future foolishness left in the world."

"Would you mind telling me," I demanded, "why to an already unpleasant

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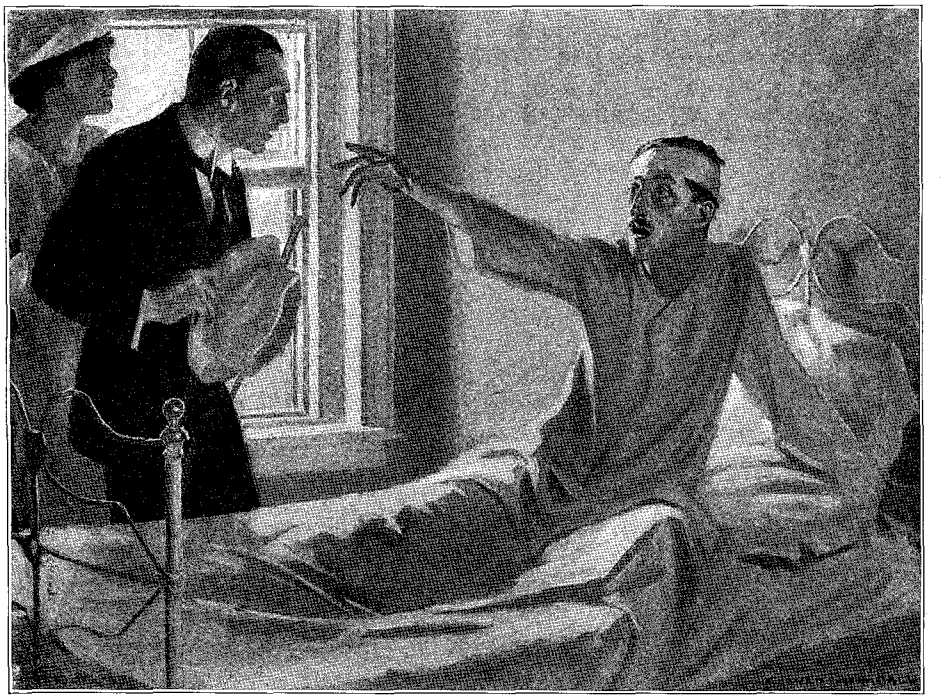
incident you chose to add a string of insane lies?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Certainly," he said; and for the first time I had a complete impression of a stricken face. Why, the man had been in love

He sighed and returned to the window. His muffled voice reached me. "And I'll be damned if it wasn't the little devil herself who tried to do the running away to-night. I had the deuce of a time bringing her home."



"On the ball, Dublin!" he said, and fell back.—Page 20.

with the foolish little creature, after all! Really in love! "It's very simple," he continued, and yawned. One recognizes those yawns. "While there was a chance, you know; but there wasn't, not a chance. I know women's faces. Not a chance. Money wins every time. Well, it's a good horse. What do you expect? But she might just as well be off with flying colors as not, mightn't she? Otherwise, all her life—the suspicion of her being an idiot. You don't know the Beeches. It'd be hell. Don't you think I gave Elinor a reputation for an eye to the main chance? She couldn't have thought that up herself, you know." He cocked an eyebrow. "Besides," he concluded, "when my imagination gets started, I'll be hanged if I know where it's going to stop."

And that was all.

I should hate having to leave O'May here; I should hate having to leave him spattered with the laughter of people not wise enough to be kind; to abandon him drearily lonely in a city where once, for a short time at least, he had been so welcome; and, fortunately, I don't have to. Life has its own jocose methods of compensation. It slaps you down into the mud, and then comes a great wind that lifts you up, up, to the very gates, clean-swept, of heaven itself. There was to be for O'May at least one moment left of glory and illumination—a moment the spreading fame of which caused, I think, numerous people to stand agape at their own stupidity. The moment came because O'May played cricket.

Spring was on hand and with it the trip

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of a team to the West Indies. There had been some talk, I dare say, of leaving O'May off, but even the blackest social record cannot destroy the value of a top-batsman; and so, unruffled and unconcerned, he went along. In his smart tweed cap and beautifully fitting ready-made clothes he was a sight for the eye as he paced the deck. Something about his leanness and hardness seemed to make a voyage tropic-ward singularly appropriate. And, as far as any one could see, he was totally oblivious of the truth that, barring myself, the dozen other men of the party despised him utterly. Fortunately they were all too good sportsmen—all but one, that is—to make this dislike known. The one was a man named Whitton. In every body of men there seems to be a Whitton. Possibly the fact perpetuates a curse of Job. Whitton was short and dark and truculent, and, to his own mind, amusing—no, not amusing, subtly witty—any adjective expressing delicate humor will do. One gets tired of describing Whittons. Why he marked O'May as a victim I do not know, for I doubt if off the cricket-field they saw each other more than once or twice in a year. But, at all events, Whitton pursued O'May, and O'May, with his usual perverse humor, although the rest of us expected a quarrel, showered kindnesses on Whitton's head. We were at a loss to understand until, one day——

"I can't help liking the little devil, you know," said O'May to a group of us; "he's exactly like a stud-groom we used to have at my father's place. Vulgar little brute, but something fascinating about him."

The remark was repeated, as it was intended it should be, and an abrupt change took place in Whitton's playful venom—the playfulness disappeared. O'May was more cordial than ever.

We dropped into a blue harbor that took a half-moon slice out of a green-and-white island impossibly clean. There was to be a match with the British regiment stationed there, and the attendant dances, and a vice-regal reception; for the green-and-white island was an important place and boasted a governor-general. The night of our arrival there developed a conspiracy on the part of Whitton.

I found two or three of O'May's most ardent enemies in the smoking-room of the hotel. They seemed pleased about something. Whitton was doing the talking. He was not afraid of my presence; the plan was too insolently simple to admit of interference. Whitton, in short, was to introduce O'May to the governor-general as "Captain John O'May, late Tenth Hussars—Captain John O'May!"—very loud, you understand, so that there would be not the slightest chance of not being heard.

At first I failed to grasp the significance.

Whitton laughed. "Guess!" he said.

Light dawned on me. "That's a pleasant thing to do to a team-mate," I observed. "And then, you know, he might have been in the Tenth Hussars after all."

"Not a chance!" said Whitton. "He? He never was! I know a liar when I see one. I'm sick of his lies. We're all sick of his lies, aren't we?" The attendant group nodded with sinister solemnity. "Why," continued Whitton, "why, that's one of the best regiments in England. Besides, even if he did belong, he was kicked out for some dirty work."

I attempted scorn. Did they think the governor-general of a West Indian island carried the whole British army list in his head? There might have been a dozen O'Mays in the Tenth Hussars and this fellow here none the wiser.

But Whitton persisted. It was only a chance, of course, but a mighty good one. The English army was small and rather like a club. If O'May had done anything disgraceful it would be recalled to mind at once. If, on the other hand, he was merely an impostor, detection would be equally swift. They knew in a moment, those chaps; they could tell by a dozen hidden evidences not patent to foreigners.

"Whitton," I said, "you're a fool. Look out!"

"Who for?" he sneered.

"Me, for one," I said, getting up. "Besides, this governor-general will have too much sense to show you what he knows."

"Oh!" said Whitton. He laughed. "Oh! So you think we're right, too, do you?"

And as a matter of fact I did. The plot presented all the strength of a di-

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lemma. If O'May was what he said he was there was no need to worry; if, to the contrary, he was none of these things, or only part of these things, there was nothing to do but to let him bear the consequences of his own folly and trust to his quick wit for a not too unpleasant escape from embarrassment. To attempt to prevent Whitton's plan would be only to fasten upon O'May forever the stamp of an impostor. Apparently the test was foredoomed. I contented myself with visions of revenge upon Whitton.

Two days later came the first day of the match. The Englishmen went in to bat. When dark swallowed up the grounds we were whisked off to a dinner; the reception was to follow.

Orange lamps, like little moons, hung in strange, heavy-foliaged trees. A band blared in an illuminated kiosk. Lithe young men in regimentals were officially and inexpressibly polite.

"Why don't you get them to play some tune we know, O'May?" suggested Whitton happily.

I took this to be the first gun of the skirmish.

O'May turned. "I?"

"Yes; weren't you an officer?"

O'May's long nose wrinkled. "That's not the same as a band-master, you know," he explained gently.

I was keeping close to him. The time to meet the governor-general was approaching. A young aide-de-camp stepped over to us and suggested that the ceremony begin. We followed in little groups. Besides myself and Whitton there were four or five others in the lot O'May joined.

"Cheer-o!" said he. "For what is the likes of me greeting the direct and anointed representative of his Britannic Majesty. What's the old blighter's name?"

Sir Timothy-Something-or-Other, I told him vaguely.

"Quaker!" he hissed. "A dollar he's a sour-faced Quaker."

We came to a big man, long-nosed, stooping, with a grizzled mustache. He looked bored. My heart sank. Here was not one of the kindly English; rather, a veteran of many climates and varied indigestion. The band seemed to me to be playing with unnecessary softness. I was presented, bowed, heard the end of an unintelligible sentence, and moved a step or two away. O'May followed. Over his shoulder I caught sight of Whitton's face. Then it seemed to me that the worst had happened; for suddenly the governor-general took a step forward, hesitated, and peered; his harsh face in the swaying shadows becoming for a moment harsher.

"Why—" said the governor-general. "Why—let me see! No! Yes! By gad!" His thin, tired face broke into an alarming grin. "Why, by all that's holy, it's Long Jack O'May!"

"Timmy Danby!" said O'May simply. "How—what in the devil are you doing here?"

In the background I stepped on Whitton's foot.

"I?" said the governor-general. "Why, I'm the governor-general!" And he spoke with apparently no realization of the absurdity of his remark. Emotion was evident on both sides. The governor-general breathed through his nose; he looked about him nervously. "All your fellows through?" he asked.

"I think so," answered O'May. "We're the last."

"Well, then—I'll just say a word or two—just a word, and then—look here! What do you think? We'll find a place to sit down. I want to see you, you devil. Where've you been? In the States? One of those blighted millionaires by now, I suppose. I heard you'd got out. Rotten job, the army, anyhow." He remembered his duties and turned to the silent, staring little group about him. "I trust you'll forgive me, gentlemen," he said, "but I haven't seen Captain O'May in ten years, and he was the best subaltern I ever had. These young men will be delighted to look after you." He indicated his aides-de-camp.

I turned to go, still in a haze of unreality, but O'May called me back. "No, you don't!" he said. "Do you mind, Timmy?" But his next action was the most extraordinary of all, for he laid a detaining hand on Whitton's shoulder and faced him about and said, most lovingly, "And Jerry Whitton, too? He's one of the best pals I've got. Can I bring 'em along?"

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Whitton did not understand until later, I think; nor did I, until, looking at O'May, I saw gray eyes cold and raw as Irish moors on a hunting-day.

Under a shadowy tree, a colored lantern spreading radiance through its branches, we found a table. A man servant brought us drinks.

"Long Jack!" said the governor-general.

"Old Timmy!" said O'May.

And this was the moment of which I spoke—the apotheosis of O'May. I could see him grow as he sat there; become younger. He was home—in harbor. They talked of many things—he and the governor-general—of India, of London, of men they had known; of men who had died and of men who were still alive. And in the semi-dusk, with the band sobbing a waltz and uniforms flitting in and out of orange light and shadow, with the sound of laughter reaching us, it seemed to me that O'May was no longer a derelict, no longer a man to whom the future held nothing, but once more a young subaltern, straight and taut with the pride of the great service of a great empire. I saw India, and keen-faced young men about the white and silver of a mess-table; I saw South Africa and heard cavalry marching by night across the veldt; and it wasn't merely romancing on my part, for O'May, I knew, was seeing at the same time the same things as I. It was easy to understand now his recklessness toward the present. In face of his memories it must have seemed, indeed, a matter of small moment; old Mr. Beech merely an absurdity; his daughter, after her fiery test, pitiable and unheroic. At one corner of the table Whitton watched with a troubled, embarrassed face.

"You'll move your traps to-morrow and stay with me, won't you?" asked the governor-general.

"Will I!" said O'May.

That spring I was out of town for a month. I came back to find a telephone call, three days old, from O'May. It was urgent. He was in hospital. I hurried out. Yes, Captain O'May was in a private ward on the third floor. An old wound in his head. They would see if I might go to him. There was something odd in the manner in which they told me this. I fidgeted. I remember how noisy a newly awakened fly was against the window-pane. A nurse came hurrying in. Yes, I could go to Captain O'May—yes, I could go, but I had best hurry. Hurry! Why, in God's name, did I have to hurry?

He was unconscious when I reached the narrow room where he was. I waited an hour; perhaps an hour and a half. The nurse busied herself with a dozen esoteric tasks. And then, suddenly, he sat up and opened his eyes and looked squarely at me.

"On the ball, Dublin!" he said, and fell back. I had never known that he had played football . . . the extraordinary man!

When I finally left, it seemed to me as if a piece of romance had been ripped, as a sword rips tapestry, from the walls of life. Old age for some people is impossible to contemplate; but then——

DOROTHY'S GARDEN

By Aline Kilmer

DEAR, in all your garden I have planted yellow lilies,
Dainty yellow lilies, everywhere you go.
They are nodding, slim and stately, down the paths along the hedges,
Delicately stepping, they curtsey as they go.

So when you walk among them, like a lily in your slimness,
With your shining head just bending graciously,
All the little angels that look down upon your garden
Will wonder which is lily and which is Dorothy.

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STORM-MUSIC

By Henry van Dyke

O Music hast thou only heard
The laughing river, the singing bird,
The murmuring wind in the poplar-trees,—
Nothing but Nature's melodies?
  Nay, thou hearest all her tones,
    As a Queen must hear!
    Sounds of wrath and fear,
  Mutterings, shouts and moans,
  Madness, tumult, and despair,—
  All she has that shakes the air
  With voices fierce and wild!
Thou art a Queen and not a dreaming child,—
Put on thy crown and let us hear thee reign
Triumphant in a world of storm and strain!

  Echo the long-drawn sighs
Of the mounting wind in the pines;
And the sobs of the mounting waves that rise
  In the dark of the troubled deep
To break on the beach in fiery lines.
  Echo the far-off roll of thunder,
    Rumbling loud
  And ever louder, under
  The blue black curtain of cloud,
  Where the lightning serpents gleam.
    Echo the moaning
    Of the forest in its sleep
    Like a giant groaning
  In the torment of a dream.

  Now an interval of quiet
  For a moment holds the air
  In the breathless hush
  Of a silent prayer.

  Then the sudden rush
  Of the rain, and the riot
  Of the shrieking, tearing gale
  Breaks loose in the night,
  With a fusillade of hail!
  Hear the forest fight,
With its tossing arms that crack and clash
  In the thunder's cannonade,
  While the lightning's forked flash
Brings the old hero-trees to the ground with a crash!
  Hear the breakers' deepening roar,

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Driven like a herd of cattle
In the wild stampede of battle,
Trampling, trampling, trampling, to overwhelm the shore!

Is it the end of all?
Will the land crumble and fall?
Nay, for a voice replies
Out of the hidden skies,
"Thus far, O sea, shalt thou go,
So long, O wind, shalt thou blow:
Return to your bounds and cease,
And let the earth have peace!"

O Music lead the way,—
The stormy night is past,
Lift up our hearts to greet the day,
And the joy of things that last.

The dissonance and pain
That mortals must endure,
Are changed in thine immortal strain
To something great and pure.

True love will conquer strife,
And strength from conflict flows,
For discord is the thorn of life
And harmony the rose.

SAINT-GAUDENS:

RECOLLECTIONS OF HIS FRIEND MAITLAND ARMSTRONG

Set Down by Hamilton Fish Armstrong

THE Falcone was an ancient trattoria, opening its hospitable doors just back of the Pantheon on one of the crooked streets that tie themselves into a dozen bow-knots in an effort to wriggle somehow into a respectable part of town. To those familiar with modern Rome the vicinity of the Pantheon will seem an unexpected spot in which to discover a favorite café, but in the early seventies the Falcone was much patronized by the artistic fraternity. The billowy primitive stone floor and the tables furrowed and black with age could not detract a whit from the fragrance of the macaroni sizzling in the next room, while the heads of old wine-casks that studded the walls but reminded us that there still remained much Chianti to be met and conquered. The American and English artists who enjoyed the Falcone's savory meals were not always famous, but they satisfactorily enough made up for the lack of appreciation in others by unreservedly admitting to each other that at any rate they were far and away the best.

Here it was that the sculptor Rhinehart (or "Rhiny," as he was known to his fellows, "a man of infinite wit") was host at a jolly dinner one sultry July night

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in 1872—the 3d of the month it was, for I remember how patriotic we became as morning drew near. And it had drawn disgracefully near before all the tales were told and all the songs sung by the convivial crowd, among whom I remember Elihu Vedder and Charles Caryll Coleman, neither of whom needs an introduction to artists. At the long table also sat George Simmons, the English sculptor whose "Falconer" adorns a rocky knoll in Central Park. Rhinehart was a sculptor of great promise, but alas! he died not long afterward, when just achieving fame. The name of my next neighbor was Augustus Saint-Gaudens. His personality strongly impressed me, and there and then began a friendship destined to last till the day of his death.

When my new-found friend and I sallied out after dinner we found Vedder sitting on one of the large stones at the cor[illegible] Via Frattina and the Piazza di [illegible]th solemn attention at [illegible]et glory over th[illegible]ruch- ir[illegible] i[illegible] ı [illegible]- ([illegible]d [illegible]till [illegible]la- [illegible]nice [illegible]y my [illegible]n this [illegible]ere the [illegible]. in the Fourth [illegible]It still is [illegible]gs Bank, [illegible]number of [illegible]as studios. [illegible]se, and for [illegible]most daily; [illegible]g years they [illegible]y be not really [illegible], he had spent [illegible]: Arts. [illegible]en working for [illegible]cumbent female [illegible]y cast in plaster [illegible]ny of Design. It [illegible]also before this, in [illegible]figure of "Silence" [illegible]e, but the masons, knowing little of art, didn't like it and were prevailed upon to accept it only after he had spent weary weeks at work, himself cutting and chipping the marble after it was already in place. They now congratulate themselves, it is said, on having known enough to secure the work of a great sculptor!

The father of Saint-Gaudens was a shoemaker who kept his shop next to the old Academy of Design in Fourth Avenue. I often met him. He was an erect old Frenchman with a fine, leonine head, an aristocratic bearing, and good blood in his veins, I am sure. Neither did he have any regular education to speak of, though his active mind readily acquired bits of knowledge, and later on in life he was a very well educated man. At the time of which I speak, however, he was innocent of even an acquaintance with many of the masterpieces of literature. He once asked me where he could find an accurate story of Moses. Rather amused, I lent him the obvious book. Late that night he came back into my studio in a great state of excitement, carrying in his hand the Bible I had lent him. "I've never read this before," he exclaimed. "It's the most remarkable thing I have ever seen."

Saint-Gaudens often told me of the trials he had suffered as apprentice to a cameo-cutter, a Frenchman, who spent his holidays and Sundays in shooting snipe on the Weehawken Flats. The young craftsman was compelled to walk all day, lugging his master's game-bag and running after the snipe he shot. Never would he admit, even in confidence, that the bag was a heavy one, so loath was he to give "that fellow" credit for anything; but there is not much hazard in the guess that snipe were then in a more flourishing condition on the "Flats" than is the case to-day, and that the sport was pretty good—for the master.

Cameo-cutting was soon abandoned, but not before Saint-Gaudens had become very skilful at the trade. This training I have no doubt greatly influenced his whole artistic career. Upon returning to America after his first trip abroad he was desperately poor, and during most of one winter he and the sculptor Palmer slept in a store-room on the same floor as our

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studios, using as beds the great empty packing-boxes of some furniture that had come to me from Italy.

In those days Mr. Robert Gordon's house was a rendezvous of artists and their friends, for every winter Mr. Gordon gave a large reception, with a splendid spread, to which the artists considered it quite the thing to be invited. Entirely different from any of the present-day functions, they were a distinct feature of New York life, and were looked forward to from year to year. To one of these I obtained an invitation for Saint-Gaudens, and while we were there introduced him to Doctor Noyes, the famous surgeon and oculist. The conversation having turned upon hospitals, Saint-Gaudens related to Doctor Noyes how once he had cut a long gash in his arm and as a result had been carried to a hospital near by. Pulling up his sleeve he showed the scar. Doctor Noyes said: "I remember the wound as distinctly as I do the brave little boy. I was the doctor who sewed it up!"

In his younger days Saint-Gaudens was shy and avoided somewhat the company of the great, and he described to me as one of his early trials his modelling of a bust of a distinguished diplomat. This gentleman's doctor had ordered him to soak his feet, so when he posed for my friend he sat wrapped up in a blanket on a high chair, his feet stuck in a tub of water which it was part of Saint-Gaudens's duty to keep hot. When the bust was well under way Saint-Gaudens noticed that the distinguished diplomat kept bringing the conversation around to Socrates and Seneca, Marcus Aurelius and Plato. The reason for this was not long obscure. "I find," said the D. D., "after a careful examination, that all these great and distinguished men had very broad foreheads. Just broaden mine a bit." So Saint-Gaudens, afraid to object, meekly complied. Repeated urgings and the resultant broadenings brought the forehead finally to the point where it seemed to be affected with some dreadful swelling disease. But this did not bring complete satisfaction to the heart of the sitter. He suggested that these same great forerunners of his were also notable for having had very deep-set eyes. So poor Saint-Gaudens was forced to bore and bore, deeper and deeper, until he almost pierced through to the back. He told me this story with great excitement, interspersing in the narrative many uncomplimentary remarks on celebrities in general, and illustrating it all by puffing out his cheeks and making violent boring gestures with his forefinger. He said he'd give anything to get hold of that bust and smash it to atoms.

By nature modest and retiring, nothing bored him more than to be thrust forward, especially if the particular kind of torture happened to be public speaking. His literary style was terse and vivid, and he showed it to advantage in his letters, frequently illustrating them, too, with humorous scraps of drawings and using for signature a caricature of his own long profile. His manners were always most attractive, but he cared little for dress and despised all its affectations. I remember that he bore a particular grudge against the pointed shoes that used to be fashionable, and was continually making fun of mine. But this lack of interest in clothes did not hinder him from admirably depicting them, as witness the Farragut and Lincoln statues. La Farge told me he thought Saint-Gaudens in his Lincoln had obtained the most successful result that he had ever seen in the struggle of dealing artistically with the problem of modern dress.

In 1877 Saint-Gaudens modelled a small bas-relief of me, the first of the interesting medallions he afterward often made. La Farge came in to look at it and remarked: "It looks just like Armstrong—face all tied up in a knot." Years later it was exhibited at the Salon, where with other works of the then famous sculptor it received honorable mention—yet Saint-Gaudens when he made it held but a trivial place in the eyes of the world and for some time had difficulty in making a living.

Soon after this Mrs. Edward King thought of erecting a monument at Newport in memory of her husband, and I, having introduced Saint-Gaudens to La Farge, suggested to her that they would form an excellent pair to execute the work. They were promptly engaged, and this was the first really successful order secured by Saint-Gaudens. Soon

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after their first meeting La Farge asked Saint-Gaudens and me to dine with him in his old Tenth Street studio, and the plans for the beautiful King monument resulted from their discussion at that time. He finished work on it in Paris, whither I went in the spring of 1878, just in time to see him putting on the final touches. I was there as director of American Fine Arts at the exhibition of that year, and during the time it lasted I lived with Saint-Gaudens in his apartment at 3 Rue Herschel, in the Latin Quarter.

His studio was close by in the Rue Notre Dame des Champs, in a huge old dance-hall, and high up in the gallery there a couple of other artists and I often painted, much amused at the alternate waves of exultation and despair that swept over him as he worked. That summer Augustus started his brother Louis at work, and it was in the old dance-hall that the latter modelled his first head. Saint-Gaudens made for me a little bas-relief portrait of my daughter, besides finishing some other small pieces of work, but his best efforts that summer were spent on the Farragut statue, which kept him busy for some time to come.

His Farragut working model was set up in the centre of the room, while the rest of us painted in the gallery, once occupied I suppose by the orchestra. Thence at odd times were wafted snatches of song that might have startled even the waltzing Parisians of the old days; from one corner would resound a mellow bass:

"You secure the old man;
I'll bind the gur-r-l."

And the couplet would be completed antiphonally from another remote quarter:

"Once aboard the lugger she is mine!"

Saint-Gaudens always made it "lubber," and we could not laugh him out of this unnautical substitution.

One of our lively circle was young Bloomer, always amusing and very talkative. He insisted upon singing whenever he painted—and he painted steadily. One day somebody called out: "I'm all through. Come on, fellows: let's go out to Fontainebleau and hear Bloomer paint." Various bets were chalked up as to whether or not we would find Bloomer performing to his usual musical accompaniment; of course he was.

I asked Saint-Gaudens to help me hang the American pictures in the exposition and had him appointed by the commissioner-general. This work, as he afterward described it, was "something like a battle." A large number of these pictures had been selected in New York by a distinguished committee of American connoisseurs. All these gentlemen, being amateurs and patrons of art but none of them actual painters, wanted only pictures by "leading artists." So I, who acted as a sort of adviser and buffer between the artists and the committee, had difficulty in persuading them to accept pictures by some men who had not the reputation they afterward acquired, but who even then unquestionably were worthy of representing the United States at the Paris Exposition—notably Winslow Homer and John La Farge. (The latter's picture, named "Paradise Valley," received an honorable mention.) Even at the end there were still a number of the younger and best artists who were left unrepresented.

Some pictures were selected by Saint-Gaudens and myself after our arrival in Paris, these mainly being the work of the students there. Thus our duties and responsibilities were very mixed and it naturally followed that we got the criticism for all the sins of omission, though in reality we were responsible only for those pictures accepted in Paris and for the hanging. The third man on our committee was Mr. ——, always referred to by the newspapers as "The Great American Connoisseur," a name he never after succeeded in getting rid of. He soon became rather terrified, I imagine, at having to do anything, and refused to come to the meetings or to countenance any of our actions, saying that we were too young and too radical—"perfect iconoclasts," as he expressed it.

It must be admitted that we partly earned this title, for when we came to hang the pictures we placed those we considered best on the line and the worst near the ceiling, entirely irrespective of the names or reputations of the various artists concerned; there, Saint-Gaudens remarked, the latter would do the least

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harm. This was unprecedented. Result: we displeased a great many of the artists, for some of the great were "skied." For example, Bloomer, who had never before had a picture exhibited, sent a very nice landscape and we hung it on the line. This sort of thing upset some people, and of course we came in for our share of criticism, but on the whole the exhibit made a good impression, and unprejudiced people, especially foreigners, said it was the best made by the United States up to that time. Later on, Russell Sturgis saw our completed work and expressed his entire approval. But for the purpose of showing that even the ordinary American criticism was not all adverse, the following quotations from an editorial in the *New York Times* seem amusing enough not to be out of place:

> These young persons have struck terror to the heart of the American colony by judging pictures on the ground of artistic merit displayed in them, regarded by such lights as they possess. Carried away by their mistaken enthusiasm for pure art, they have rejected pictures of great size, which show, almost as faithfully as a colored photograph, miles and miles of our unequalled Western landscape. They have failed to appreciate the genius of a man who samples a large tract of country, and condenses his samples into a "Heart of" or "Soul of" this or that country. They have made the pitiable mistake of supposing the size of, and length of time occupied in the painting of, a picture, has little or nothing to do with its artistic merit. Pride of intellect and vainglory of the artistic temperament can go no farther. Their downfall is certain.
>
> On the other hand, it may be urged that an expurgated show of American art is a novel and refreshing thing, which cannot fail to impress well those Europeans whose good opinion is of value. It may be said that the academical American painter is a nuisance at which the judges in Europe laugh heartily; and also that many absurd pictures are every year admitted to the Salon. But if things are sifted to the bottom, it will readily be seen how hollow all such arguments are.
>
> What was this committee appointed for? To select and hang a collection of paintings representative of the present state of American art. Mark that word, representative. How have they done it? By neglecting the bad and taking the good. Now, American art is mostly bad. Ergo, the exhibition is not representative of the present state of American art. They ought to be taught that America never puts her best foot forward, and does not want to be represented otherwise than by mediocrities. As it is, we may leave them to the results of their ignorance and temerity. The American colony in Paris has plenty of time on its hands, and will probably make the lives of the committee a burden to them.

Saint-Gaudens was always frank; he made it a point of honor when asked about any work of art to answer exactly as he thought. One day we had been in the Russian gallery, where hung a gaudy and thoroughly bad picture which we both agreed in disliking. As we were coming out some people whom Saint-Gaudens knew slightly buttonholed him and asked about that particular picture, whether he didn't admire it immensely. He briefly admitted that he did, and escaped.

"Saint-Gaudens," I said, as we walked along, "you're not living up to your principles. That's a bad picture and you know it."

Turning abruptly around, without a word he hurried after the people and called out: "I beg your pardon, sir, I shouldn't have said that was a good picture: I know for a fact that it's dreadful!"

We had the naming of the juror for the United States on the International Board of Awards, and after some consideration it seemed to us that no man could be better fitted for the place than Frank D. Millet. We accordingly recommended him, and most acceptable he proved to the other jurors because of his engaging personality and varied talents. The chairman of the jury was Sir Frederick Leighton, a handsome and attractive gentleman, well qualified for the difficult position he held not only on account of his ability as an artist but also through the wonderful linguistic powers he possessed. I heard that at the meetings he spoke to the jurors of the many different nations each in his own tongue.

One amusing incident connected with the exhibition sticks in my memory. On the day that it opened all the officials assembled in state before their respective buildings while President MacMahon, accompanied by his magnificent suite, walked down the Avenue of Nations, stopping before the different houses in turn and congratulating the commissioners. Young Captain Rogers, in charge of the United States marines at the exposition, was standing in a brilliant cavalry uniform with Commissioner-General McCormick and other American officials in the space before our building. To Marshal

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MacMahon it seemed that Captain Rogers, the only man in uniform, must be by far the most important member of the group, and accordingly it was he that he greeted elaborately. Every one

Bas-relief of Miss Helen Maitland Armstrong, by Augustus Saint-Gaudens.

was quite taken aback and young Rogers stood in silent amazement until the marshal had briefly congratulated him and passed on, wondering to himself, no doubt, at the embarrassment with which the "director" had received his speech of welcome.

About this time Saint-Gaudens introduced me to his good friend Bastien-Lepage, with a view to my studying with him, but nothing came of it except a number of interesting conversations with the famous French artist. He once said to me that there was no more mystery about painting a head than about painting a bottle, and that this was one trouble with beginners—they never were willing to paint just what they saw. He was then at work on "Joan of Arc," the magnificent picture now in the Metropolitan Museum, and one day the great Gérôme dropped in to see and criticise it. He advised him to put in a distant view behind the little peasant house with which we now are all familiar. Bastien listened politely. Then when Gérôme had gone Saint-Gaudens asked him if he intended to follow the advice. "Not at all," he said, "I know just what I want, and it may take me years, but I'm going to get that and nothing else." No one, now, denies that he did.

Lepage always was immensely, almost extravagantly, admired by Saint-Gaudens. But then we must remember that it was one of the latter's characteristics to be extremely generous in his praise of any work that he considered good, no matter by whom or according to what method it was executed. Although he of course always liked best the works of the Italian Renaissance, he never bound himself to any one school, liberally praising, I recollect, artists as different as Pelouse, the brilliant Fortuny, Jules Breton, and Daubigny, leader of the naturalistic school, all of whom had pictures in the exposition. Among American artists I think Saint-Gaudens most admired La

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Farge; at any rate he often spoke of him as "a very big man," reiterating how much indebted he was to him for criticisms and suggestions made while they were working together.

Saint-Gaudens ranked very high Paul Du Bois, one of his student friends in the Beaux Arts days, and he never lost an opportunity of seeing and praising his work. At the exposition Du Bois had a striking monument of General Lamoriciere, and of the figure of "Faith" on this Saint-Gaudens drew a charming pen-and-ink sketch for an exposition article in SCRIBNER'S. This drawing is interesting as being perhaps the only one ever made by him for publication. Mercié was another favorite, Saint-Gaudens considering his "David," in the '78 exposition, one of the most successful of modern sculptural works.

But he was just as unsparing in his condemnation of bad work. Once at an exhibition in New York we together had tried to find a single passably good picture. At last Saint-Gaudens burst out in fury with "Let's get out of this. These pictures are so bad they're positively indecent."

It was Saint-Gaudens who introduced me to his dear friend Luc Olivier Merson, one of the most charming men it has ever been my good fortune to know. He was good enough to take me into his studio as his first pupil. It was while I was painting there that Merson was at work on his "Flight into Egypt," the now familiar picture of the Virgin and Child asleep in the desert between the feet of the Sphinx. Great was the indecision as to whether or not he should put a moon in the picture, and he must have changed it a dozen times before he finally decided to finish it without the moon itself but with a charming effect of diffused moonlight.

Merson did not use living models much, but preferred to make miniature wax figures, clothing them in floating garments of vari-tinted tissue-paper. Little angels with paper wings askew and scantily clothed bambinos forever littered his studio. I think I am at liberty by now to relate the story of a beautiful little picture (or, rather, the remains of a beautiful little picture) that hung in a closet off this studio. Merson told me how one afternoon in Rome, shortly after he had won the coveted "Prix de Rome," having been at work all day in his studio putting the finishing touches to this picture, in walked Carolus Duran. A friend of Merson's father, the famous art critic, it seems he imagined he ought to show some interest in the young man's work. So he stopped in for a visit. Merson exhibited his little picture and awaited the artist's criticism. With deliberation Duran walked over to the easel, seized a large brush, mixed some colors together, and before the young man could prevent him had rapidly smeared it all over the picture —long yellow and green swipes, horizontally across. Then, without a word, he turned slowly and walked out, leaving Merson in doubt whether to be amused or furious. At all events he kept the remains as a memento of the great artist's first visit, praying only that his humble studio might not be again honored.

William Gedney Bunce was a fast friend of ours during that summer in Paris, a charming fellow liked by all and universally known as "Old Bunce," why I don't know, for he is vigorous and cheerful now as always. Though he has lived in almost every country in Europe, Bunce rather prides himself, I think, on speaking no language but good American. His painting is full of feeling and the color very beautiful. That summer while Bunce was still in Venice he met Ziem, but failed to recognize the famous painter. In talking over various artists Bunce remarked that, after all, there was only one man who had ever painted the true Venice—that man he said was Ziem. Whereupon Ziem smote his breast delightedly and shouted: "C'est moi—c'est moi. Je suis le Ziem!"

At the exposition an entire room was in some cases devoted to the works of one artist. One morning Saint-Gaudens, Bunce, and I were in the Salle de Jules Breton when the artist himself came in. We were introduced, but for some reason or other Augustus and I were called away almost immediately. Knowing the limitations of Bunce's French I felt, after a time, that I ought to hurry back and rescue him. But on re-entering the gallery I found my anxiety had been needless. Bunce's ingenuity surpassed his linguistic

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ability. He had picked out Breton's picture of a peasant girl lying asleep under the apple-trees, had folded his hands on the back of the chair, laid his head on them in imitation of the girl, half-closed his eyes, and was murmuring between sighs "Très, très joli!" Jules Breton meantime was walking around the room, quite content not to interrupt with mere conversation so intense a contemplation of his work.

Bas-relief of Maitland Armstrong, by Augustus Saint-Gaudens.

With Saint-Gaudens I used often to go out to Frank Millet's place at Montmartre, where we were always sure of meeting Maynard or Bunce or some of the others in our little Paris circle. A queer and picturesque place it was and full of oddities, the accumulation of years of travel and adventure. There were innumerable divans and hanging lamps, while quantities of strange weapons and musical instruments cluttered the corners. Foremost I remember, and by no means indistinctly, the weird bashibazouk whom Millet stationed as majordomo in gorgeous Oriental dress at his front door, thus succeeding in frightening nearly every one who came to the house for the

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first time. He had picked him up somewhere during his travels in the East, and had brought him along with the rest of the collection when he returned to Paris.

Saint-Gaudens was always in rather poor health as a result of his early hardships. Many times while walking through dingy little streets in the Quarter he pointed out the wretched cabarets where he had been accustomed to get his food during his sojourn in Paris. He said he had never recovered and never expected to recover from the effects of the messes he had been forced to eat while a student there.

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Detail of a statue by Paul Du Bois.

From a drawing by Augustus Saint-Gaudens made for SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, June, 1879.

An especially intimate friend of Saint-Gaudens was a French artist named Garnie, who did the most beautiful enamels on copper, a number of them being preserved now in the Luxembourg. He not merely designed them—like the enamellers of old he also did the firing, and a heavenly coloring resulted from his thorough workmanship. Garnie had seen service in the Franco-Prussian War, and many and thrilling were his accounts of the time when the French army was shut up in Paris to starve. Cat meat was considered a luxury, and stalking cats came to be his favorite amusement. In particular he told (with vivid French gesticulation) of one moonlight night when, on the outskirts of the city, he went crawling along the dark edge of some deserted houses fringing an open square, on the lookout for a late supper. Suddenly he spied a lone cat scurrying across the desolate square, its long shadow beckoning weirdly on the uneven cobblestones. As he softly raised his pistol to take aim he became aware of another and a bulkier shadow. It was a German intent on the same cat. Simultaneously each recognized in the other an enemy, and turned his weapon upon the bigger game. After an exchange of shots the German was silent, and Garnie could never be sure just what had been his fate. At any rate, when he looked around the cat had fled, and he went supperless back to his barracks.

The end of the exposition was a celebration signal for all of us. Especially fondly do I think of the jolly time we had at a little supper I gave at famous old Foyot's to mark the event. Besides Saint-Gaudens, at the long table sat McKim, Stanford White, Russell Sturgis, Fred Crowninshield, Alfred Greenough, Frank Millet, and Frank Hazeltine. Of all those brilliant souls but two remain alive, and the deaths of two of the others were too tragic for words.

Soon after the exposition closed Saint-Gaudens and Garnie set off together on a trip to Italy, on which it has always been a regret to me that I was unable to accompany them. While on the trip Saint-Gaudens made a small sketch of a street scene in some Italian town which showed beautiful tones of color and was

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Group of the designers of the Chicago World's Fair.

From left to right are: Daniel H. Burnham, George B. Post (in the rear, Mr. Burnham's secretary), Henry Van Brunt, Francis D. Millet, Maitland Armstrong, Colonel Rice, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, Henry S. Codman, George W. Maynard, Charles F. McKim.

remarkable for the reason that he almost never made sketches from nature. But though I did not see Saint-Gaudens I heard from him, for he always kept up a lively correspondence—that it was really lively the following letter, written soon after his return to Paris, proves conclusively:

"Sept. 24. '79
"49 Rue N. D. des C.

"DEAR ARMSTRONG—

"I'm going to surprise you by answering so soon, but the only way I can keep my conscience clear in regard to letter-writing now is to answer immediately. When I last wrote you I had two years' correspondence to clear up. I did so and don't mean to do it again—so here goes——

"Farragut is finished, or nearly so—at least it will be cast on Saturday—and then the enlarging will take but a short time. The weather is simply 'gorgeous' for the last 20 days, and it is a relief after the wetting we have had. Mrs. St.-G. comes home to-night. Old Fossil D. must be in a showcase in some provincial museum where he belongs, for I never see him; that other friend of ours is such a 'scallywag' that whatever he has said has, like Keats, (poor Palmer's quotation) been as if written in water. On the contrary I've heard more good of you from the artists, now that the fight is over, than I heard harm while the row was on—truly!

"I'm sorry you don't feel more encouraged with your work, but I guess it's a good sign. I'm completely and thoroughly befuddled and disgusted with Farragut; therefore it must be very good—eh? Hope you saw White. He is one of the 'Biggest Bricks' I ever met. (Slang enough in this letter: it must recall the famous exhibition letter I wrote Cook or Gilder.) Saw a drawing of La Farge's in *Harper's*, Christ and Nicodemus, that I think is simply 'big.' If Miss Homer goes over soon I'll send that knife, if not I'll bring it in April.

"Garnie has made a lovely enamel for

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you of your daughter, and it's hanging up in my studio waiting for somebody to bring it over to you—if you let me know of someone I'll send it. When it goes he will write you a note.

"I think C. E. ought to go in a Botanical showcase in the same museum with D. There now it's dark and I must stop.

"Your friend,

"Aug. St.-Gaudens."

Always the best of good friends, Saint-Gaudens and I yet naturally saw less of each other during the following busy years in America than in the stirring Paris times. He and McKim and Stanford White several times came up together to my place on the Hudson, when we invariably talked over the exposition and as invariably decided that in a similar case we would do exactly as before—if given the chance!

In the spring of '92 McKim had for some time been slaving at the designs for his buildings at the World's Fair, and so when the work was well under way, collecting a number of his friends, he took us out to Chicago in a special car—Saint-Gaudens, Millet, Maynard, La Farge, Richard M. Hunt, George B. Post, William Laffan the editor of the *Sun*, and Mrs. Millet, Mrs. Laffan, and Miss Lockwood. Numerous artists had been employed on the different buildings, my share of the work consisting in designing the exterior of Machinery Hall, which I frescoed in the Renaissance style. We were wined and dined by the Chicagoans and had an excellent sight of the skeleton of the exposition, which opened in all its glory some months later.

Saint-Gaudens was always making up little suppers at intervals, and on these occasions his manner was as warm and his quiet humor as charming as ever it was the first time I met him at the old Falcone. Above all I delight in the remembrance of the bachelor dinner that a number of us gave Stanford White on the eve of his marriage. A lot of things happened before the evening ended becomingly with a Spanish dance by Hopkinson Smith and Loyall Farragut, neither of whom could be persuaded to stop until they had entangled themselves and every one else in long wreaths of smilax. Great were the preparations for this dinner, and Saint-Gaudens got a great deal of fun out of designing the menu, on which caricatures of White were interspersed with the more important items of the evening. Here was sketched White about to launch forth into one of the after-dinner speeches that he loathed; here we saw him pulling at his eternal mustaches; and here appeared nothing but the mustaches—but we recognized the likenesses as readily as we would if in these days we saw but a double row of teeth and a pair of spectacles on the cartoon page of a New York newspaper.

The most remarkable, original, and suggestive of all Saint-Gaudens's works seems to me to be the Adams monument in Washington. When I went for the first time to look for it in the Rock Creek Cemetery I made up my mind not to have it shown to me but to find it by myself. It was an afternoon in March, a grayish, sad day. Snow spotted the ground here and there, trying to obliterate the first signs of spring. I was alone, and the only sound was a slight rustling or sighing in the pine-trees above the tomb. I sat for a long time on the curved bench facing the figure, and I will not attempt to describe the supernatural effect it had upon me. The impressiveness, the solemnity of this thing, which seemed actually alive, I can never forget.

And here is a part of a letter I got from Saint-Gaudens in 1886. Perhaps it will serve to bring to a close these disjointed recollections of my friend. It brings back even now to me the "thirst for it" that he speaks of—the wish (almost) that we *had* gone over again in '89:

"Heigh, Ho! We now know that we are both alive. We might as well be in separate planets as be in New York so far as seeing one another goes. Perhaps some day you will go to Europe and I will too, and then we will renew our friendship as of yore. We may go over as commissioners to the '89 exhibit!! and make another batch of enemies. Don't you thirst for it? I trust that thee and thine are well and strong; I can say that much for my side.

"Ever your friend,

"Augustus Saint-Gaudens."

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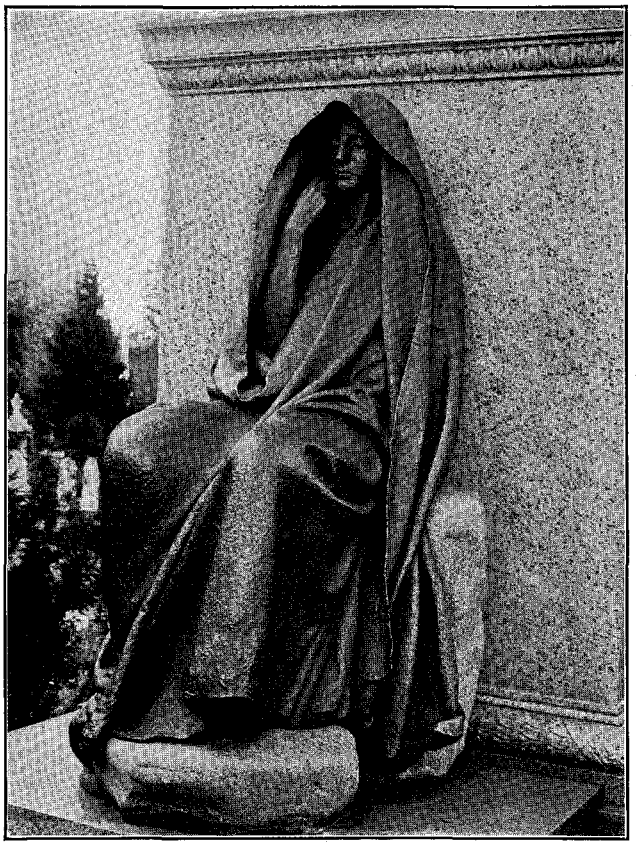

From a Copley Print, copyright 1899 by Curtis & Cameron.

TO SAINT-GAUDENS'S STATUE IN ROCK CREEK CEMETERY, WASHINGTON

By Leonora Speyer

HAST left no tears for other hearts to shed?
Those heavy eyes have drained the world of grief,
And yet no solace found, no dull relief,
Such as my soul would seek and find, I know,
Had I been giv'n the weight of that great woe,
And wept through pain to peace. But thou, instead,
Hast drowned all healing in a bitter sea
That thou didst make of every sobbing breath,
Until a fierce resentment filled the space
Where surely resignation's tender palm
Should press into the weariness, and calm
The flame that smoulders still in that drear face,
Sadder than Life, more frightening than Death,
Because of love renounced and joy to be,
And hope and faith, and immortality.

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Drawn by Arthur E. Becher.

"No," said Prime soberly; "it was—er—it looks as if it might have been an aeroplane."—Page 38.

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STRANDED IN ARCADY

BY FRANCIS LYNDE

ILLUSTRATION BY ARTHUR E. BECHER

I

THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE

AT the half-conscious moment of awakening Prime had a confused impression that he must have gone to bed leaving the electric lights turned on full-blast. Succeeding impressions were even more disconcerting. It seemed that he had also gone to bed with his clothes on; that the bed was unaccountably hard; that the pillow had borrowed the characteristics of a pillory.

Sitting up to give these chaotic conclusions a chance to clarify themselves, he was still more bewildered. That which had figured as the blaze of the neglected electrics resolved itself into the morning sun reflecting dazzlement from the dimpled surface of a woodland lake. The hard bed proved to be a sandy beach; the pillory pillow a gnarled and twisted tree root which had given him a crick in his neck.

When he put his hand to the cramped neck muscle and moved to escape the bedazzling sun reflection, the changed point of view gave him a shock. Sitting with her back to a tree at a little distance was a strange young woman—strange in the sense that he was sure he had never seen her before. Like himself, she had evidently just awakened, and she was staring at him out of wide-open, slate-gray eyes. In the eyes he saw a vast bewilderment comparable to his own, something of alarm, and a trace of subconscious embarrassment as she put her hands to her hair, which was sadly tumbled.

Prime scrambled to his feet and said, "Good morning"—merely because the conventions, in whatever surroundings, die hard. At this the young woman got up, too, patting and pinning the rebellious hair into subjection.

"Good morning," she returned, quite calmly; and then: "If you—if you live here, perhaps you will be good enough to tell me where I am."

Prime checked a smile. "You beat me to it," he countered affably. "I was about to ask you if you could tell me where *I* am."

"Don't you know where you are?" she demanded.

"Only relatively; this charming sylvan environment is doubtless somewhere in America, but, as to the precise spot, I assure you I have no more idea than the man in the moon."

"It's a dream—it must be!" the young woman protested gropingly. "Last night I was in a city—in Quebec."

"So was I," was the prompt rejoinder. Then he felt for his watch, saying: "Wait a moment, let's see if it really was last night."

She waited; and then—"Was it?" she inquired eagerly.

"Yes, it must have been; my watch is still running."

She put her hand to her head. "I can't seem to think very clearly. If we were in Quebec last night, we can't be so very far from Quebec this morning. Can't you—don't you recognize this place at all?"

Prime took his first comprehensive survey of the surroundings. So far as could be seen there was nothing but the lake, with its farther shore dimly visible, and the primeval forest of pine, spruce, fir, and ghostly birch—a forest all-enveloping, shadowy, and rather forbidding, even with the summer morning sunlight playing upon it.

"It looks as if we might be a long way from Quebec," he ventured. "I am not very familiar with the Provinces, but these woods——"

She interrupted him anxiously. "A long way? How could it be—in a single night?" Then: "You are giving me to

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understand that you are not—that you don't know how we come to be here?"

"You must believe that, if you can't believe anything else," he hastened to say. "I don't know where we are, or how we got here, or why we should be here. In other words, I am not the kidnapper; I'm the kidnapped—or at least half of them."

"It seems as if it *must* be a bad dream," she returned, with the frown of perplexity growing between the pretty eyes. "Things like this don't really happen, you know."

"I know they don't, as a rule. I've tried to make them happen, now and then, on paper, but they always seem to lack a good bit in the way of verisimilitude."

The young woman turned away to walk down to the lake edge, where she knelt and washed her face and hands, drying them afterward on her handkerchief.

"Well," she asked, coming back to him, "have you thought of anything yet?"

He shook his head. "Honestly, I haven't anything left to think with. That part of my mind has basely escaped. But I have found something," and he pointed to a little heap of provisions and utensils piled at the upper edge of the sand belt: a flitch of bacon, sewn in canvas, a tiny sack of flour, a few cans of tinned things, matches, a camper's frying-pan, and a small coffee-pot. "Whoever brought us here didn't mean that we should starve for a day or two, at least. Shall we breakfast first and investigate afterward?"

"'We?'" she said. "Can you cook?"

"Not so that any one would notice it," he laughed. "Can you?"

She matched the laugh, and it relieved him mightily. It was her undoubted right as a woman to cry out, or faint, or be foolishly hysterical if she chose; the circumstances certainly warranted anything. But she was apparently waiving her privilege.

"Yes, I ought to be able to cook. When I am at home I teach domestic science in a girls' school. Will you make a fire?"

Prime bestirred himself like a seasoned camper—which was as far as possible from being the fact. There was plenty of dry wood at hand, and a bit of stripped birch bark answered for kindling. The young woman removed her coat and pulled up her sleeves. Prime cut the bacon with his pocket-knife, and, much to the detriment of the same implement, opened a can of peaches. For the bread, Domestic Science wrestled heroically with a lack of appliances; the batter had to be stirred in the tiny skillet with water taken from the lake.

The cooking was also difficult. Being strictly city-bred, neither of them knew enough to let the fire burn down to coals, and they tried to bake the pan-bread over the flames. The result was rather smoky and saddening, and the young woman felt called upon to apologize. But the peaches, fished out of the tin with a sharpened birch twig for a fork, were good, and so was the bacon; and for sauce there was a fair degree of outdoor hunger. Over the breakfast they plunged once more into the mystery.

"Let us try it by the process of elimination," Prime suggested. "First, let me see if I can cancel myself. When I am at home in New York my name is Donald Prime, and I am a perfectly harmless writer of stories. The editors are the only people who really hate me, and you could hardly charge this"—with an arm-wave to include the surrounding wilderness—"to the vindictiveness of an editor, could you?"

He wished to make her laugh again, and he succeeded—in spite of the sad pan-bread.

"Perhaps you have been muckraking somebody in your stories," she remarked. "But that wouldn't include me. I am even more harmless than you are. My worst enemies are frivolous girls from well-to-do families who think it beneath them to learn to cook scientifically."

"It's a joke," Prime offered soberly; "it can't be anything else." Then: "If we only knew what is expected of us, so that we could play up to our part. What is the last thing you remember—in Quebec?"

"The most commonplace thing in the world. I am, or I was, a member of a vacation excursion party of school-

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teachers. Last evening at the hotel somebody proposed that we go to the Heights of Abraham and see the old battle-field by moonlight."

"And you did it?"

"Yes. After we had tramped all over the place, one of the young women asked me if I wouldn't like to go with her to the head of the cove where General Wolfe and his men climbed up from the river. We went together, and while we were there the young woman stumbled and fell and turned her ankle—or at least she said she did. I took her arm to help her back to the others, and in a little while I began to feel so tired and sleepy that I simply couldn't drag myself another step. That is the last that I remember."

"I can't tell quite such a straight story," said Prime, taking his turn, "but at any rate I shan't begin by telling you a lie. I'm afraid I was—er—drunk, you know."

"Tell me," she commanded, as one who would know the worst.

"I, too, was on my vacation," he went on. "I was to meet a friend of mine in Boston, and we were to motor together through New England. At the last moment I had a telegram from this friend changing the plan and asking me to meet him in Quebec. I arrived a day or so ahead of him, I suppose; at least, he wasn't at the hotel where he said he'd be."

"Go on," she encouraged.

"I had been there a day and a night, waiting, and, since I didn't know any one in Quebec, it was becoming rather tiresome. Last evening at dinner I happened to sit in with a big, two-fisted young fellow who confessed that he was in the same boat—waiting for somebody to turn up. After dinner we went out together and made a round of the movies, with three or four cafés sandwiched in between. I drank a little, just to be friendly with the chap, and the next thing I knew I was trying to go to sleep over one of the café tables. I seem to remember that my chance acquaintance got me up and headed me for the hotel; but after that it's all a blank."

"Didn't you know any better than to drink with a total stranger?" the young woman asked crisply.

"Apparently I didn't. But the three or four thimblefuls of cheap wine oughtn't to have knocked me out. It was awful stuff; worse than the *vin ordinaire* they feed you in the Paris wine-shops."

"It seems rather suspicious, doesn't it?" she mused; "your sudden sleepiness? Are you—are you used to drinking?"

"Tea," he laughed; "I'm a perfect inebriate with a teapot."

"There must be an explanation of some sort," she insisted. Then: "Can you climb a tree?"

He got up and dusted the sand from his clothes.

"I haven't done it since I used to pick apples in my grandfather's orchard at Batavia, but I'll try," and he left her to go in search of a tree tall enough to serve for an outlook.

The young woman had the two kitchen utensils washed and sand-scoured by the time he came back.

"Well?" she inquired.

"A wild and woolly wilderness," he reported; "just a trifle more of it than you can see from here. The lake looks to be five or six miles wide and perhaps twice as long. There are low hills to the north and woods everywhere."

"And no houses or anything?"

"Nothing; for all I could see, we might be the only two human beings on the face of the earth."

"You seem to be quite cheerful about it," she retorted.

He grinned good-naturedly. "That is a matter of temperament. I'd be grouchy enough if it would do any good. I shall lose my motor trip through New England."

"Think—think hard!" the young woman pleaded. "Since there is no sign of a road, we must have come in a boat; in that case we can't be very far from Quebec. Surely there must be some one living on the shore of a lake as big as this. We must walk until we find a house."

"We'll do anything you say," Prime agreed; and they set out together, following the lake shore to the left, chiefly because the beach broadened in that direction and so afforded easy walking.

A tramp of a mile northward scarcely served to change the point of view.

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There was no break in the encircling forest, and at the end of the mile they came to a deeply indented bay, where the continuing shore was in plain view for a doubling of another mile. The search for inhabitants seeming to promise nothing in this direction, they turned and retraced their steps to the breakfast camp, still puzzling over the tangle of mysteries.

"Can't you think of *any* way of accounting for it?" the young woman urged for the twentieth time in the puzzlings.

"I can think of a million ways—all of them blankly impossible," said Prime. "It's simply a chaotic joke!"

The young woman shook her head. "I have lost my sense of humor," she confessed, adding: "I shall go stark, staring mad if we can't find out something!"

More to keep things from going from bad to worse than for any other reason, Prime suggested a walk in the opposite direction—southward from the breakfast camp. While they were still within sight of the ashes of the breakfast fire they made a discovery. The loose beach sand was tracked back and forth, and in one place there were scorings as if some heavy body had been dragged. Just beyond the footprints there were wheel tracks, beginning abruptly and ending in the same manner a hundred yards farther along. The wheel tracks were parallel but widely separated, ill-defined in the loose sand but easily to be traced.

"A wagon?" questioned the young woman.

"No," said Prime soberly; "it was—er—it looks as if it might have been an aeroplane."

II

AMATEUR CASTAWAYS

Lucetta Millington—she had told Prime her name on the tramp to the northward—sat down in the sand, elbows on knees and her chin propped in her hands.

"You say 'aeroplane' as if it suggested something familiar to you, Mr. Prime," she prompted.

Truly it did suggest something to Prime, and for a moment his mouth went dry. Grider, the man he was to have met in Quebec, was a college classmate, a harebrained young barbarian, rich, an outdoor fanatic, an owner of fast yachts, a driver of fast cars, and latterly a dabbler in aviatics. Idle enough to be full of extravagant fads and fancies, and wealthy enough to indulge them, this young barbarian made friends of his enemies and enemies of his friends with equal facility—the latter chiefly through the medium of conscienceless practical jokes evolved from a Homeric sense of humor too ruthless to be appreciated by mere twentieth-century weaklings.

Prime had more than once been the good-natured victim of these jokes, and his heart sank within him. It was plain now that they had both been conveyed to this outlandish wilderness in an aircraft of some sort, and there was little doubt in his mind that Grider had been at the controls.

"It's a—it's a joke, just as I have been trying to tell you," he faltered at length. "We have been kidnapped, and I'm awfully afraid I know the man who did it," and thereupon he gave her a rapid-fire sketch of Grider and Grider's wholly barbarous and irresponsible proclivities.

Miss Millington heard him through without comment, still with her chin in her hands.

"You are standing there and telling me calmly that he did this—this unspeakable thing?" she exclaimed when the tale was told. Then, after a momentary pause: "I am trying to imagine the kind of man who could be so ferociously inhuman. Frankly, I can't, Mr. Prime."

"No, I fancy you can't; I couldn't imagine him myself, and I earn my living by imagining people—and things. Grider is in a class by himself. I have always told him that he was born about two thousand years too late. Back in the time of Julius Cæsar, now, they might have appreciated his classic sense of humor."

He stole a glance at the impassive face framed between the supporting palms. It was evident that Miss Millington was freezing silently in a heroic effort to restrain herself from bursting into flames of angry resentment.

"You may enjoy having such a man

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for your friend," she suggested with chilling emphasis, "but I think there are not very many people who would care to share him with you. Perhaps you have done something to earn the consequences of this wretched joke, but I am sure *I* haven't. Why should he include me?"

Prime suspected that he knew this, too, and he had to summon all his reserves of fortitude before he could bring himself to the point of telling her. Yet it was her due.

"I don't know what you will think of me, Miss Millington, but I guess the truth ought to be told. Grider has always ragged me about my women—er—that is, the women in my stories, I mean. He says they are all alike, and all sticks; merely wooden manikins—womanikins, he calls them—upon which to hang an evening gown. I shouldn't wonder if it were partly true; I don't know women very well."

"Go on," she commanded.

"The last time I was with Grider—it was about two weeks ago—he was particularly obnoxious about the girl in my last bit of stuff—the story that was printed in the *New Era* last month. He said—er—he said I ought to be marooned on some desert island with a woman; that after an experience of that kind I might be able to draw something that wouldn't be a mere caricature of the sex."

At this, as was most natural, Miss Millington's ice melted in a sudden and uncontrollable blaze of indignation.

"Are you trying to tell me that this atrocious friend of yours has taken *me*, a total stranger, to complete his cast of characters in this wretched burlesque?" she flashed out.

"I don't wish to believe it," he protested. "It doesn't seem possible for any human being to do such a thing. But I know Grider so well——"

"It is the smallest possible credit to you, Mr. Prime," she snapped. "You ought to be ashamed to have such a man for a friend!"

"I am," he acceded, humbly enough. "Grider weighs about fifty pounds more than I do, and he took three initials in athletics in the university. But I pledge you my word I shall beat him to a frazzle for this when I get the chance."

"A lot of good that does us now!" scoffed the poor victim. And then she got up and walked away, leaving him to stand gazing abstractedly at the wheel tracks of the kidnapping air-machine.

Having lived the unexciting life of a would-be man of letters, Prime had had none of the strenuous experiences which might have served to preface a situation such as this in which he found himself struggling like a fly in a web. It was absurdly, ridiculously impossible, and yet it existed as a situation to be met and dealt with. Watching the indignant young woman furtively, he saw that she went back to sit down beside the ashes of the breakfast fire, again with her chin in her hands. Meaning to be cautiously prudent, he rolled and smoked a cigarette before venturing to rejoin her, hoping that the lapse of time might clear the air a little.

She was staring aimlessly at the dimpled surface of the lake when he came up and took his place on the opposite side of the ashes. The little heap of provisions gave him an idea and an opening, but she struck in ahead of him.

"Let me know when you expect me to pose for you," she said without turning her head.

"I was an idiot to tell you that!" he exploded. "Can't you understand that that fool suggestion about the desert island and a—er—a woman was Grider's and not mine? How could I know that he would ever be criminal enough to turn it into a fact?"

"Oh, if you can call it criminal, and really mean it—" she threw out.

"I'll call it anything in the vocabulary if only you won't quarrel with me. Goodness knows, things are bad enough without that!"

She let him see a little more of her face. The frown had disappeared, and there were signs that the storm of indignation was passing.

"I suppose it isn't a particle of use to quarrel," she admitted. "What is done is done and can't be helped, however much we may agree to despise your barbarous friend Mr. Grider. How is it all going to end?"

At this Prime aired his small idea. "Our provisions won't last more than a

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day or two; they were evidently not intended to. If that means anything, it means that Grider will come back for us before long. He certainly can't do less."

"To-day?"

"Let us hope so. Have you ever camped out in the woods before?"

"Never."

"Neither have I. What I don't know about woodcraft would make a much larger book than any I ever hope to write. You probably guessed that when you saw me make the fire."

The corners of the pretty mouth were twitching. "And you probably guessed my part of it when you saw me try to make that dreadful pan-bread. I *can* cook; really I can, Mr. Prime; but when one has been used to having everything imaginable to do it with——"

Prime thought he might venture to laugh once more. "Your revenge is in your own hands; all you have to do is to continue to make the bread. It'll get me in time. My digestion isn't particularly good, you know."

"Do you really think we shall be rescued soon?"

"For the sake of my own sanity I'm obliged to think it."

"And in the meantime we must sit here and wait?"

"We needn't make the waiting any harder than we are obliged to. Suppose we call it a—er—a sort of surprise-party picnic. I imagine it is no use for us to try to escape. Grider probably picked the lonesomest place he knew of."

She fell in with the idea rather more readily than he could have hoped, and it gave him a freshening interest in her. The women he knew best were not so entirely sensible. During what remained of the forenoon they rambled together in the forest, care-free for the moment and postponing the evil day. In such circumstances their acquaintance grew by leaps and bounds, and when they came back to make a renewed attack upon the provisions the picnic spirit was still in the saddle.

The afternoon was spent in much the same manner; and in the absence of the conventional restraints a good many harmless confidences were exchanged. Before the day was ended the young woman had heard the moving story of Prime's struggle for a foothold in the field of letters, a struggle which, he was modest enough to say, was still in the making; and in return she had given her own story, which was commonplace enough—so many years of school, so many in a Middle Western coeducational college, two more of them as a teacher in the girls' school.

"Humdrum, isn't it?" she said. They had made the evening fire, and she was trying to cook two vegetables and the inevitable pan-bread in the one small skillet. "This is my first real adventure. I wish I might know whether I dare enjoy it as much as I'd like to."

"Why not?" he asked.

"Oh, the conventions, I suppose. We can't run fast enough or far enough to get away from them. I am wondering what the senior faculty would say if it could see me just now."

Prime grinned appreciatively. "It would probably shriek and expire."

"Happily it can't see; and to-morrow—surely Mr. Grider will come back for us to-morrow, won't he?"

"We are going to sleep soundly in that comforting belief, anyway. Which reminds me: you will have to have some sort of a place to sleep in. Why didn't I think of that before dark?"

Immediately after supper, and before he would permit himself to roll a cigarette from the diminishing supply of precious tobacco, Prime fell upon his problem, immensely willing but prodigiously inexperienced. At first he thought he would build a shack, but the lack of an axe put that out of the question. Round by round, ambition descended the ladder of necessity, and the result was nothing better than a camper's bed of broken pine twigs sheltered and housed in by a sort of bower built from such tree branches as he could break off by main strength.

The young woman did not withhold her meed of praise, especially after she had seen his blistered hands, which were also well daubed with pitch from the pines.

"It's a shame!" she said. "I ought not to have let you work so hard. If it should happen to rain, you'd need the shelter much more than I should."

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"Why do you say that?"

"You don't look so very fit," was the calm reply; "and I *am* fit. Do you know, my one ambition as a little girl was to grow up and be an acrobat in a circus?"

"And yet you landed in the laboratory of a girls' school," he laughed.

"Not exclusively," she countered quickly. "Last year I was also an assistant in the gymnasium. Swimming was my specialty, but I taught other things as well."

Prime laughed again. "And I can't swim a single stroke," he confessed. "Isn't that a humiliating admission on the part of a man who has lived the greater part of his life in sight of the ocean?"

Miss Millington said she thought it was, and in such gladsome fashion the evening wore away. When it came time to sleep, the lately risen moon lighted the young woman to her bower; and Prime, replenishing the fire, made his bed in the sand, the unwonted exertions of the day and evening putting him to sleep before he had fairly fitted himself to the inequalities of his burrow below the tree roots.

III

SENSIBLE SHOES

THE dawn of the second morning was much like that of the first, cool and crystal clear, and with the sun beating out a pathway of molten gold across the mirror-like surface of the solitary lake.

Prime bestirred himself early, meaning to get the breakfast under way single-handed while Miss Millington slept. But the young woman who had described herself as being "fit" had stolen a march upon him. He was frying the bacon when she came skimming up the beach with her hair flying.

"I got up early and didn't want to disturb you," she told him. "There is a splendid swimming place just around that point; I don't know when I've enjoyed a dip more. Wouldn't you like to try it while I dry my hair and make some more of the homicidal bread?"

Prime went obediently and took the required bath, finding the water bracingly cold and scarcely shallow enough to be reassuring to a non-swimmer. Over the breakfast which followed the picnic spirit still presided, though by now it was beginning to lose a little of the lilt. For one thing, the bacon and the pan-bread, though they were ameliorated somewhat by the tinned things, were growing a trifle monotonous; for another, the limitless expanse of lake and sky and forest gave forth no sign of the hoped-for rescue.

After breakfast they made a careful calculation to determine how long their provisions would last. This, too, was unhopeful. With reasonable economy they might eat through another day. Beyond that lay a chance of famine.

"Surely Grider will come back for us to-day," Prime asserted when Domestic Science had done its best in apportioning the supplies. But at this the young woman shook her head doubtfully.

"I have had time to think," she announced. "It is all a guess, you know—this about Mr. Grider—and the more I think of it the more incredible it seems. Consider a moment. To make the kidnapping possible we must both have been drugged. That is a serious matter—too serious to have a part in the programme of the most reckless practical joker."

Prime looked up quickly. "I might have been drugged very easily. But you?"

The young woman bared a rounded arm to show a minute red dot half-way between wrist and elbow. "I told you about the young woman who stumbled and turned her ankle: when I took hold of her to help her, something pricked my arm. She said it was a pin in the sleeve of her coat and apologized for having been so careless as to leave it there."

Prime looked closely at the red dot.

"A hypodermic needle?" he suggested.

She nodded. "That is why I became so sleepy. And your potion was put in the wine which you say tasted so bad."

Prime admitted the deduction without prejudice to his belief that Grider was the arch plotter, saying: "Grider is quite capable of anything, if the notion appealed to him. And, of course, he must have had hired confederates; he couldn't manage it all alone."

"Still," she urged, "it seems to me

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that we ought to be trying to help ourselves in some way. It doesn't seem defensible just to sit here and wait, on the chance that your guess is going to prove true."

Prime laughed. "You are always and most eminently logical. Where shall we begin?"

"At the geography end of it," she replied calmly. "How far could an aeroplane fly in a single night?"

Prime took time to think about it. He had never had occasion to use a long aeroplane flight in any of his stories; hence the special information was lacking. But common sense and a few figures helped out—so many hours, so many miles an hour, total distance so much.

"Two hundred miles, let us say, as an extreme limit," he estimated, and at this the young woman gave a faint little shriek.

"Two hundred miles! Why, that is as far as from Cincinnati to Lake Erie! Surely we can't be that far from Quebec!"

"I merely mentioned that distance as the limit. We are evidently somewhere deep in the northern woods. I don't know much about the geography of this region—never having had to stage a story in it—but a lake of this size, with miles of marketable timber on its shores, argues one of two things: it is too far from civilization to have yet tempted the lumbermen, or else it has no outlet large enough to admit of logging operations. You may take your choice."

"But two hundred miles!" she gasped. "If some one doesn't come after us, we shall *never* get out alive!"

"That is why I think we ought to wait," said Prime quietly.

So they did wait throughout the entire forenoon, sitting for the most part under the shade of the shore trees, killing time and talking light-heartedly against the grim conclusion that each passing hour was forcing upon them. They contrived to keep it up to and through the noonday *séance* with the cooking fire; but after that the barriers, on the young woman's part, went out with a rush.

"I simply can't stand it any longer," she protested. "We must do something, Mr. Prime. We can at least walk somewhere and carry the bits of provisions along with us. Why should we stay right in this one spot until we starve?"

"I am still clinging to the Grider supposition," Prime admitted. "If we move away from here he might not be able to find us."

"It is only a supposition," she countered quickly. "You accept it, but, while I haven't anything better to offer, I cannot make it seem real."

"If you throw Grider out of it, it becomes an absolutely impossible riddle."

"I know; but everything is impossible. We are awake and alive and lost, and these are the only facts we can be sure of." Then she added: "It will be so much easier to bear if we are only doing something!"

Prime had an uncomfortable feeling that a move would be a definite abandonment of the only reasonable hope; but he had no further argument to adduce, and the preparations for the move were quickly made. They had no plan other than to try to find the lake's outlet, and to this end they laid their course southward along the shore, dividing the small "tote-load" of dunnage, at the young woman's insistence.

So long as they had the sandy lake margin for a path the going was easy, but in a little time the beach disappeared in a rocky shore, with the forest crowding closely upon the water, and they were forced to make a long circuit inland. Still having the protective instinct, Prime "broke trail" handsomely for his companion, but, since he was something less than an athlete, the long afternoon of it told upon him severely; so severely, indeed, that he was glad to throw himself down upon the sands to rest when they finally came back to the lake on the shore of a narrow bay.

"I didn't know before how much I lacked of being a real man," he admitted, stretching himself luxuriously upon his back to stare up into the sunset sky. Then, as if it had just occurred to him: "Say—it must have been something fierce for you."

"I am all right," was the cheerful reply. "But I shall never get over being thankful that I put on a pair of sensible shoes, night before last, to walk to the Heights of Abraham."

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After he had rested and was beginning to grow stiff Prime sat up.

"We can't go much farther before dark; shall we camp here?" he asked.

The young woman shook her head. "We can't see anything from here; it is so shut in. Can't we go on a little farther?"

"Sure," Prime assented, scrambling up and stooping to rub the stiffness out of his calves, and at this the aimless march was renewed, to end definitely a few minutes later at the intake of a stream flowing silently out of the lake to the southeastward; a stream narrow and not too swift, but sufficiently deep to bar their way.

Twilight was stealing softly through the shadowy aisles of the forest when they prepared to camp at the lake-shore edge of the wood. Prime made the camp-fire, and, since the lake water was a little roiled at the outlet mouth, he took one of the empty fruit-tins and crossed the neck of land to the river. Working his way around a thicket of undergrowth, he came upon the stream at a point where the little river, as if gathering itself for its long journey to the sea, spread away in a quiet and almost currentless reach.

Climbing down the bank to fill the tin, he found a startling surprise lying in wait for him. Just below the overhanging bank a large birch-bark canoe, well filled with dunnage, was drawn out upon a tiny beach. His first impulse was to rush back to his companion with the good news that their rescue was at hand; the next was possibly a hand-down from some far-away Indian-dodging ancestor: perhaps it would be well first to find out into whose hands they were going to fall.

The canoe itself told him nothing, and neither did the lading, which included a good store of eatables. There was an air of isolation about the birch-bark which gave him the feeling that it had been beached for some time, and the dry paddles lying inside confirmed the impression. He listened, momently expecting to hear sounds betraying the presence of the owners, but the silence of the sombre forest was unbroken save by the lapping of the little wavelets on the near-by lake shore.

Realizing that Miss Millington would be waiting for her bread-mixing water, Prime filled the tin and recrossed the small peninsula.

"I was beginning to wonder if you were lost," said the bread-maker. "Did you have to go far?"

"No, not very far." Then, snatching at the first excuse that offered: "I saw some berries on the river bank. Let me have the tin again and I'll see if I can't gather a few before it grows too dark."

Having a plausible reason now for a longer absence, he went back to the canoe to look in the fading light for tracks in the sand. Now that he made a business of searching for them, he found plenty of them; heelless tracks as if the feet that had made them had been shod with moccasins. A little farther down the stream-side there were broken bushes and a small earth-slide to show where somebody had scrambled up to the forest level. Following the trail he soon found himself in a natural clearing, grass-grown and running back from the river a hundred yards or more. In the centre of this clearing he came upon the ashes of five separate fires, disposed in the form of a rude cross.

Still there was no sign of the canoe-owners themselves, and the discovery of the curiously arranged ash-heaps merely added mystery to more mystery. The fires had been dead for some time. Of this Prime assured himself by thrusting his hand into the ashes. Clearly the camp, if it were a camp, had been abandoned for some hours at least. The gathering dusk warned him that it would be useless to try to track the fire-makers, and he turned to make his way back to the lake shore and supper.

It was in the edge of the glade, under the gloomy shadow of a giant spruce, that he stumbled blindly over some yielding obstacle and fell headlong. Regaining his feet quickly with a nameless fear unnerving him, he stooped and groped under the shadowing tree, drawing back horror-stricken when his hand came in contact with the stiffened arm of a corpse.

He had matches in his pocket, and he found one and lighted it. His hand shook so that the match went out and he had to light another. By its brief flare he saw a double horror. Lying in a little depression between two spreading roots

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of the spruce were the bodies of two men locked in a death-grip. Another match visualized the tragedy in all its ghastly details. The men were apparently Indians, or half-breeds, and it had been a duel to the death, fought with knives.

IV

IN THE NIGHT

PRIME made his way to the camp-fire at the lake edge a prey to many disturbing emotions. Having lived a life practically void of adventure, the sudden collision with bloody tragedy shocked him prodigiously. Out of the welter of emotions he dug a single fixed and unalterable decision. Come what might, his companion must be kept from all knowledge of the duel and its ghastly outcome.

"Dear me! You look as if you had seen a ghost," was the way the battle of concealment was opened when he came within the circle of firelight. "Did you find any berries?"

Prime shook his head. "No, it was too dark," he said; "and, anyway, I'm not sure there were any."

"Never mind," was the cheerful rejoinder. "We have enough without them, and, really, I am beginning to get the knack of the pan-bread. If you don't say it is better this evening—" She broke off suddenly: he had sat down by the fire and was nursing his knees to keep them from knocking together. "Why, what *is* the matter with you? you are as pale as a sheet."

"I—I stumbled over something and fell down," he explained hesitantly. "It wasn't much of a fall, but it seemed to shake me up a good bit. I'll be all right in a minute or two."

"You are simply tired to death," she put in sympathetically. "The long tramp this afternoon was too much for you."

Prime resented the sympathy. He was not willing to admit that he could not endure as much as she could—as much as any mere woman could.

"I'm not especially tired," he denied; and to prove it he began to eat as if he were hungry, and to talk, and to make his companion talk, of things as far as possible removed from the sombre heart of a Canadian forest.

Immediately after supper he began to build another sleeping-shelter, though the young woman insisted that it was ridiculous for him to feel that he was obliged to do this at every fresh stopping-place. None the less, he persevered, partly because the work relieved him of the necessity of trying to keep up appearances. Fortunately, Miss Millington confessed herself weary enough to go to bed early, and after she left him Prime sat before the fire, smoking the dust out of his tobacco-pouch and formulating his plan for the keeping of the horrid secret.

The plan was simple enough, asking only for time and a sufficient quantity—and quality—of nerve. When he could be sure that his camp-mate was safely asleep he would go back to the glade and dispose of the two dead men in some way so that she would never know of their existence alive or dead.

The waiting proved to be a terrific strain; the more so since the conditions were strictly compelling. The chance to secure the ownerless and well-stocked canoe was by no means to be lost, but Prime saw difficulties ahead. His companion would wish to know a lot of things that she must not be told, and he was well assured that she would have to be convinced of their right to take the canoe before she would consent to be an accomplice in the taking. This meant delay, which in its turn rigidly imposed the complete effacement of all traces of the tragedy. He was waiting to begin the effacement.

By the time his tobacco was gone he was quivering with a nervous impatience to be up and at it and have it over with. When the crackling fire died down the forest silence was unbroken. The young woman was asleep; he could hear her regular breathing. But the time was not yet ripe. The moon had risen, but it was not yet high enough to pour its rays into the tree-sheltered glade, and without its light to aid him the horrible thing he had to do would be still more horrible.

It was nearly midnight when he got up from his place beside the whitening embers of the camp-fire and pulled himself together for the grewsome task.

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Half-way to the glade a fit of trembling seized him and he had to sit down until it passed. It was immensely humiliating, and he lamented the carefully civilized pre-existence which had left him so helplessly unable to cope with the primitive and the unusual.

When he reached the glade and the big spruce the moon was shining full upon the two dead men. One of them had a crooking arm locked around the neck of the other. Prime's gorge rose when he found that he had to strain and tug to break the arm-grip, and he had a creeping shock of horror when he discovered that the gripped throat had a gaping wound through which the man's life had fled. In the body of the other man he found a retaliatory knife, buried to the haft, and it took all his strength to withdraw it.

With these unnerving preliminaries fairly over, he went on doggedly, dragging the bodies one at a time to the river brink. Selecting the quietest of the eddies, and making sure of its sufficient depth by sounding with a broken tree limb, he began a search for weighting-stones. There were none on the river bank, and he had to go back to the lake shore for them, carrying them an armful at a time.

The weighting process kept even pace with the other ghastly details. The men both wore the belted coats of the northern guides, and he first tried filling the pockets with stones. When this seemed entirely inadequate he trudged back to the abandoned canoe and secured a pair of blankets from its lading. Of these he made a winding-sheet for each of the dead men, wrapping the stones in with the bodies, and making all fast as well as he could with strings fashioned from strips of the blanketing.

All this took time, and before it was finished, with the two stiffened bodies settling to the bottom of the deep pool, Prime was sick and shaken. What remained to be done was less distressing. Going back to the glade he searched until he found the other hunting-knife. Also, in groping under the murder tree he found a small buckskin sack filled with coins. A lighted match showed him the contents—a handful of bright English sovereigns. The inference was plain: the two men had fought for the possession of the gold, and both had lost.

Prime went back to the river and, kneeling at the water's edge, scoured the two knives with sand to remove the blood-stains. That done, and the knives well hidden in the bow of the canoe, he made another journey to the glade and carefully scattered the ashes of the five fires.

Owing to the civilized pre-existence he was fagged and weary to the point of collapse when he finally returned to the camp-fire on the lake beach and flung himself down beside it to sleep. But for long hours sleep would not come, and when it did come it was little better than a succession of hideous nightmares in which two dark-faced men were reproachfully throttling him and dragging him down into the bottomless depths of the outlet river.

(To be continued.)

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A NATURALISTS' TROPICAL LABORATORY

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

OUR zoological knowledge of the tropics, especially so far as concerns the higher vertebrates and the more prominent and interesting forms of invertebrate life, is now fairly complete in its larger outlines. The collector has still his part to play here and there—a necessary and important but by itself far from the highest part—and here and there desultory roaming or more systematic and extended exploration will still yield zoological results of prime consequence. But what is now especially needed is restricted intensive observation in carefully selected tropical stations, where the teeming animal life can be studied fully and at leisure. The student should be a scientist whose training is both broad and specialized. Unless he has breadth of outlook—such as Humboldt, as Cuvier, as Darwin possessed—he cannot reach the higher levels of his calling, where power of sound generalization, of controlled imagination, and of cautious work along lines of daring hypothesis are indispensable. Yet unless he also possesses the power of sustained, long-continued, highly specialized, and minutely accurate observation his generalizations and hypotheses will be either worthless or mischievous. He must be equally at home in the field and in the study. He must possess the unflagging, unwearying, patient industry of the scientific man who loves science with whole-hearted ardor. He must be able to see, and to understand what he sees; to interpret what he has seen in the light of wide knowledge; and finally to record it with comprehensive vividness and charm no less than with accurate fidelity to fact. A high ideal! and impossible of entire realization. But it can be measurably realized. Demerara is one of the tropical lands where there is a teeming life to be studied; and Mr. William Beebe is one of the scientific men who can study it as it ought to be studied.

The New York Zoological Society, thanks to the far-sightedness of some and the generosity of others of its members, has established a tropical-research station in Demerara, and has placed Beebe in charge of it. In late February, 1916, I was able to visit this station. While doing so I stayed at the house of Mr. Withers, as I shall describe in the next article.

Beebe's laboratory was half a mile distant from the Withers house. It likewise was on a hilltop, with a steep path leading down to the landing-place for the boats in a bay of the river. Across the river were the buildings of the penal settlement. The house had formerly belonged to a man who was a famous old fellow in his day—a white man who led a life more than half savage—a kind of life well known to all wild communities on the shifting frontier between untamed barbarism and the almost equally wild and untrammelled vigor of the first pioneers of the rude oncoming civilization. He had lived with the Indians as protector and tyrant; he was as hardy and as well versed in woodcraft as Carib or Arrawack; he dominated them, and was thereby enabled to render useful service to the colonial government. He had finally come to live definitely with his own people, and had built the house in question. When he died it came into the possession of Withers, who most generously gave it to Beebe for use as the laboratory—a gift for which science is much indebted. The house stood on high brick and stone piers, so that the lower story was a skeleton, with shelters in which goods were stored. A wooden staircase led to the floor above. On this floor the front was occupied by one big open compartment, which could be called either room or veranda. The naturalists used this as workshop, living-

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From photograph by G. B. Withers.

Manager's bungalow from factory, Kalacoon.

room, and dining-room, and the other half of the floor was occupied by the bedrooms. The cabins of the coolies and negroes were not far off. There were Indian attendants also, most of them bearing the names of saints or prophets. They lived in open huts, and served as hunters; and they were kept on the watch for rare specimens. There was good bathing in the river; but there was need of some caution, for, although caymans were rare at this spot, there was an occasional electric eel, and Carib fish were sufficiently common to make watchfulness advisable.

In this big, roomy, airy house at Kalacoon, near where the Mazaruni River empties into the Essequibo, Beebe had found just the spot for his tropical-research station. He had with him as associates and assistants Inness Hartley and Paul Howes. Nor was this all. Hartley's sister, Miss Hartley, and her friend Miss Taylor, of South Carolina, were with them, and were just as eager and enthusiastic as the men; their work was to draw and paint animals and plants from life and immediately after death—for many creatures which when living have naked skins, or scales or feathers, with beautiful metallic lustres, lose these hues almost immediately after death. People who are fortunate enough to be devoted to their work for its own sake, and to find in it an absorbing pleasure, are to be congratulated; and this little party of naturalists—the old-fashioned word seems a little less pedantic than "biologists"—were enjoying the rare combination of working hard at a task in which their souls delighted, and of also taking part in a thrilling kind of picnic. All were in high spirits, bound to enjoy everything, and bound to make the experiment a success. Each had his or her particular branch of labor, and there was in addition the agreeable diversion of finding out, for example, what they would get for dinner, or whether they would have any dinner at all.

Opportunities for study lay not only at their very doors but within them! One day when I lunched with them two palm tanagers kept entering through the windows to catch spiders; and when one of the birds dropped a spider Beebe carefully preserved it as a sample of their diet. As we sat at lunch, through the unglazed window we saw in the top of a palm, only a few yards away, the nests of palm tanagers and moriche orioles. The birds were nesting, and were flitting in and out. In the same tree-top were perched gray-headed king-birds, and the noisy ques-que-dit, all on friendly terms. After nightfall bats flitted through the rooms, and my zealous friends were gravely discussing whether it would be possible for

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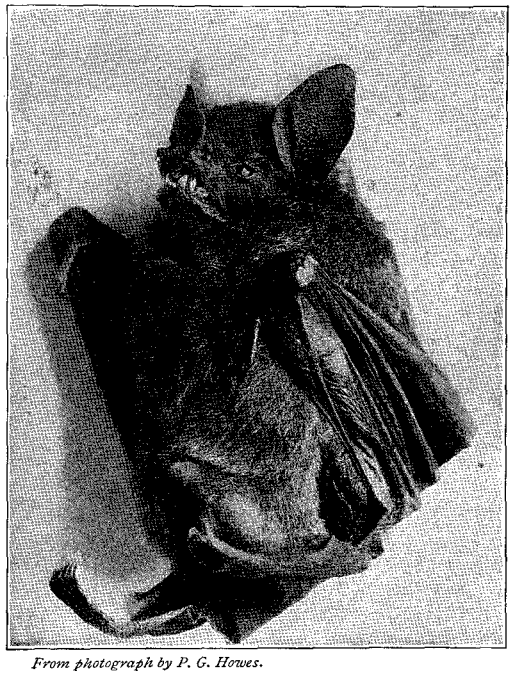
one of them, by leaving one foot exposed as bait, to get a flash-light picture of a vampire sucking blood. This plan was



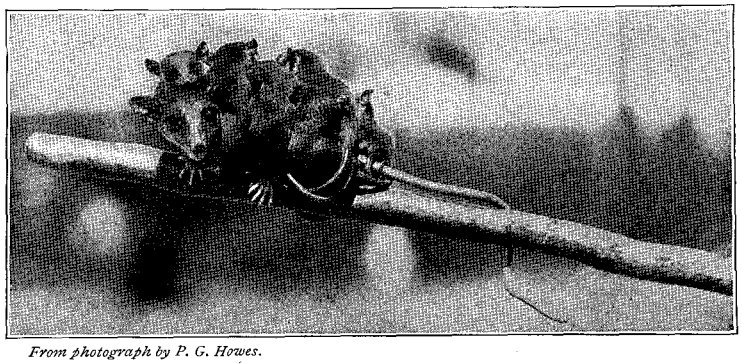
From photograph by P. G. Howes.

Vampire bat shot in Kalacoon house in evening.

rejected as impracticable. But while I was in their neighborhood they passed one evening of agreeable diversity. Four of them were hard at work around the lamp in the large, open, dark room, sketching, making records of the day's observations and results, and giving the last touches to the specimens collected; while the fifth, who was a crack shot, lay in a reclining-chair, almost on his back, and from time to time shot at some overhead bat which he hoped was a vampire. This sporting proceeding in no way disturbed the students of either sex on the evening in question; by the way, only one of the sacrificed bats proved to be a vampire.

All kinds of beasts abounded in the neighborhood. One of the commonest was a small opossum. The female had from eight to a dozen young, which she carried on her back even when they were so well grown that their aggregate weight was over double what she herself weighed. As for the birds, their name was legion.

Beebe is a field naturalist of wide experience, and, in addition to various other trips in tropical and subtropical lands, he spent a year and a half (thanks to the generosity of Mr. Anthony R. Kuser) in a first-hand study of the wild pheasants of Asia; a group which is probably more interesting than any other, taking into account the size of the birds, the beauty of many of them, including the peacocks and argus pheasants, the wide variety in appearance, habitat, and habits of the various species, and their economic and æsthetic importance combined. Recently, while at work in the Amazon valley, his experience convinced him that the state of our knowledge of tropic-life forms warranted a complete departure from the time-honored methods of the collector and museum worker, and the attempt to embark on a scientific enterprise along lines as interesting as they are ab-



From photograph by P. G. Howes.

Marian opossum and ten young.

They weigh two and a half times the weight of the mother. Common in stumps and hollow trees.

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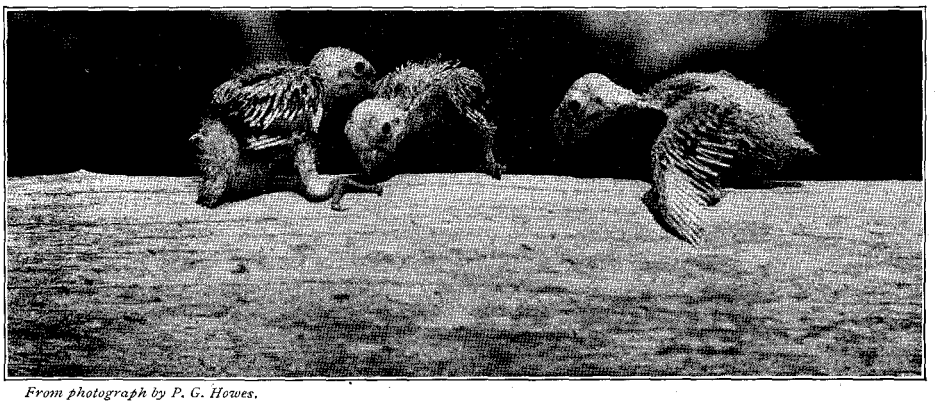
solutely new. After some rather aimless roaming he tried restricted and intensive observation: first, by a week's study of a particular cinnamon-tree, bearing ripe fruit, during which week he observed no less than ninety-seven species of birds from the canvas chair in which he lay; skins of forms already well known, or only differing in minute points from those already well known, Mr. Beebe and his backers and associates determined to try a new kind of first-hand field investigation. The prime object was to secure ample facilities for the study of the evolution



From photograph by P. G. Howes.

Three nestling dusky parrots.

Mr. Beebe thinks he has distinct evidence of teeth in these.

and, second, by digging up two square yards of jungle soil, under the tree, and thoroughly examining all its minute life. As regards the birds, he unhesitatingly shot any which it was necessary to identify—he is not a sentimental dilettante, and knows that it is absolutely essential to have specimens in the hand if there is the least doubt as to the species; but he treated collecting not as an end, but as a means to the end of studying their life histories. As regards innumerable birds the life histories are enthrallingly interesting and yet practically unknown, whereas the skins are so well known that additional specimens are of value chiefly to those ornithologists whose enthusiasms and interests are fundamentally the same as those of stamp-collectors. The two square yards of jungle soil yielded an astounding number of small or minute invertebrate forms, including not only many new species, but some very remarkable new genera.

Partly as a result of this experience, among many others, and partly as a result of a growing conviction that an altogether undue importance is attached to the mere cataloguing of species and subspecies, and to the collection of large series of and life histories of various vertebrates, especially birds, and of various invertebrates, taking up various problems of embryology, of development, and of habit which can only be studied successfully in the jungle or by the aid of living material fresh from the jungle. A secondary object was the gathering of live creatures for the New York Zoological Park and Aquarium. The place chosen was conditioned primarily by the need of being in the tropics on the mainland, or on a large continental island, with an abounding and varied animal life within a radius of two or three hundred miles; and secondarily by the desirability of securing healthy living conditions. Demerara met both needs. It is classic ground for naturalists because it was here, a century ago, that Waterton met with the experiences which he chronicled in his "Wanderings," the first book ever written which was devoted to the work of a field naturalist in the wilderness. The animal life, especially of birds, the lower vertebrates and insects, is wonderfully full and varied. The conditions of life and work at the zoological station, as established by Beebe, are pleasant, healthy, and safe. The danger from poisonous snakes is dis-

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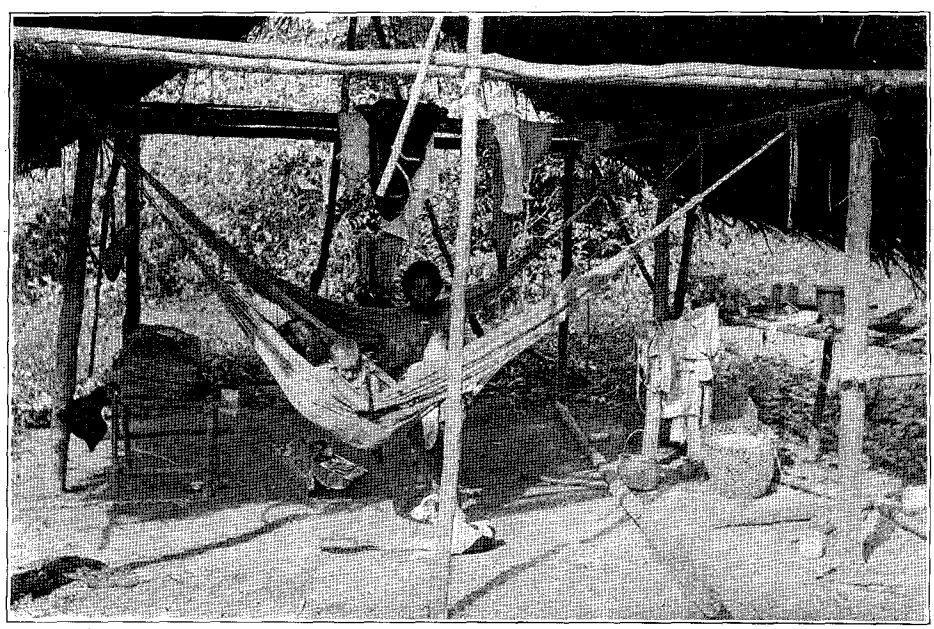
tinctly less than the danger from automobiles in a land of joy riders. Mosquitoes and other flying pests did not exist at Kalacoon when I was there; and, although there are many places where they can be found in Demerara, there are many such places equally bad within a radius of fifty miles of New York. Life under the conditions obtaining at the zoological station is wholly different from the life necessarily led by the first explorers, who face starvation and disease and the extremes of toil and hardship in the untrodden wilderness. The Mississippi valley was, in parts, very unhealthy when the first explorers and pioneer settlers penetrated to it; and so was the South American wilderness. Nowadays there are large parts of the latter which are almost or quite as healthy as most of the former.

Kalacoon has many advantages from the naturalist's standpoint. Beyond it, south, well-nigh to the Amazon, stretches what is still, throughout most of its extent, a virgin wilderness; and yet to the north civilization is at its doors. It lies in a big clearing, which holds the birds of the clearing, and at the farther side of the clearing rises the untouched forest, the edge of the mighty equatorial forest of America, with its abundant and peculiar fauna and flora. A great tropic river lies at its doors, so that the riverine life is added to the life of the clearing and of the towering woodland.

The creatures of the open swamps and flat, marshy plains must be sought nearer the sea. When Beebe and I drove through the sugar-cane country, near the ocean, we saw many waterfowl and waders of various species. Herons were plentiful, and the coloration, and the habits as affected by coloration, of these common birds invite the attention of competent observers whose object is to get at the facts and not to bolster unsound theories. The three commonest herons were the two white egrets and the tricolor heron—which is akin to our so-called Louisiana heron. The two former possess a strikingly advertising plumage; at any and all times and seasons, and under all conditions, they are so conspicuous as to challenge attention. The tricolors were not only relatively far less conspicuous, but under certain of the circumstances of their daily lives it might fairly be said that their coloration tended to make them



From photograph by P. G. Howes.

Akawai Indian woman and child.

Her husband, Daniel Jeremiah, kept Beebe's party in fresh meat for two months. When he calls all his Indians by name it sounds like a saints' calendar. Every necessity and luxury of an Indian life, year after year, is in this picture.

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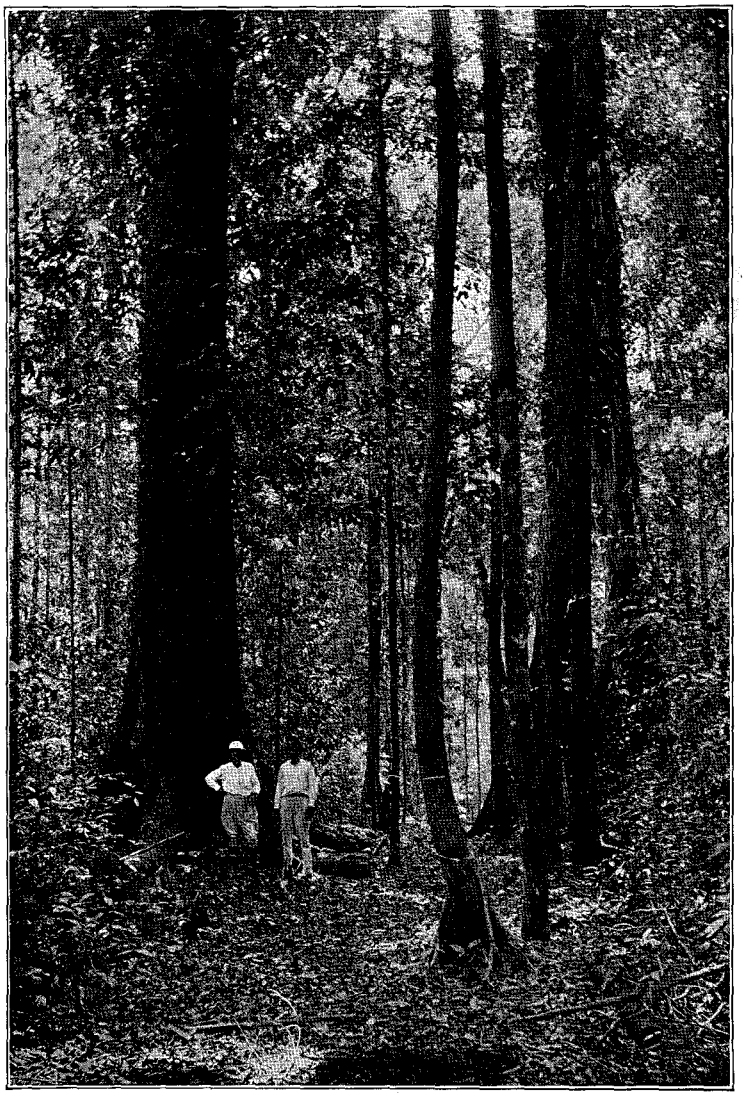

From photograph by P. G. Howes.

In the Guiana forest.

One huge buttressed tree keeps all the surrounding ones small, waiting for the giant to fall to give them their full meed of light and air.

escape notice. But, so far as our superficial observations went, there was no difference in habit—the coloration, whether revealing or concealing, was seemingly a negligible factor in their life, success, and survival. Yet certain other herons, the bitterns, do skulk and hide, are inconspicuously colored, and seemingly profit by their coloration. These facts are worth study on the ground. Seemingly some herons which are advertisingly, and others which are, on the whole, concealingly, colored, have the same habits, and never seek safety by eluding observation; others are concealingly colored and try to elude observation. Are these the real facts? If so, is there any explanation? The answers can only be returned by field study.

Some of the familiar birds of the clearing will repay further study. This is perhaps especially true of the big ani blackbirds. They look like big grackles,

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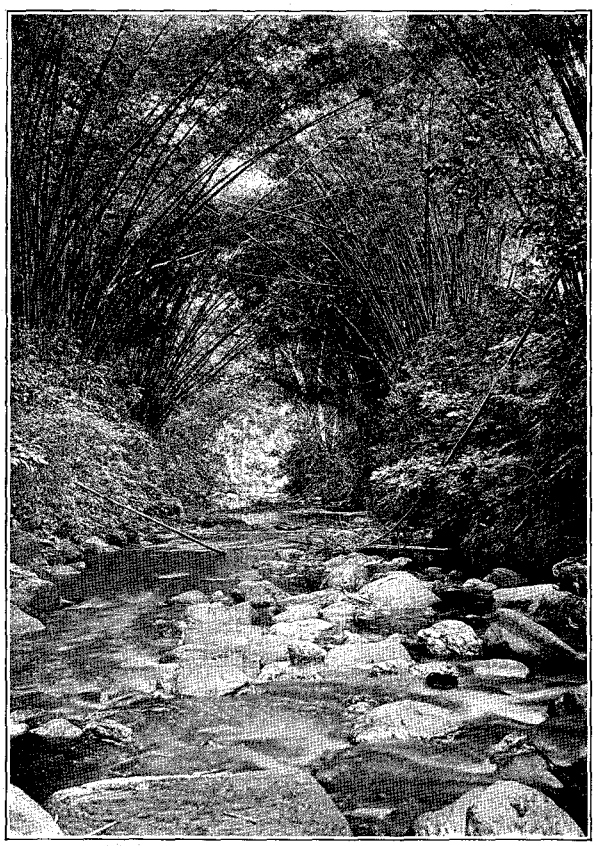
with high, short beaks, and live in the meadows and in open bush, accompanying the cattle like cow-buntings. Their nesting-habits are extraordinary. Apparently the genus has become demoralized and is in a state of flux as regards nesting. Now and then a pair will make a nest for themselves in orthodox fashion.



From photograph by F. W. Urich.

Scene along the Northern range.

Often, after such a nest has been begun, another female will come along and deposit her eggs in it; and then perhaps another, continually enlarging the nest, until one such nest contained twenty-eight eggs, while over a dozen old birds took part in brooding the eggs and feeding the nestlings; and I have heard of much larger numbers. There is a wide margin of difference in the size both of the birds and of the eggs; altogether it is a queer bird, in an unstable condition. Certainly this is a case where close field observation will develop interesting features in the birds' life history.

Of course, as regards other, and delightful, birds, where the habits are more normal, I suppose there will be little to learn. This may be true of the ques-que-dit king-bird, but it is a bird of so much character and individuality that I wish it could be carefully studied anyhow. It is practically the same bird which the Brazilians call ben-te-ví and which extends far south into the Argentine. It is a big, truculent, noisy king-bird, olive above, yellow below, with black-and-white stripes alongside the head. It incessantly utters its loud, three-syllabled cry, from which—with a difference of interpretation—it gets its various vernacular titles throughout Latin America. It is bold and familiar, living in the gardens and round the houses. The tanagers and orioles, of many different species, suggest their kin folk of our own orchards and lawns, but with marked differences; many of the orioles, for instance, nest gregariously. Other birds are apparently identical in habits with their Northern representatives. This seemed to be true of the house wren and yellow warbler, two of the friendly and intimate little singers of Demerara.

As soon as we left the clearing we entered the vast woods. While in them we usually either followed the road which led from Mr. Withers's rubber-plantation to his lime orchards half a dozen miles distant, a road over which he drove his automobile; or else travelled the long trail of the gold-seekers, which crossed the automobile road almost at right angles. These two trails, by the way, rendered it easy to find one's way back, by means of the compass, even if for the moment puzzled as to the direction when in the pathless forest; and as one could walk along them easily and noiselessly they offered special advan-

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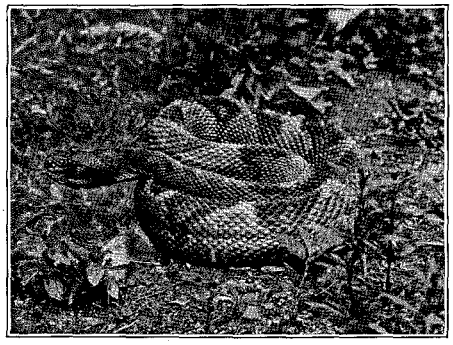
tages to the observer. In thick woods even an Indian finds it hard to approach game unnoticed, and usually gets it by lying in wait for it or else by patrolling the river and sending his dogs into the woods to chase the hunted animal into the water. In the forest we came on a small, rude platform, which some time previously had been built by Indians for a game ambush. Doubtless at that time a game trail passed it. It consisted of a couple of poles lashed to a tree-trunk with tough creepers, at a height a little above a man's head. On this platform the Indian crouched and waited, with the motionless patience of the savage, until tapir or deer or peccary or paca came along; for if there is no movement by the watcher, and especially if he is raised above the ground, even although only a few feet, animals are apt not to observe him.

From photograph by J. B. Rover.

Cross surrounded by flor réal, erected by country folk at wayside on road to guacharo cave.

In the heat and moisture of the tropics the struggle for life among the forest trees and plants is far more intense than in the North. The trees stand close together, tall and straight, and most of them without branches, until a great height has been reached; for they are striving toward the sun, and to reach it they must devote all their energies to producing a stem which will thrust its crown of leaves out of the gloom below into the riotous sunlight which bathes the billowy green upper plane of the forest. A huge buttressed giant keeps all the neighboring trees dwarfed, until it falls and yields its place in the sunlight to the most instantly vigorous of the trees it formerly suppressed. Near the streams the forests are almost impassable, so thick is the tangle below; but away from the streams the walking is easier, because only a few bushes and small trees grow in the perpetual shade. To the newcomer one unending wonder is the mass of vines, the lianas or bush-ropes; everywhere they hang from the summits of the trees, or twist round the trunks, or lace them together. A few kill the trees; most seem to do them no damage. Some are huge, twisted, knotted cables, dragging down the branches around which they are wrapped, and themselves serving as supports for lesser vines that twine around them. Others stretch up, up, as straight and slender as the shrouds of a ship, until they are lost overhead in the green ceiling of interlocked leaf and branch. Of most of the trees I did not know the names; but among the tallest were the mora, with huge flying buttresses, and the greenheart, with its white trunk. It was unending pleasure to walk through the towering forest. In the shade it was always cool even at midday. There was no wind. All sounds seemed faint and far away. Under the solemn archways of the trees it was dim and mysterious, like some great cathedral at dusk.



From photograph by F. W. Urich.

The bushmaster.

Among poisonous serpents it is only rivalled in size by the diamond-back rattlesnake and by the hamadryad. —Page 59.

Outside, in the clearing, it was very hot as soon as the sun was well above the horizon. But in the early morning and late evening it was attractive, and of course the glory of sunrise and sunset and

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the splendor of the great stars at night were only to be had in the open. Moreover, the flowers of the open were wholly distinct from those of the deep forest, and were, on the whole, more lovely. One of the most striking was a great crimson passion-flower that closed in the heat of the day. Indeed, in the blinding glare of the hours around noon, all the life of the open spaces sought cover and was silent and motionless; whereas in the forest, although there also the noontide is a time of rest and quiet, yet even then there is always some life stirring.

To an unobservant man, walking quickly and rather noisily through these great woods, they seem empty. But as a matter of fact they teem with life. This life is shy, however, and patience, caution, and quick eyes are needed by the observer. The furred things he will rarely see, save by chance. Once, before sunrise, we heard from our bedroom howling monkeys in the distance; near by the sound is a kind of savage roaring, really impressive, which suggests some huge and terrible beast of prey instead of a medium-sized monkey. I caught a glimpse of a big black-and-white tayra weasel crossing the path ahead of me; but this was the only mammal I saw. With birds it is a different matter. When Beebe and I were walking through the forests, always slowly and with little noise, we continually heard bird songs, even while we were moving, and when we stopped we were sure, after a short time, to catch faint twitters and chirps. Generally Beebe could tell me what the birds were. The more conspicuous ones, and those easily recognizable because of some quality in their cries, I often knew myself—toucans or parrots, for example, and the big, showy woodpeckers. One bird was an old friend. He is one of the cotingas, dull-colored and about the size of a thrush. He sits motionless in the forest, about half-way up a tree, and utters at not very long intervals a loud, ringing, explosive call, a hurried, rather musical and arresting sound of three notes. This bird I had seen in mid-Brazil, and, not knowing exactly what he was had christened him, inappropriately, the false bell-bird. The Brazilian rubber-gatherers knew him well—his voice insures the attention of every passer-by—and called him the "rubber bird," insisting that wherever he called rubber was to be found. Here in Guiana he was credited with similar insight in the matter of gold, and was dubbed gold-bird accordingly. And gold-bird I shall call him.

But my knowledge of the birds was limited to those that were showy and noisy; and even as to these I made mistakes, as when I confused the note of a big oriole with the loud cooing of one of the forest doves—of which there were several kinds, all utterly unlike the little ground-dove which was underfoot everywhere in the open. Beebe, on the contrary, also knew the inconspicuous birds—the ant-thrushes, wood-hewers, and the rest—which were often the most interesting. He carried his gun, and realized that collecting was important on occasions; but collecting with him was merely an aid to the real work of observing; and, thank Heaven, he is not only a first-rate observer, but a writer able to record his observations. What he writes is not only readable and interesting; it also possesses both charm and distinction. Moreover, he is a man of such broad interest and cultivation that he sees his own particular facts in relation to all their surroundings.

Beebe's walks with me were a mere diversion; indeed, he and his associates had only just moved in, and were barely settling down to their serious work, so that what they had already done and observed represented a mere hint of what was to follow. I was making too much demand on him for information about what we saw and heard to permit him to study anything new. Only twice did he have to resort to the gun. In one case the bird proved to be an ant-thrush. In the other case we heard a peculiar three-note call, like a jew's-harp, in the thick forest near by. It did not sound like a bird, and at first we thought it was a cicada, or tree-frog. But after some minutes' search Beebe saw the performer, an obscure little bird which perched motionless some twelve feet from the ground most of the time, only occasionally shifting its position. He could not make out what it was, and accordingly shot it. It was a small, yellow-crowned flycatcher. We afterward heard several. Beebe has now identified it. He will shoot no others; he will do all he can to find out its habits;

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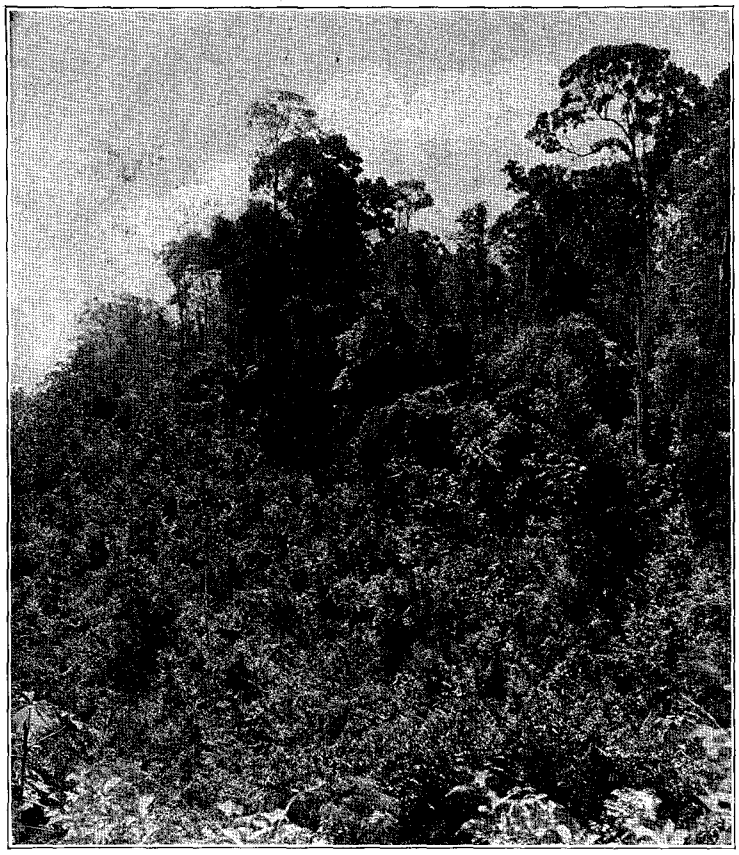
and even the scanty facts we had gleaned were more than were recorded in the only books to which he had access, for these contained merely the description of the skins brought in by some collector.

ia wasp, an irascible fighter near whose home few foes of nestlings and eggs care to venture. But the nests of the closely related ashy toady flycatcher, which they found, were never in such posi-



From photograph by P. G. Howes.

The jungle of Guiana.

Supreme above all Eastern jungles, holding secrets of evolution beyond all our wildest guesses.

Already the experiences of the naturalists had raised all kinds of interesting questions. For example, many of the observations indicated differences of habits in closely allied forms which are at present inexplicable, and many more observations are needed to show whether these differences are real or are merely the accidents of individual observation. Some of them related to peculiarities of life history that are extremely strange. For example, they had found half a dozen nests of one little bird, the streaked toady flycatcher, every one of which was built near a nest of the formidable polyb-

tions. Further observation must determine whether this difference in nesting-site is invariable—whether one little bird always, and its close kinsman never, takes advantage of the neighborhood of so dangerous a protector. The mutual understanding or tolerance between the little bird and the big wasp is sufficiently remarkable; and observation must try to determine whether only one of the two closely related little birds really has the habit, and whether anything can be gleaned as to the effect of this habit on the bird's other habits and on its success in life relatively to the other. What has

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been already observed in this case is a mere foreshadowing of what Beebe and his comrades hope to find out by observation, carried out at length, of these birds, beasts, and insects, in their native haunts under their natural surroundings; and surely such observations are far more valuable and important than *mere* collecting—as distinguished from that limited and purposeful collecting which is a necessary part of such observation.

Mr. Roosevelt and his two companions at the guacharo cave.

As regards vultures, collecting is at present an indispensable prerequisite to the work of observation. They are not attractive birds to collect, and so have been let rather severely alone, with, as a result, much confusion as to not only the habits of the different species but even as to their identity, and as to such points as the colors of their naked head-skins, which fade after death. Again, there are many birds—the hoatzin and ani, for instance—where careful embryological study is necessary in order to get some hint of the ancestral development which has resulted in the existing physical peculiarities.

Of many species which are well known in collections and in the woods, we as yet know nothing as regards some of the most important features of their life history. The toucans, for instance, are among the most conspicuous and wide-spread of South American birds; every traveller has seen them in the forest, every museum possesses the skins of dozens of species and subspecies. But no one had ever studied their nesting-habits. Beebe intended to supply the lacking knowledge; and, after I left, his party discovered the nest and eggs of one species of toucan. The nest, a hole in a tree, contained two white eggs, and in them were curious long-tailed embryos. In some nestling parrots Beebe discovered traces of teeth, a reminder of the days when the Age of Reptiles was at its height and all the birds had teeth. All kinds of queer things are to be found out in connection with the nesting of tropical birds. Once Howes had found the nest of a grallaria, a passerine ground-bird, with short tail, long legs, and a loud, whistling voice. It was by a stream. The eggs—previously unknown—were three in number, white with fine reddish-brown spots. The nest was on a big boulder, by water. It was lined with the scales of the tree-fern, and the walls and bottom were composed of very fine green fern tendrils, still alive, which were interwoven with the ferns growing on the boulder, so that the nest itself was actually growing. Another time he found a colony of humming-birds nesting under a bridge; the nests, some fifteen in number, were placed close together and were fastened to the rafters by moss, not mud.

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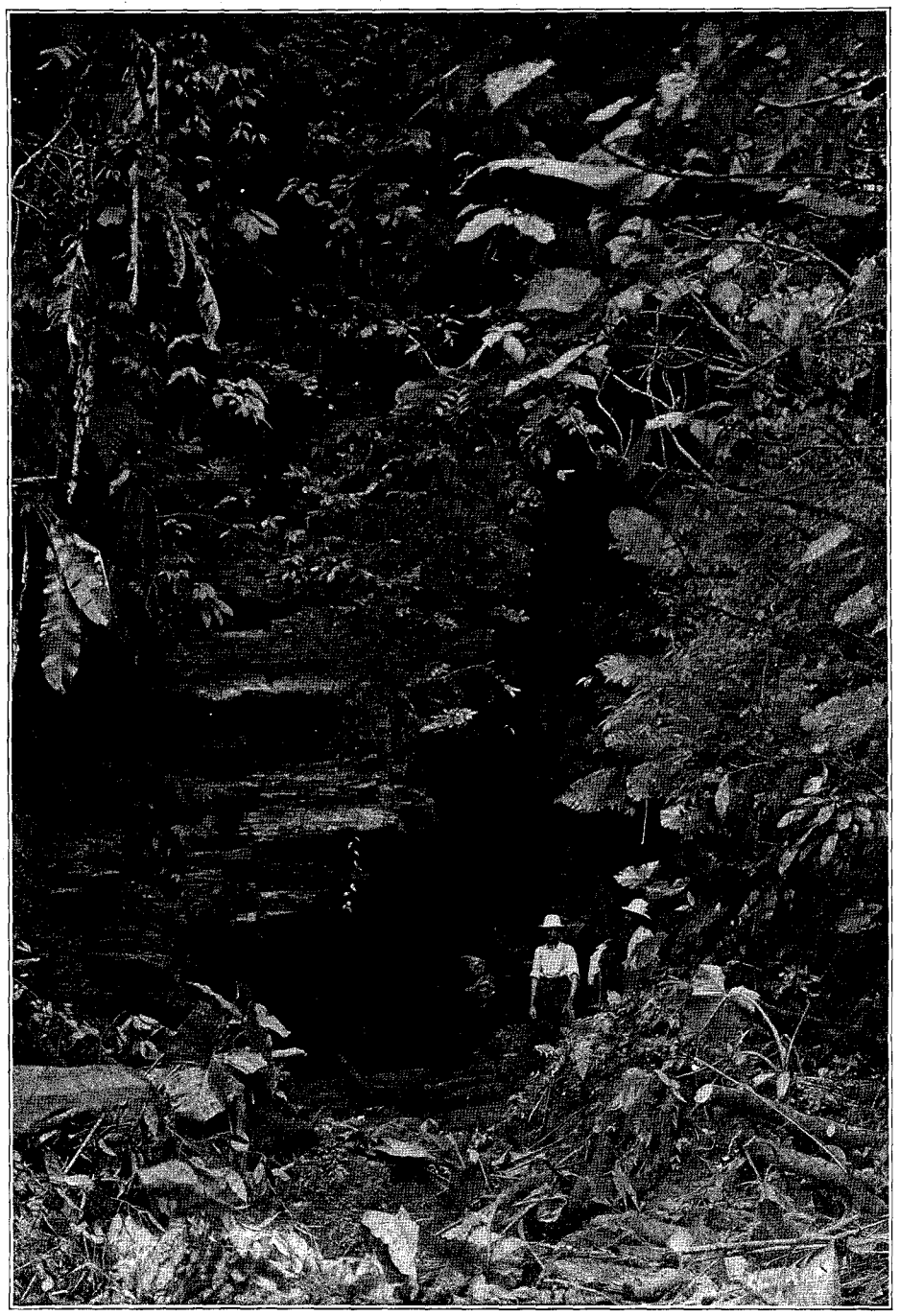

Entrance to the guacharo cave, Trinidad.

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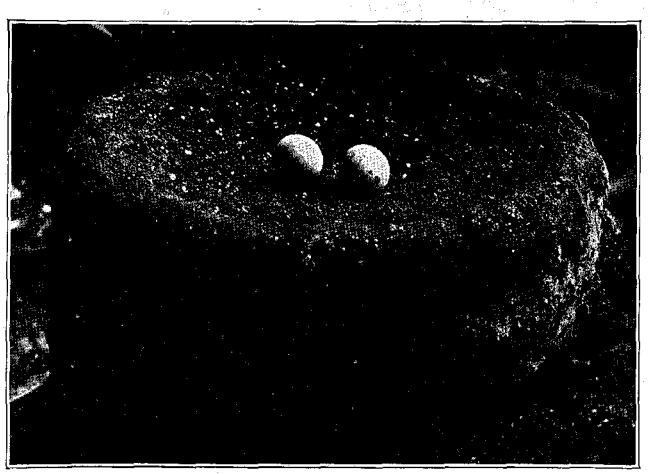
Howes's real concern, however, was with insects. He was already busily at work. The fascinating leaf-carrying ants had of course attracted him. He had found a colony which seemed to be carrying on its work by relays—sufficient time has not elapsed to make his observations more than provisional. Some of the ants had ascended a tree, and cut off many leaves which dropped to the ground. Here other ants took them and carried them to a spot in the road where they made a pile of them; and from this heap they were removed by yet a third set of workers. He had just run across a wasp which was closely related to one of our paper-making wasps, polistes, but which built a mud nest containing one or more cells and fed its young almost as a bird would. It brought to the larval grubs live geometric caterpillars. It did not chew them up and feed them to its young piecemeal, as some of our wasps do, nor, as is the habit of others, paralyze them and store them up in a sealed cell with the larva, but fed them to the larva one at a time and alive.



Guacharo eggs and nest.

Taken as a whole, this zoological research station offers a chance for original and productive work such as has not hitherto been even attempted. It represents the effort to strike out on a new line, and the results may be, and I think will be, of the utmost value. It always needs both boldness of conception and very hard work to carry through anything which is entirely original; people naturally like to do both their thinking and their acting along the grooves with which they are familiar. It is earnestly to be hoped that public-spirited laymen who are interested in science will continue to back the undertaking, which has been rendered possible only by the generosity of five of their number. It is also to be hoped that in addition to the present director of the station and his associates, other naturalists, trained in both the study and the field, will go down to the station to carry on investigations into special subjects. No man should go unless he is thoroughly trained in both types of work—enthusiasm is not a substitute for training, nor training for wide intelligence. But Messrs.

Young guacharo in nest.

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Osborn, Hornaday, and Grant, who are responsible for starting this research station on the edge of the great tropical wilderness, have announced that they will welcome to it all biological investigators of the right type, and the chance is too good to be lost. The government of British Guiana, with characteristic broadmindedness, is granting every facility to the station; and the generosity of Mr. G. B. Withers has given it excellent quarters without cost.

From photograph by F. W. Urich.

Two guacharo birds sitting on a nest in the cave.

In Trinidad, whither I went after leaving Demerara, I met several out-of-doors naturalists. One of them was Mr. Eugene André, the botanist, who in his exploration of the Cana River, in Venezuela, so nearly lost his life; for the genuine explorers of his stamp, who penetrate into the untrodden tropical wilderness of South America, risk the extremes of hazard and hardship. He took me to see Mr. R. R. Mole, who has made a special study of the snakes of Trinidad. He possessed living specimens of a dozen different species, and also of the huge bird-killing spider, and of centipeds a foot long; these sinister invertebrates were fed chiefly on large cockroaches, but they attack small vertebrates without hesitation, and in several instances, of which the details were given me, my friends had seen both the giant spider and the giant centiped kill mice and lizards.

Among the snakes were fair-sized boa-constrictors and anacondas; the latter were said to be much more irritable than the former. Anacondas, moreover, grow to a much larger size. Some species of snakes feed only on certain kinds of animals—mammals, or birds, or reptiles, or insects—and even only on more limited groups, as, for example, on other snakes or on frogs. Other species eat indiscriminately all living things of suitable size. Others when young feed on entirely different animals from those they kill when full grown. Yet others vary individually for inscrutable reasons. Thus some of Mr. Mole's boas would eat only rats, and others would eat only rabbits. The big anacondas, when hungry, mastered formidable things. A nine-foot anaconda in his possession swallowed a three-foot alligator; and in the stomach of a fifteen-foot anaconda he found the teeth of an alligator which must have been over seven feet long. Some young boas would eat only lizards.

I was much interested at seeing a representative of my old Brazilian friend, the mussurama, the devourer of other snakes, poisonous or non-poisonous. I asked Mr. Mole if it paralleled the friendliness of the Brazilian form to men; he in answer opened the cage containing it and handed it to me to hold. This is by no means the only snake-eating snake in Trinidad; there is also the cribo, which is said likewise to be immune to poison, but which is a less finished killer than the mussurama.

I was especially interested in the two most deadly of the poisonous snakes: the great bushmaster, which among poisonous serpents is only rivalled in size by the diamond-back rattlesnake and by the hamadryad; and its smaller but fiercer and more nervous brother, also belonging to the genus Lachesis, the jararaca, known in Martinique as the fer-de-lance. These ordinarily bring forth their young alive, but a big female bushmaster in Mr. Mole's possession had produced a number of eggs, and brooded them in ordinary snake fashion. The bushmaster is a

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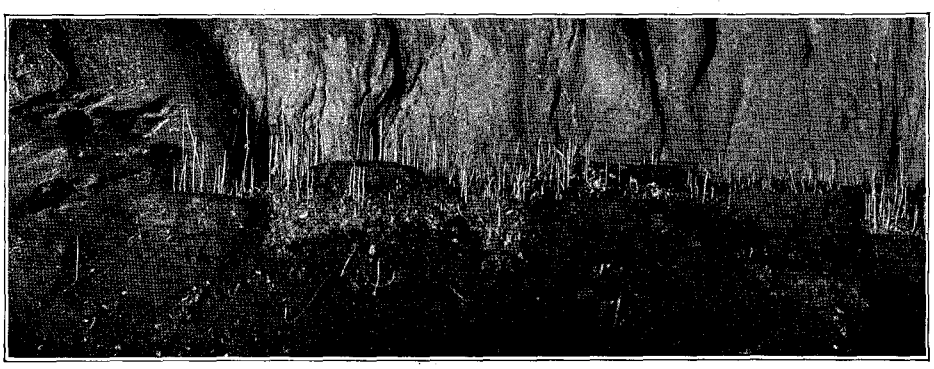
snake of rather sluggish temper, which dislikes to run, and it is formidable because of the immense quantities of poison which it spirts into its victim through the hollow fangs, which may be an inch and a half long. A Trinidad gentleman whom I met, a devoted hunter and lover of wilderness life, Mr. Arthur B. Carr, had dealt much with the species, and had once nearly lost his life from the bite of an individual. He said that this snake was active at night, and that in the daytime it slept, or at least lay still in such sluggish fashion that it was difficult to rouse. If in the daytime a man stepped on one, it would bite him unless he showed extraordinary agility. But if he brushed by it, it would only partially rouse itself; if his companion brushed by, it would become more alert but would probably not strike; but if several men were thus travelling in single file it would almost infallibly strike the third or fourth man. It would also strike repeatedly, not being one of those snakes whose poison is speedily exhausted; in one instance a single individual struck four hunters' dogs in quick succession, killing them. One which was put in a cage with a rattlesnake struck it, and the rattler died of the poison.

It feeds on possums, agoutis, and the like. It goes into burrows, or holes, and it was owing to this fact that Mr. Carr nearly lost his life. He had chased a paca into a hole, and digging after it for some feet he found the paca and killed it, and to his surprise found that the hole continued. He did not then know that when a paca is thus chased into a hole, and finds the end occupied either by a snake, a peccary, or another paca, it will stay halfway down and permit itself to be killed rather than go to the end. He thrust his cutlass into the hole as far as his arm would reach, and touched something which yielded slightly. Again he tried, and moving the cutlass up and down found that the thing had scales—an old and big bushmaster has rough scales—and concluded that it was an armadillo. Again he thrust in, and this time the head of the aroused and angered bushmaster flicked out and struck his hand. He had received from Venezuelan Indians with whom he had hunted a decoction of plant-juice which they asserted to be sovereign against such snake-bites, and he always carried some with him; he now drank it and also slashed the wound, and although he was very sick he recovered. Recovery from the bite of the bushmaster is rare. He tried the remedy subsequently on snake-bitten animals, and saved several. It would certainly be interesting to make scientific experiments with this supposed remedy.

The jararaca is in places fairly plentiful in Trinidad, as it is in Demerara, and in both cases causes some not very important loss of life. In the Antilles proper it is found only in Martinique and St. Lucia, where it was formerly a veritable scourge. In both islands the mongoose was introduced to check it, and the experiment was completely successful, the snakes having now become so scarce that they are no longer a serious menace. In Martinique I visited a hospital, and happened to ask if they had many cases of snake-bite. One of the directors, a white-haired man, answered that they had very few indeed, because



From photograph by F. W. Urich.

Ledge of rock in cave showing guacharo nests.

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the mongoose had almost exterminated the fer-de-lance; whereas in his district, when he was young, before the mongoose was introduced, no less than forty per cent of the total deaths were from snake-bite.

On all the other islands where the mongoose has been introduced, I was informed that it has become a veritable scourge, killing chickens, exterminating ground-birds, etc. In Trinidad it had not had much effect, although on the whole obnoxious; in Demerara I was told that it had had no perceptible effect at all.

The guacharo bird.

These facts, as regards both the poisonous snake and the carnivorous, snake-eating mammal, indicate how much disturbing effect in an island with a limited fauna, and how little disturbing effect on a larger land mass with a large and varied fauna, the introduction of the same new species may have. In Demerara and even in Trinidad, the jararaca had numerous rivals and enemies and never attained more than a limited importance; in the two islands it had neither rivals nor enemies and was a very abundant and most formidable pest. The mongoose on these two islands did its work well and almost exterminated the snake, a feat of capital importance; on the other Antillian islands it found no poisonous snakes and, being without rivals or enemies, became itself an intolerable pest; in Demerara and Trinidad it found itself in a large and varied fauna, it found both rivals and enemies, and it neither seriously diminished the poisonous snakes nor itself became a serious pest.

Carr related his experiences with the coral-snakes, whose poison is, in equal quantities, more deadly than that of the jararaca, but which have much less of it and relatively small fangs. In the daytime he found this snake very sluggish and reluctant to bite. After nightfall it is active, searching for the small snakes on which it feeds. If a man then treads on it, or too close to it, it will bite at once, and if it strikes bare skin the wound is dangerous and often fatal. It does not, when about to strike, coil, like the bushmaster, jararaca, and rattlesnake, but lies in a loose figure eight or S-shape.

Carr had seen many interesting things in the woods. His chief success was when motionless and unseen he studied the ways of beasts and birds —as field naturalists worthy of the name should do. Once he heard some red howler monkeys and crept up to watch them unperceived. An old male sat high in a tree; half a dozen females were near him, and several young males were farther off, not venturing near. One of the females went toward the old male, mincing and showing off, pressing close to him; he uttered grunting sounds, not the loud roars of his dawn chant; but all the advances and caresses came from the female. She retired; two others took her place, showing off and stroking his cheeks; again he grunted, and received but did not return the caresses. For some minutes this went on; then the whole party came down to the ground to pick up some nuts.

I made an interesting trip with three friends—F. W. Urich, the entomologist, G. B. Rorer, the mycologist, and the solicitor-general, Archer Warner—into

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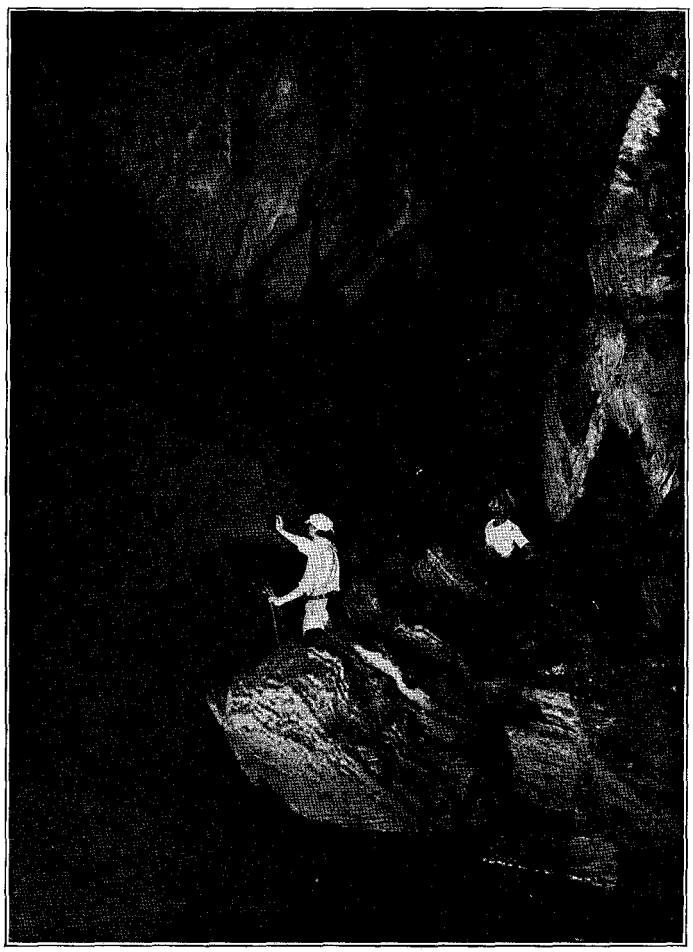

Interior of the cave.

the northern mountains of Trinidad to see a guacharo cave. The guacharo is an extraordinary bird, akin to our night-hawk or whippoorwill but the size of a barn-owl, which is nocturnal, lives gregariously in caves, and feeds exclusively on hard fruits, that is, on the nuts and seeds of palms. Humboldt visited the great guacharo cave in Venezuela over a century ago, and in Trinidad there are guacharo caves in the sea-cliffs which can be entered only when the water is calm. Hornaday once visited these sea-caves; and both Chapman and Cherrie have since visited caves such as those which I visited.

We motored out some thirty miles, to a point where the governor had most kindly arranged to have horses meet us. Then we rode four hours back among the mountains to a plantation belonging to Mr. Francis Leotand, who had courteously arranged that we should sleep in a room of the overseer's house. It was a lovely ride. We saw blue tanagers and heard the songs of thrushes and orioles. There were repeated showers, and we were drenched before we reached our destination, but between times the sun almost dried us, and the rain made the brilliant green woods fairly glisten. Most of the time we rode under the primeval tropic forest, with its incredible wealth of strange and noble forms of plant life. Cecropias grew on the newly cleared soil. Moras sent out buttresses. Here and there a giant vine

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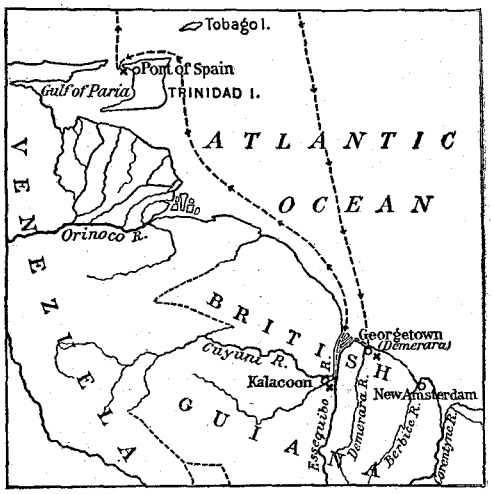
had strangled some mighty tree. There was a wealth of ferns on the wet slopes. Orchids were numerous. Large blue butterflies and smaller red and black ones floated in the glades. In one part of the trail, although the sun was high, a bat flitted. Occasionally we passed clearings planted with banana-trees or cocoa-bushes, the excessively primitive house of the colored owner standing to one side. There were many different kinds of palms. One of the interesting trees or arborescent plants was akin to a wild pineapple. It holds water at the bases of the big, thick leaves, where they jut from the stem, and it is inhabited by a little fauna of its own, including a little frog and a lizard, and also, unhappily, a species of mosquito which breeds in swarms. In places the road zigzagged up steep mountainsides. Elsewhere it crossed brooks. From one point we had a wonderful view out over a magnificent forest-filled valley, a sea of billowy green, sprayed here and there by the orange foam of the immortelle-trees. Twice we came on high hillsides where there were bell-birds. These are not the true bell-bird of the mainland forests, which is snow-white with a voice like the tolling of a bell. They are dull-colored, with curious wattles on the throat, and their voices, although loud, are not musical. They perched in the tops of the tall trees, and sat almost motionless. Twice I saw one in the bare top of a dead tree, and watched it through my single-barrelled pocket-glass. The birds were very noisy, continually uttering their harsh, explosive call; in giving this call the neck was stretched straight out and the head thrown upward.

Early in the afternoon we reached the house of the overseer, a colored man. It stood on a hill in the midst of cocoa gardens and cocoanut groves. It was raised on stilts, with a piazza. One room, furnished with a table and benches, was given to us; in the other rooms dwelt the overseer and his family. A rough stable was near by, up a wet path; a couple of store-houses and two or three palm-thatched cabins, where the barefooted workmen dwelt, were close at hand; the cooking was done with a pot and an earthen fireplace in a big shed, which was open at the sides. The boundaries here, as elsewhere generally in Trinidad, are marked by dracænas, which sometimes grow twice as high as a man's head. Their topmost leaves are red, and they are boldly decorative; the Spaniards named them the "flor réal," the royal flower. On our route that morning, at a turn in the trail through the forested mountain, we had passed a shrine on the ground, where around the crucifix was planted a half-square of dracænas.



British Guiana, showing location of the naturalists' tropical laboratory at Kalacoon.

After lunch we went to see the guacharos. We followed a stream through cocoa plantations for half a mile, until we came to where it flowed out of a limestone cliff from a cave which was the guacharo home. Thick forest grew along and over the crumbling front of the cliff; and vines and creepers and wet rock-plants overhung the edges of the cave, partially obscuring it, while water-loving plants grew in front, some with enormous leaves. At the entrance, near which there lay large boulders, the irregular opening was perhaps fifteen feet across and rather higher. Out of it rushed the stream, here knee-deep, and covering the whole bottom.

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With torches we entered the cave. It was hard walking, for the clear stream slid over sand, pebbles, and ragged-edged boulders, and might at one moment be ankle-deep and the next reach almost to our waists. The cave twisted, and we speedily passed out of the pleasant half-light of the entrance into obscurity. Immediately we began to hear the birds, and dimly to make them out flapping and fluttering above us. They uttered loud, growling cries, and also a continuous metallic clacking, and the naked young birds in the nests piped and wailed. It was all very weird, and I did not wonder that the superstitious black peasantry, who believe the woods and waters to be thronged with jumbies, should have christened these birds "diablotins" (the name once given in Martinique to nocturnal petrels which burrowed in the mountains). They will not enter the cave on Good Friday and, although they plunder the nests of the incredibly fat and oily young birds, which are used to eat and also to make oil out of, they regard the place as uncanny. But the birds are merely comic devilkins, poor creatures, are as harmless as they are curious, and should be carefully protected.

The cave must have been occupied for untold centuries, and the ledges and recesses in the sides, and the slabs of rock which were raised above the level of the water—in fact, every portion which was neither too steep nor water-swept—was covered inches deep, in some places a foot or two deep, with guano. The nests themselves, of which we soon began to see many, were on the ledges and in the crannies and holes; and when we were quiet the birds soon began to settle on them. They were made of the guano, being cup-shaped, with thick, raised walls. Some contained two to four short, pear-shaped eggs, white, but stained with the guano; others contained very fat, naked young. We saw the old birds brooding, sometimes one, sometimes both parents sitting side by side. They crouch like a whippoorwill or night-hawk; they do not perch erect, in the posture in which some museum specimens are mounted. We did not desire specimens and molested nothing.

A singular thing was that in the guano of the nests grew many fungi, slender things like reed-stalks, sometimes only an inch or two long, sometimes a foot or eighteen inches. They also grew elsewhere in the guano, and in places had matted it into a kind of peaty consistency. It seemed extraordinary that they could grow without any sunlight. There was a good deal of life in the place aside from the birds. There were many bats. Beside the water at one spot we found a toad the size of a bullfrog. Insects swarmed, including crickets, earwigs, and moths. Everywhere through the guano were the seeds and nuts of various species of palms; among the commonest were nuts nearly the size of betel-nuts. Some of these nuts were from kinds of palm which did not grow within ten or fifteen miles. The birds emerge from the cavern after nightfall, occasionally uttering their growling cries, and fly for long distances to their feeding-places, sometimes hovering in the air as they pluck the nuts, seeds, or fruits. Whether they also sometimes alight while they pluck them I do not know. They feed their young by regurgitation and live in the caves all the year round.

We went on and on, wading, clambering over the rocks, slipping and plunging in the darkness. At last, where the roof was still high, but getting lower, we put out the torches. There did not seem to be a ray of light, but this portion of the cave was still filled with the birds, which were flapping overhead and uttering their extraordinary noises; and when we relighted the torches we saw many of them on their nests. Farther in, however, where the roof became lower, only bats dwelt.

Then we halted, waded and clambered back to the entrance, and left the excited devilkins growling, croaking, and clacking behind us. It was late in the afternoon and we returned to the house. We dried our clothes as well as we could, but it was moist and rainy and they were still wet when we put them on next morning. We dined well on what we had brought with us. My companions had hammocks; I slept soundly on the table. Next morning the sunrise was glorious; the day was clear and bright and the ride homeward was pure pleasure.

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ONE AFTERNOON

By Harriet V. C. Ogden

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES HUARD

AS a beginning to the afternoon, our unfamiliarity with the workings of French apartment-houses made us blunder, my sister and me, into the midst of an astonished French family. They were very polite about it; Mme. La Baronne bade us a charming welcome; her husband threw away his cigarette and drew chairs for us into their circle. The only hint they gave that, failing to find the concierge in the courtyard below, we should have rung a bell there, was that they told us it existed. But they were evidently very much surprised to have us drop in on them in that way with no more announcement than our names spoken at the opening door.

The Twins, whom we had come to fetch, put on their wraps with a haste that suggested our presence must be disturbing to their parents.

On the way down-stairs again they rallied us on our ignorance—and admired my sister's hat. It was old and it was shapeless; the one point in its favor was that it defied the wind. But its very age, it seems, was what attracted the Twins. "Americans," they explained, "always look as though they had on perfectly new clothes. It's a pleasure to find one who does not mind sometimes being seen in an old hat." Were they sarcastic, or are we really as bad as that?

The Twins were outwardly very much alike—oval cheeks, lustrous dark hair, and long-lashed brown eyes—but from the first I had no difficulty in telling them apart. Their character shone through their faces like different-colored light through identical shades. Anne painted fans as beautifully as old miniatures are painted; Alice worked at the Croix Rouge every morning—it was before the war—and in the afternoon she was too tired to be other than quiet and silent. Neither of them hunted, as the rest of us did, "because they had no 'chaperon.'" The whole field of riders did not suffice if there was none among them to whom the Twins could refer as "their chaperon."

As we turned out of the courtyard they asked us, with a little hint of shyness in the question, if we would like to go see their home. "Oh, no, that was not home, that little apartment we had just left—home was quite different." And as we sped along the smooth white road by the river bank they told us about it and why they did not live there any more.

Home was not home any more because they were poor. Home was all they had had, or nearly all, and so—it seemed very simple to them—when the brother married he had got it as a dot. A man must have a dot as well as a girl if he is to make a good match. He had married a rich wife and so all was well. That there was no dot left for the Twins was a secondary consideration, since they could not carry on the name. Unfortunately, the rich belle-sœur did not like "home" and would not live there.

The brother was stationed with his regiment in a garrison town a few miles away. We passed some of the officers' glossy-flanked horses out for exercise, and I wondered whether they, perhaps, constituted another reason why the Twins did not hunt. As there was no dot left for them when the brother was supplied, might there not also be no horse? It is more obvious that one cannot hunt without a hunter than without a chaperon.

We passed by the door of a great cathedral in their "home" town, and when we admired it it was as though we had praised some one near and dear to them. Anne's face glowed with pleasure. But her eyes grew soft with a suggestion of tears as she spoke of the hours she had

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spent playing the organ in "her Cathedral." Their ancestors were buried there, and it was part and parcel of "home" to them.

But we had been there before, and the Château, which we had only seen through the trees in passing on the road, interested us more that day, so we went on without stopping.

We turned in at a gate by an old stone house. One wing, it was, of what had been the Château before it was destroyed in some war or other. It was used as a farmhouse now, but, though it looked very humble, they spoke of it reverently as the birthplace of their family, from which their name was derived.

The avenue ran straight in across level fields to a little hill on which the house stood. I am not sure whether it was a natural hill or an artificial one built by the Romans before they fortified it, as they did very strongly. The old stone walls of their fortifications were still standing in several places, and their road, running round and round the hill in ascending spirals, was still intact. It was used as a pleasure walk. The modern avenue had been cut right into the side of the hill like a miniature ravine, running straight and steep from its base to its summit. We stopped at its mouth and looked up at the five bridges, one above the other, which marked the course of the Roman road.

There was a level plateau on the top of the hill on which huge trees grew and threw their shadows on the smooth lawn around them. The Château itself stood white and stately on one side of it, close by the Roman wall. It looked down from its height on the flat plains of its dependent farms. But now it seemed asleep with its closed and shuttered windows.

As we stopped before the door a magnificent white dog bounded out from some back part of the house and threw himself on the Twins with wild barks of delight. He was taller than they when he stood on his hind legs, and he nearly knocked them over in leaping up and trying to lick their faces.

Inside, the house echoed our footsteps drearily, as empty houses do, but it was beautiful and looked as though it would be comfortable to live in. We must see it all, the Twins said, from gallery to bedroom, but first of all we must see the Chapel. They hushed their voices as they opened the little door under the staircase and knelt for a moment before the tiny Altar. Their eyes were a little moist when they rose again and opened the drawers in the toy-like sacristy to show us the altar linen and hangings. Some of them were marvels of fine needlework, all done by the ladies of the house from one generation to another, the Twins' own work by no means put to shame by that of their ancestors. These things had been their care, they said, and to keep fresh flowers on the Altar. They had been very fond of it. I took a prejudice against the rich belle-sœur who did not like it and would not live there.

In the gallery they told us anecdotes of the painted ladies and the painted soldiers—how one had died in such a war, another fought in such a battle, and lived to tell of it. Their favorite had fought in the Napoleonic Wars, but there were others with stories much more fascinating to me.

Then we went out again on to the terrace. We walked around the old Roman walls and down the first spiral of their road.

Across the sluggish river, with its blue waters broken here and there by sandbars, the snow-capped mountains lost themselves in the distance, melting into the pale sky. In the foreground the fertile fields lay at our feet, with here and there a low, vine-thatched, whitewashed cottage.

Looking out across the meadows, Anne pointed to a flourishing crop of wheat.

"That," she said, "is *le tapis romain*."

"The what?"

"*Le tapis romain*," she repeated.

The two languages were indifferent to us all four, and all afternoon we had spoken French and English as they happened to come to our lips. But now my sister asked for a translation. "A 'tapis,' in English," she said, "is a carpet, and that out there is a wheat-field."

The Twins laughed at us. "Yes, but it's a Roman carpet, too," they explained. "Under the wheat, buried some four feet deep, lies the mosaic floor of a Roman palace. We think the governor of the

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province lived there beside his fortress. We discovered it a few years ago and cleared it all out and looked at it. It is in perfect condition. You can trace the plan as clearly as on an architect's drawing. Some of the work is of the very finest kind. When we had looked at it we buried it again to keep it safe."

"But—but what a dreadful thing to do! Why did you do that?"

"Because," Anne said, with a funny, half-amused, half-embarrassed expression,—"because some day, if we can, we want to move it; put it in our Cathedral. But it would cost a great deal of money, and now we can't afford it. But the floor is very beautiful and very valuable, and we are afraid that some American, if he saw it, might want it for his house in New York and might offer us a price we

We passed by the door of a great cathedral in their "home" town.—Page 65.

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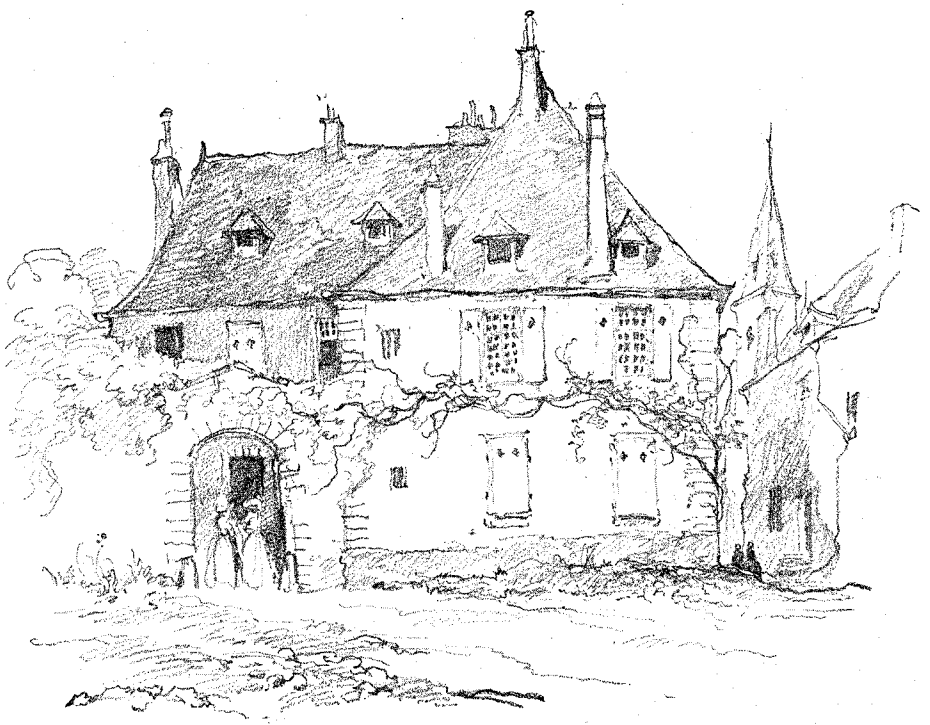

The Château . . . seemed asleep with its closed and shuttered windows.—Page 66.

couldn't refuse. And we have hidden it so as not to have to sell it."

What a talisman is an old hat! Without it we might never even have heard of the Roman palace under the French wheat-field!

The Twins were very silent as we drove down the avenue again, under the bridges and past the old house. This fresh parting seemed a fresh grief to them. The dismal howls of the white dog followed us to the gate. Once beyond it, however, the Twins soon threw off their depression and became their own bright selves again.

"Had we seen the castle of A——?" asked Anne.

We had, but only close enough to wish to go closer. The old tower of A——, so square and gaunt, was the most picturesque, legendary-looking object in the neighborhood. We had often looked at it in passing, but smoke rising from the chimneys of the buildings which clustered about its base, warned us that it was inhabited and we must not trespass. We were delighted when the Twins offered to take us there.

It was a good forty miles away; but what are forty miles on a flawless French road? The time merely to learn a little of A—— and its inmates before we reached them.

Henri Quatre, le Béarnais, always retained a fondness for the mountains in which his rough, neglected boyhood was passed. And the tower of A—— was one of a number of hunting-lodges which he built there to hunt wolves from. It was also half a fortress and a good deal more than half a watch-tower. From its summit, eight stories above the ground, one could see far in every direction. After the death of Henri Quatre the tower came into the hands of the Mambrun family, who have owned it ever since. I have no reason for calling them Mambrun save that it is *not* their name.

The last of the Mambruns, two old, old maiden ladies, still lived there. One

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had been a celebrated writer, "but," said Anne, "of course we have not read her books; they are not 'jeune fille.'"

Everything about A—— was falling into a state of dilapidation. The road leading to it was so deep in mud our car could hardly get through. The outbuildings, flimsy structures on either side of the tower, were almost ruinous; only the old tower itself still looked rugged and strong.

A door at its foot stood open when we drew up, and we walked over and looked in. The interior was almost dark. A little light filtered in from the entrance in which we stood, a little, perhaps, also

It was also half a fortress and a good deal more than half a watch-tower.—Page 68.

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from a room in one of the outbuildings into which an open door led, and a few rays of sunlight slanted across the darkness from a small window above our heads and fell on a narrow staircase which clung to the opposite wall.

In that small circle of light in the midst of the darkness two figures stood, two women, incredibly old-looking. One was so bowed that her head hardly overtopped the banister above which she blinked down on us, the sun striking flashes from her sunken eyes. Little wisps of dull hair hung over her face. One poor, shrivelled hand clasped the banister with the grip of a bird's claw, while the other held a stick—it was out of sight, but we heard the click of it on the wooden steps. The second woman was somewhat younger, and though feeble and almost helpless herself, she had her arms about her companion and was aiding her weary ascent.

It was like a scene from the stage; it hardly seemed possible it could be real. But Anne leant over and whispered an explanation.

"It is Mlle. Mambrun," she said, "helping their old nurse up-stairs. She has been with them since they were babies. She is nearly a hundred now, and Mlle. Mambrun herself is over eighty.

We picked our way across the tower, among the cats with which the place was swarming, and sat down in the big room adjoining. It might have been a lovely, cheerful place; big French windows on three sides opened directly on the ground, but their light was shut out by dark curtains of faded plush. A heavy carved table stood in the middle of the room and carved cabinets against the wall under cracked paintings in broad gilt frames. Straight-backed wooden chairs, and one or two upholstered in the same material as the curtains, should have offered plenty of seats, but they all looked as though they were dropping to pieces and would fall at a touch. We sat down very gently and waited for the second Mlle. Mambrun.

Presently she came to us. She, too, tottered along supporting her bent back with the aid of a stick. She seemed as old as her sister, as old almost as the house and its furniture. It was as though we had stumbled on a piece of Henri Quatre's world shrivelling up here in its old setting.

The old lady sat on the edge of her chair and tried to be gracious to us. But it evidently made her uncomfortable to have us there. It was not that she was not glad to see us, but it hurt her not to be able to entertain us as she felt she should entertain guests.

She apologized a little. She was sorry, she said, that she could not offer us food. "But—but the servants had all gone to church."

We assured her we did not want food. We had come—suddenly our interest seemed a horrid curiosity, our coming an unwarranted intrusion—"to see the view from the top of the tower," ended Anne. And Mlle. Mambrun's face brightened as Anne's own had done when we admired her home. But it fell again instantly.

"There is no one," she said, "to go with you and open the trap-door. The servants have gone to church."

We could open it ourselves, we told her. She could not give us a lantern, she said; there was no one to fetch it or fill it; the servants had gone to church.

It was like a refrain at the end of every sentence, as though by much speaking of them she would make us believe in their existence. Had they gone to the church one by one, through the long years, and left the old women, one over ninety, two over eighty, alone in their tower?

We would go without a lantern.

"What!" she cried, "in the dark?" And then, as we rose to go, she called us back. "Take care of the cats," she said. "It brings luck to a house, you know, children, to have cats in it, and it brings misfortune—but such misfortune—to kill one! So they have always lived there in the tower."

Always lived there since Henri Quatre, and never one killed! It sounded incredible then, but by the time we got down again it seemed easy to believe.

Half-way up the first story we stopped at the little theatre where our hostess, when she was younger, used to have the plays she wrote acted for her friends before they were published. A platform at one end, hung with Punch-and-Judy

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Mlle. Mambrun.

curtains, all limp and lifeless now, served as a stage, and a dozen rows of broken chairs stood ready for the audience. It was inexpressibly dreary.

The second half flight brought us to the living-floor, and we hurried through that quickly and silently, passed through a door at the head of the next flight, and found ourselves in the darkness with the cats!

Some rays of light must have come through the cracks of the door behind us, for dozens of yellow eyes caught it and blazed at us from the blackness. Otherwise all was darkness so deep it seemed heavy.

The other two girls had stayed below with Mlle. Mambrun, so Anne and I were alone.

"I know where the stairs are," she said, and catching my hand she led me forward.

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From there to the top of the tower there was not a window, not the smallest slit to admit a ray of light. Six times we groped our way across the tower from the head of one flight to the foot of the next, and stumbled up steep, banisterless stairs to the floor above. Every few steps a soft, yielding body sprang aside from under our feet with a savage hiss, and above us and below us the cats, angry at being disturbed in their fastness, howled and shrieked.

It seemed an endless time before we bumped our heads against the trap-door and began to feel in the darkness for the bolts that fastened it. They were stiff from disuse, almost rusted into their sockets, and, having found them, we could hardly move them.

While we struggled with them, bending back in the blackness to reach over our heads, and breaking our nails against the rough iron, we heard the door, far down below us, slam shut, and uncertain footsteps stumble upward.

"Can it be our sisters?" whispered Anne. But when we stopped for an instant and listened we heard that they were a man's heavy step.

I think the darkness had got on our nerves. I know I had an almost feverish desire for light and air, to get away from those screaming cats and be able to see the newcomer whose footsteps were drawing nearer and nearer.

We pushed and pulled at the bolts, and at last, one after another, they gave. We put our backs against the heavy trap and, using all our strength, lifted it and sprang out into the sunlight just as the footsteps reached the bottom of our stairs. We looked down into the darkness and saw—nothing worse than the face of our chauffeur.

"They sent me to open the trap for you, Miss," he said. I don't know what we had expected, but I'm sure we were relieved.

The top of the tower was perhaps forty feet square with a castellated edge, the high parts of which reached nearly to our shoulders, the low parts not quite to our waists. The view from it more than repaid us for our climb in the darkness. We dominated the whole landscape. To the north of us the land sloped gently away, dotted with farms; and here and there a little town under the shadow of its huge cathedral made a bigger break in the green. Far, far off a broken silver line marked the course of the river. To the south the foot-hills of the mountains reached almost to A——. They lay spread before us like a great garden, beds of yellow heather hedged with round box-trees. The snow-peaks, which from the Twins' Château had looked so soft and dreamy, stood out sharply against the sky.

At our feet we saw deserted farm buildings and the little church where the old Mambruns lay buried. It, too, was falling into decay.

A blue-smocked peasant was driving his cattle home along a little flowery lane. The tinkle of the leader's bell came up to us mingled with the cooing of doves and the song of a lark thrown down to us from the sky.

It was fascinating, and we should have liked to have stayed there for hours, but a pink glint in the air warned us that night was coming, and so perforce we hurried down again through the cats, and reluctantly took our leave of Mlle. Mambrun.

On the way home we asked them, "Are there any ghosts at A——?" and the Twins laughed a little non-committal laugh which neither said "I believe" nor "I do not." The old ladies, they told us, said they were quite accustomed to seeing their ancestors wander about their old home. They never paid any attention to them and had never been bothered by any but one. That was a young girl, hardly more than a child, who had died a matter of two hundred years ago. She got into the habit of coming to Mlles. Mambruns' room every night, waking them and standing by their beds, looking down beseechingly.

At first, apparently, the live old ladies treated the young dead one like a naughty child, told her to go away and stop disturbing them. But finally, after several months, they got tired of the sleepless nights she imposed on them, and, quite exasperated, one of them asked the girl what it was she wanted, whether there was anything they could do for her. The ghost was delighted, she almost hugged

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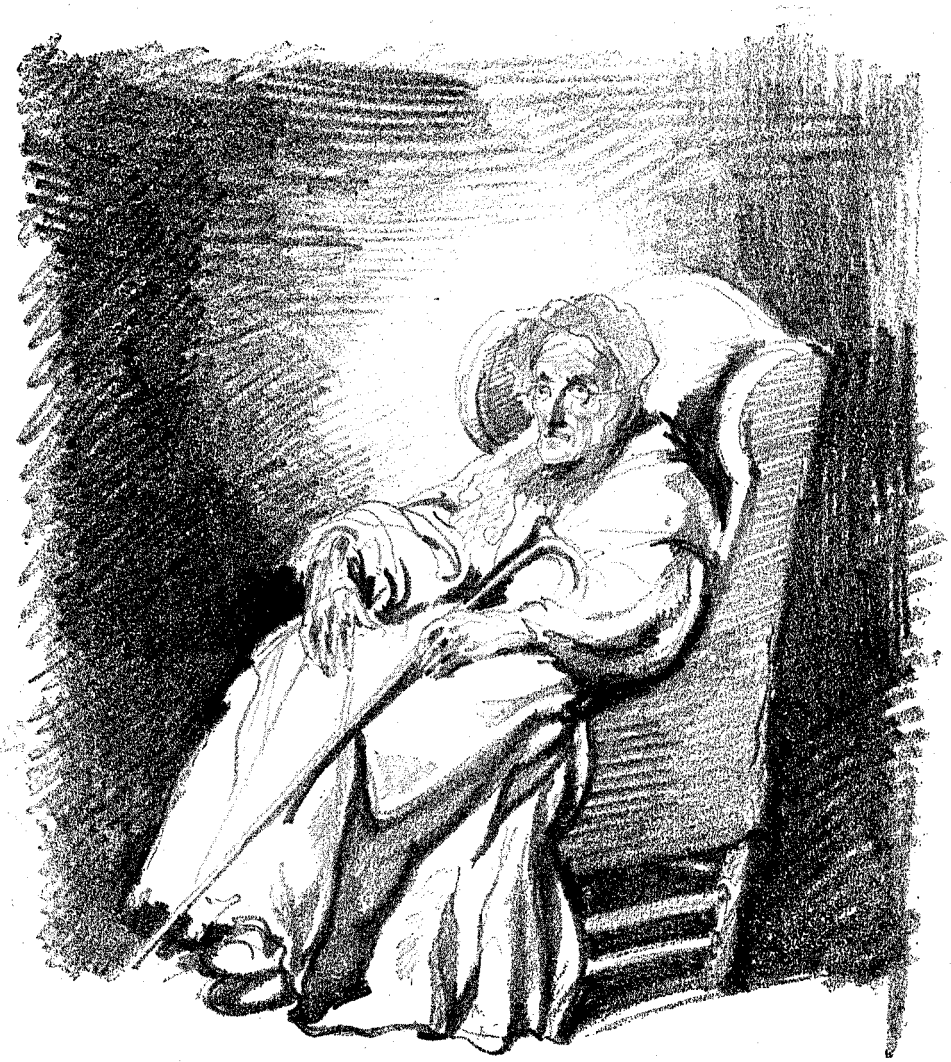

She was sorry, she said, that she could not offer us food. "But—but the servants had all gone to church."
—Page 70.

her venerable great-great-nieces, and she told them there was. She told them just where she was buried in a niche in the little church, whose crumbling roof we had looked down on, and how her young cousin was sleeping above her. But, O misfortune! the bottom of his coffin had rotted away and let his jaw-bone fall through into hers, the top of which had rotted, too; and now she, with the jaw-bone of a man mingling with her bones, found rest impossible.

The old ladies promised to see about it, and the next day they went to the spot the child had indicated, found her grave and the jaw-bone of her froward cousin, put it back where it should be, gave both the young people nice new coffins, and went home satisfied. That night the child came again and thanked them, and promised to let them sleep in peace thereafter, which she did.

Is it possible that the old ladies' books are really "not *jeune fille*"?

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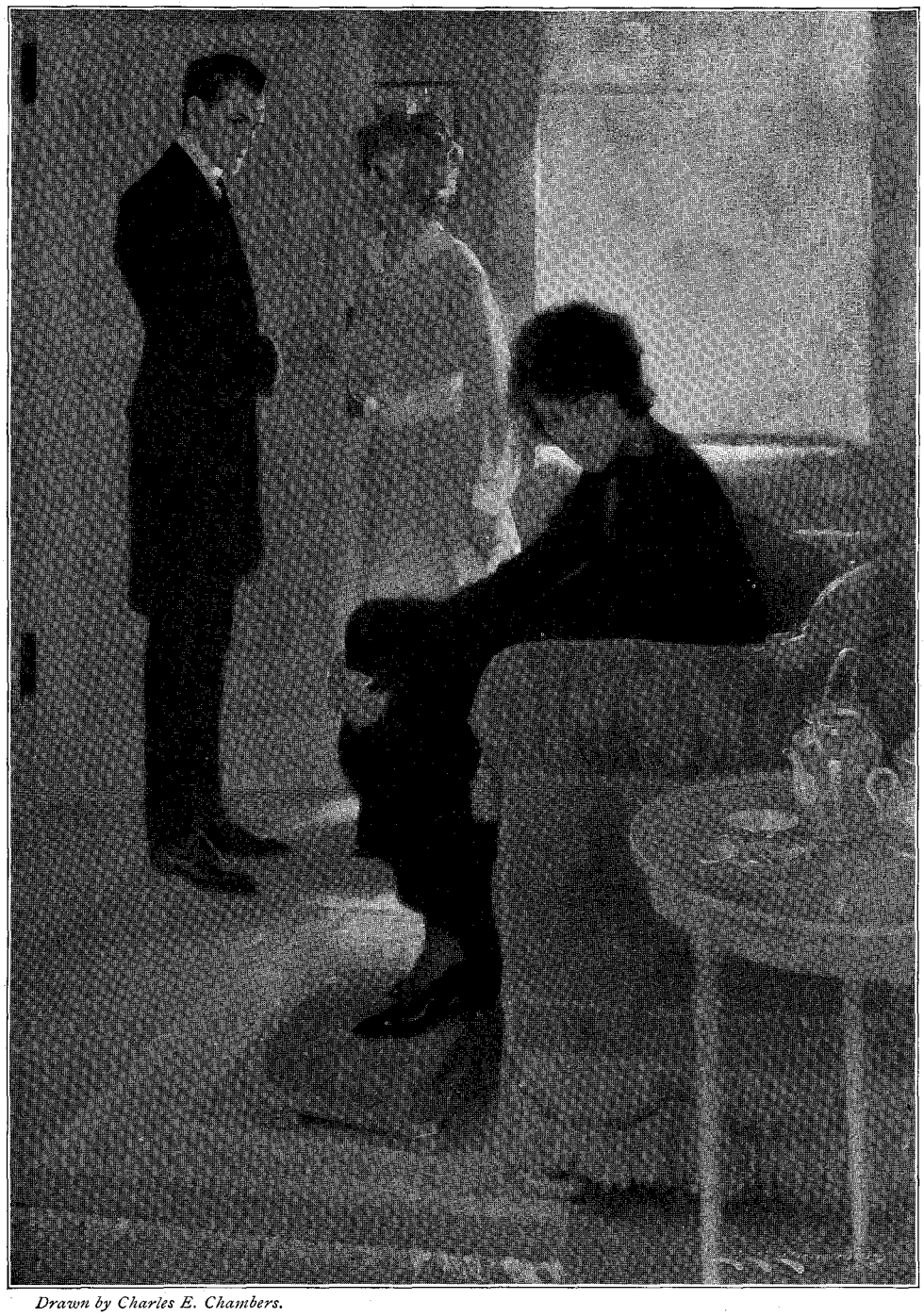

Drawn by Charles E. Chambers.

"How pleasant of you!" she said with a little laugh. . . . "Have you come to tea?"—Page 82.

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THE QUENCHING

By Mrs. W. K. Clifford

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES E. CHAMBERS

I

"THE country will be much better for you," Herbert Burndale told his wife. "We will settle down at the cottage for good."

"And this house?" She struggled to make her voice steady.

"The agent says he can let it. I have given him instructions." He turned to go.

She arrested him with both hands on his arm. He pulled up quickly; she saw the hard expression on his face and the hands fell back. "I should hate it. I should die in the country—eat my heart out—cut my throat."

"Well—we will try it." He smiled his wintry smile, she called it, at her vehemence. "We won't discuss it again." He left the room; she heard the little defiant bang of the street door, not loud or startling, but with the suggestion of finality that was in his voice: it seemed like an Amen to his words.

She watched him cross the square. He was fairly tall, a thin man, thirty-two or three, perhaps, neither dark nor fair, with a rather long, pale face that seemed to match his figure. It struck her, in a grotesque sort of way, that, just as his bones were sparingly covered with flesh, so were his heart and soul sparingly furnished with warmth and emotion, and words with which to express himself had been dealt out with a niggardly hand. She remembered his love-making before their marriage: he had been fairly appreciative and polite; he had made evident his most courteous desire to marry her, and, to that extent, it had been flattering; but there had been nothing more in it. She had taken him to be a reticent man, to whom words and caresses were difficult; the fact of his proposal implied that everything else was a matter of course, and she accepted him for reasons of her own. He was an upright and honorable gentleman; there was restful security in that knowledge; he had provided her with material things as far as a fair allowance, a pretty house, and a country cottage represented them; and he had given her some companionship, with an air of its being due to their relationship rather than to any desire for her company. He overlooked her life in an irritating manner; she felt that he exacted the wifely and housewifely duties that a former generation expected from women; he kept—she knew it and it half-frightened her—a careful watch on her doings, and tried to lay out occupations for her. For the rest, the things that make life worth living, to women especially, an eager, expected feast of varying joys and sorrows, she found herself seated at an almost bare table.

"It's no use," she said to herself. "I can't bear it any longer. A break won't hurt him much, and going on will kill me." There was a looking-glass to the right of the window; she looked a little desperately at her own reflection. She was thirty; an interesting rather than a pretty woman, though there were people who called her beautiful, and at times she justified the descriptions; she had her wonderful days, when she carried all before her, but there were others when she looked haggard, dull, and almost plain. She had gray eyes that easily questioned or implored, a pathetic mouth, brown hair, with shades of red in it, and a smile that was charming: it came suddenly and not too often and took one by surprise, as a light does that has been shrouded and for a moment is unveiled.

"I'll do it," she said as she turned away from the glass. "I'll do it at once. It's no good going on to the years and years before us, if I stay. I'll do it now—some courage, a crisis, and it will be over." Then, suddenly, she found herself faced by the difficulty of how to begin the freedom of which a sense came to her as a

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whiff of air from the sea. "I'll go to Claire Starfield for the night, anyhow," she thought; "I'll tell her; she'll advise me; she was always so sensible." She opened a blotting-book with a jade cover and a gold monogram in the centre—it had been a wedding present from a rich cousin—and wrote:

"DEAR HERBERT:

"It's no good pretending that we are happy together. We are not. We should each be better alone, and I want to be alone again—to choose my place and pleasures and pursuits. There need be no scandal; let us just go our separate ways. Write to me at Claire Starfield's. It takes courage to do this, but it's no good going on as we are.

"EVE."

II

MRS. STARFIELD was taken aback that afternoon when her husband walked into the drawing-room.

"Oh, my darling Geoffrey," she said. "Why on earth have you come home so soon? Eve Burndale came a few minutes ago, and we wanted to talk."

"Very well—very well," he said in an injured voice. "I'll go out again, if I'm not wanted. I should have liked to talk to her, too; she's a pretty woman."

"You wicked man," she laughed. "Did you ever talk to an ugly one?"

"I never made love to an ugly one. But where is she?"

"She's up-stairs; I'll tell you about her in a moment—oh, I can't think why women marry!"

"You did it yourself."

"I was young."

"Most women are—when they marry."

"Oh, no, not now; they only look it. Eve had her eyes open; she was eight and twenty, could do precisely as she liked, she had a charming little flat, and no one to worry her when she'd shaken off the relations who wanted her to live with them after her mother died. Why did she marry Herbert Burndale?"

"Don't know, darling, but is anything up?"

"Oh, Geoffrey!" She sighed adroitly, and looked at him with gratifying admiration. "You are a wonderful creature! Something *is* up. She thought you went to the club after the office——"

"Does she object to seeing me?"

"She loves seeing you, darling; but she fled to my room when she heard the car stop—because she is unhappy. She and Herbert are getting on atrociously. He only cares for the country and gardening and fishing. He won't go out in London or let her; and now he has announced that he means to give up the house and they are to vegetate at the cottage all the year round."

"Well, it's a method by which they might both live to be eighty."

"Think how tiresome he'd be—more and more every year! She wants to live—to live, Geoff, dear, just as we do, she wants the flufferies of life—to go to Queen's Hall concerts; to go to parties sometimes, to see her friends, to belong to a club, to walk down Bond Street, and, above all, to possess her own soul; he tries to direct her every movement, to know everything concerning her; he even looks as if he would like to read her letters, and to know how she is going to answer them——"

"He's an ass and she's an idiot."

"Why is she an idiot?"

"He's in love with her, isn't he?"

"Yes; in his own way, I suppose."

"Then she's an idiot, I repeat. For the woman who can't twist the man who loves her round her little finger must be one. See how neatly you twirl me round yours. Is she fond of him?"

Mrs. Starfield hesitated before she answered: "I don't know. It was a marriage I never understood. You see, we were in Italy, and I've not been very intimate with her since the Queen's College days. I was very fond of her then. She was a dear thing, and loved being loved so, but she was always getting into scrapes. I don't believe Herbert Burndale understands her; and I suspect he's the sort of man who doesn't think it worth while to be particularly agreeable to a wife, that he looks upon as a chattel. In fact, he represents one type of the husband of five and twenty years ago."

"He's an extinct animal; but all men have latent longings to be Bluebeards and regret a little that the good days are over."

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"Ah, but think what they get in place of them! They get companions, nice little chums able to appreciate all their splendid qualities"—there was the ghost of a wink in her left eye—"to share their amusements, and to love them ten times more intelligently than they used. Why, Geoff, you old duck, I should never have recognized your angelic qualities five and twenty years ago. Think how father and mother jog-trotted along; how little they knew of each other; and, unconsciously, how much they were bored when they were thrown too much together. They were so resigned to die, poor darlings, and I don't wonder. Now, if you are only a little ill, I am miserable; and if you died I should take prussic acid—or some less painful poison: prussic acid is dreadful, I've been told. And yet we have our separate interests and enjoy ourselves even when we are not together."

"Such a pity the Burndales haven't a baby!"

"I dare say. And yet it would probably cause more friction between them. Eve would treat it as a plaything, or spoil it with adoration, and he would take it as a serious responsibility, and be as solemn as an owl; and the poor baby would be horribly bored by them both—but I wish you would go out; then I could bring her down. A woman in her state of mind doesn't want to see a man."

"I'll go—but how long will she stay?"

"I don't know—I have hardly heard anything yet. I'll tell you when you come back."

"Try and smooth things out for them."

"Of course I will."

"Burndale is rather a cold-blooded prig, but he is a good fellow at bottom."

III

The Starfields lived in "a pretty maisonette near the park"; white paint, panels, rugs, artistic pottery, and a general air of comfort and fair affluence, without extravagance, characterized it. The maisonette had two floors; on the upper one, on the sofa at the foot of the bed in Claire's room, Eve Burndale was lying, her head propped high with purple cushions. She held out her hands as Claire entered. They were very white, the fingers long, the movement of the arms was helpless and caressing.

"Oh, dear Claire," she said. "I thought you would never come. What have you told Geoffrey, and where is he?"

"Gone to the club. I told him you and Herbert weren't getting on very well."

"We shall never get on; and it's no use—I've left him."

"Oh, nonsense, darling, you can't leave him!"

"I can; I must. I *can't* go back, Claire."

"You'll be miserable if you don't."

"I shall be more miserable if I do." Her voice was thrilling and very sweet.

"Don't you care for him?"

Mrs. Burndale sat up quickly, and looked her friend straight in the eyes, while she answered breathlessly: "I am going to tell you the truth, but I don't want Geoffrey to know. Can you keep anything from him?"

"I never keep my own things from him, but I don't tell other people's secrets."

There was a moment's silence; Eve looked round the charming room, as if trying to identify the things in it, and then again at her friend, as if she were frightened.

"Listen, Claire," she said. "I never loved Herbert, never for a single moment. It has all been a pretense—not to him, but to people we knew, and for the sake of conventionalities. I married him to put a chain on myself. It seems strange, but I don't believe he ever asked me if I loved him or said that he loved me—though I suppose that he did in his own way—Heaven knows. He asked me to marry him, and I did because"—she stopped, as if unable to go on—"because of my ungovernable love for somebody else, who cared nothing—nothing—nothing—I know it now—for me. That's the way things go in this world."

"Eve!"

"Yes, Eve!" Mrs. Burndale echoed. "It's a fitting name, perhaps. The Garden of Eden over again, and the serpent and the forbidden fruit; but it was a man who offered it this time, not the woman. He tried all he knew to make me taste it. I didn't—thank God, I didn't—but I was deadly afraid I should. And then I was

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miserable and desperate; and to put a wall round myself, to make things impossible, I married Herbert."

"Who was it?"

"Must I tell you?"

"Do as you like."

Eve hesitated, to gather courage before she answered:

"Gerald Maddox."

"Gerald Maddox!" Claire gasped. "But he's married. It never struck me that he didn't care about his wife; she's such a pretty little thing."

"He does care. That's the queer, queer, devilish twist of things. I don't believe he ever cares for any one else. But he gets carried away and has short, vivid episodes with other women: I see now that he doesn't care for one of them. He says men are not naturally monogamous, or, as he puts it—he's a coarse brute—not physically monogamous, though mentally they are. He married Grace because he had a sincere affection for her, because he was harmlessly in love with her, because he thought she was fit to be his wife and the mother of his babies. And he takes care never to compromise himself; but he has—the episodes. When they are over, or sometimes while they are in progress, he has a fit of repentance and gives his wife a diamond ornament, perhaps; and she never dreams that he has a thought for any other woman. And he hasn't a thought"—she made a sound of scorn—"not one that is worth counting. He wants to amuse himself. Women fall in love with him, and it amuses him—that's all."

"But if he's that sort of man, why did you let yourself care for him?"

"I didn't realize it for a long time; how could I? I was a girl and a fool. After I had the flat and went about alone I was always running against him; we sat about together and talked, and agreed that we were sympathetic and all that; then there was a night, at Aunt Emily's in Lowndes's Square. She gave a party—you were in Italy. There's a garden; it was a soft, warm night; instead of dancing, we walked up and down and went into a little tent they had put up in the corner under a tree. He told me he could die for me, that I drove him mad; he gasped and groaned and spoke as if every word were wrung from him—he has a passionate air with him and I believed it all. I wasn't used to that kind of thing. He was! I know it now. I pictured everything to myself that night; I imagined that his wife was not sympathetic, that he didn't care for her, that he had fallen in love with me, that I was the love of his life—he told me I was, that he had never seen a woman like me. He had told heaps of other women precisely the same thing—perhaps they took it as all part of the day's work or the day's pleasure—but I took it seriously. He persuaded me to meet him, again and again, and again. We had days at Richmond and Virginia Water. We went to Winchester once and lunched there; oh, I remember it so well, the grilled mutton chops at the hotel; and the cathedral—we walked about in it and looked at the crumbling tombs of the Crusaders and the Saxon kings who are buried there: Rufus is, I think. I forget. This was late in the autumn; it had been going on for months then; the days were short, and we heard a service—evensong—in the twilight. We were hidden far back on one of the seats in the darkness, he had his arms round me, and I loved him so. I thought he would ask me to go with him to the end of the world, for a lifetime of passionate love. I would have gone, Claire, joyfully, barefoot, ragged, lived with him, worked for him, starved for him, if he liked, died for him gladly. I felt drunk with love, dazed with joy—but, from that very day—that day at Winchester—he began to cool. It was a climax, I suppose. We had reached the top of our hill; we had looked forth from it at the sacred spaces of the sea, as Swinburne says—I don't know where, but he quoted it to me that day—he was always quoting Swinburne and Rossetti—no doubt, he has quoted them to other women, too—he doesn't care for the new school of poetry; he says it is obscure and its passion is unclean. He held me in his arms all the way back to London in the empty carriage; but at the station he put me into a cab and made an excuse for not driving me home. He looked tired, a little bored, and unconsciously I knew that the end was beginning."

"A good thing, too," Claire said vigorously.

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But Eve turned on her quickly. "No, not a good thing," she said. "He had become life to me, my heart and soul were in his keeping; for months we had done all manner of things together. We heard 'Tristan' once—do you think two people who care for each other could ever hear that second act and not feel their love blaze into passion that must give them a heaven or burn them to destruction? We went to Queen's Hall; he took seats high up at the back, where nobody could see us, to hear the Pathetic Symphony, and we came away, worn out with emotion, and hid ourselves, speechless with it, in the Regent's Park. We went to stray exhibitions of pictures in Bond Street, nothing so blatant as the Academy—I saw him there, with his wife, on the view day, and thought it fitting, that he was being self-sacrificing to her and thinking of me. We went to the National Gallery sometimes; on the students' days, for we felt the presence of many people to be profane, while such love as ours was there—at least I felt all this, and he gave me to understand that he did, and suggested it to me. Oh! the days we knew together—and then the decline that began at Winchester. I have been a madwoman ever since, mad and miserable and wicked."

"How did it end?"

"It didn't end suddenly, or anything of that sort, it gradually dwindled away. I saw him less and less often, generally when others were present. He made excuses about not meeting alone, but at last we had one, a final one, in the Regent's Park. We had always gone there because we were not likely to come across people we knew." She laughed bitterly. "We sat down, and he said he'd been thinking a good deal—that Grace was awfully good—that she was so fond of him. He twisted a finger of the glove he had in his hand—and, well, the fact was she was going to have her second baby, and he didn't think it right not to give her all the time he could. He turned and looked at me, with eyes that were consciously affectionate, and said he should never forget the day at Winchester, and the evensong, and all the rest of it, but that things must come to an end; he was not doing right by her or by me, it would be better if we did not meet each other secretly any more, that he wanted to do the right thing though he often didn't. Then he got up suddenly—it was dark by this time, it was the beginning of winter—and said, 'Let us go back, dear.' He put me into a cab, as usual, and looked at me, and held my hand, and made his lips into the form of a kiss. A fortnight later I heard of him—I didn't see him—dining with a woman who looked like an Italian, at the Hotel Cecil in a recess by the window, and one day I passed them in the Park—in the twilight, of course—they were leaning over the bridge looking at the Serpentine. Their backs were toward me, so they didn't see me, but I heard her laughter, low and sweet and very happy. I knew the things he was saying to her—and I hated him—then for the first time. I've hated him ever since, for I know that he plays the same game over and over again, and his wife is as blind as a bat; he fools her just as he fools other women."

"I thought, apart from his family, he was taken up with art and music and precious literature."

"Oh, yes, that's all part of it. It gives rainbow colors to his affairs. Perhaps the other women think so, too. Or perhaps they are used to the sort of flirtation to which he treats them, and go back to their husbands quite content, if they are married women, just as he goes back to his wife and is thoroughly pleased with himself. It's all part of a pleasant game to him, and perhaps it is to them or to some of them; but I was a moth that was caught in the flame and burnt—burnt. Oh, how I hate him!" She put her face down for a moment into the purple silk cushion and shivered.

"But if you hate him, you can't love him still."

"It's only the reverse side of the coin," Eve said with miserable cynicism. "To have an awfully strong feeling for a man, or a burning passion of any sort, may mean hate or love; it's just a toss-up, and depends on which side of the coin comes down; under it is always hidden the other—" She looked at her friend; her confession had been made with a hushed vehemence; it was impossible to doubt its truth or the reality of her feeling.

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Claire Starfield, whose life had been pleasant enough, full of affection rather than passion, was puzzled what to do, and worried at having a confidence thrust upon her she could not share with her husband. She knew that one reason why Eve had come to her and poured out her story was that she felt it would be safe in her keeping.

"I thought you must care for Herbert—" she said at last.

"I have never cared for him, but I thought that marrying him would be my salvation, that I should be able to control my thoughts as well as my actions."

"You seemed fairly happy together."

"Oh, yes," Eve answered wearily, for the excitement of unburdening herself had died away. "I didn't want to let him down in the eyes of his friends, but I expect he knew he had only the shadow and not the substance."

"But he loves you?" Claire said gently.

"I suppose so—I never feel quite sure. I know this, that I dread—dread—going to live the quiet country life he insists upon. I shouldn't see Gerald now and then by chance, or imagine that I might see him if I went down Bond Street, or to a popular play. I live for the chances still, and, when I think that one of them may come off, my heart stands still——"

"But why this sudden crisis?"

"Herbert wants me to go away and live in the country, to bury me altogether. If he had given me the usual excitements of life in London, if he had done anything —anything!" She put her hands behind her head and gave a little moan of pain.

All the time Claire was gathering an idea and wondering if she had the courage to exploit it. "I can't think how you can bear to live," she said wonderingly.

Eve felt that the sympathy for which she hungered was coming. "It has been so difficult——"

"Of course it has—" Claire answered in an understanding voice. "And it's all so absurd."

"Absurd!"

"Wait, dear! Tea's ready—come down and have some, and I'll explain."

"Oh, I can't. I don't want tea!"

"Yes, you do—we always want it. It clears one's brain. And then I'll tell you what I mean and try to make you see it. I think it will help you." She pulled her friend up gently and smoothed her hair and, putting an affectionate arm round her, led her down to the drawing-room, where a dainty little tea-table was ready and muffins sat in a covered dish on a brass footman in front of the fire.

"Now, dear, a nice, comfy chair and cushions." And then Claire made tea and smiled and looked sympathetic. "Two lumps of sugar? You were always a baby for sweet things, you wicked darling. Do you remember when the history professor brought you that box of chocolates and Miss Wilson made a fuss? There, is that right? And now some muffin—do you know that no country but England makes good muffins? I am told they can't get them in America, though they have all sorts of bread that we haven't."

"No, I didn't know it," said Eve fretfully, when she had put down her cup. "And I don't want to talk of bread or America, or of anything in the world, but this one great thing that engrosses me. Do speak, Claire! I have no one else in the world to help me." She sighed. "And you were always wonderful to me—you were when I thought I cared for that silly boy at Woolwich, and he got into a scrape for coming to London without leave? And think of all you did for me when mother died!" She held out her hands for a moment. Claire bent her head and kissed them. "You always helped me, darling," Eve went on, "and I knew you would once more. If you hadn't been abroad all that time it might have been different. I was so lonely in the flat, and I never had any relation I cared about except mother—and Florence, of course, who went to India—I had to come to you." Her eyes were full of tragedy. "But now, tell me how it is absurd?"

"Well, you see—" Claire hesitated and hated herself for her brutality. "For one thing, because it's all so old-fashioned."

"Old-fashioned!"

"Of course it is. And I always thought you so modern, so full of the new life of the world, so receptive to it." She knew the last words would arrest the rising indignation that was qualifying the surprise of her listener. "Yet you are behaving just as people do in second-rate novels—or as some few silly women did thirty

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years ago. They don't do it now, they don't, indeed, dear. It's like a grandmother, or a great-aunt, or a 'tuppence colored' picture; we prefer them 'penny plain' nowadays unless the color is first-rate. Don't you see, darling?"

"No, I don't. And I don't understand you a bit." Eve was beginning to doubt her friend's sanity. "People fall in love, I suppose."

"Oh, yes, but in a nice pleasant sort of way. They flirt, of course, as girls, they fall in love, and get engaged and married; and then they amuse themselves with their husbands until they get bored. Then, if there are no children, they take up other interests—there are so many other interests for women nowadays. Overwhelming love is quite out of date; hopelessly old-fashioned; it is, indeed!"

"You are perfectly ridiculous, Claire; you have become matter-of-fact and unhuman," Eve said indignantly. "Think, think how many people are divorced now—more than ever before—and give up everything for love."

"They don't, really. They only think they do. They are bored with their husbands or wives, or they're restless and ready to do anything for a change, and don't care what it is. So they are unfaithful; sometimes they run away, and are divorced, and imagine they are going to be in love forever. It's a breathless excitement, but the experience is seldom so amusing as they expect it to be—for the woman especially. The man has made love to her because she was pretty, or he was in love with her—for a little while—or flattered at her being in love with him. The vanity of men, darling, is as infinite as space; they like to bask and bathe themselves in it. But a man is seldom able to live very long up to the exactions of the woman who throws everything overboard for him; he doesn't know what to do with her excessive emotion; for, as a rule, she keeps up the emotional side much longer than he does. He likes the adventure of going off with her, of course, but when the novelty wanes he probably resents the fact that he is adrift from his old haunts and many of the things he valued. And then, at the back of his head, he knows that the woman who has played her husband false, even when she has done it for him, would do it again, given the temptation, and he hasn't much respect for her."

"Respect!" Eve muttered.

"Oh, yes, it's a horrid thing, I know, but if a man hasn't any for a woman he becomes suspicious, and, as I say, he doesn't think much of her, even if she's desperately in love with him; and, above all, passion doesn't wear as well as it used. It doesn't, indeed, darling."

"Oh!" with a little moan.

"And you would have found that Gerald Maddox wouldn't do for a permanency, even if he had wished it."

"I think everything you say is dreadful, and I wish I had never, never told you. I didn't dream you were so cold and matter-of-fact."

"I'm not cold," Claire answered quickly. "But I have the courage to look things squarely in the face."

"You never felt the fascination of a man like Gerald Maddox."

"No, thank God, I never did. A common creature who amuses himself with first one woman and then another. And if I did I think I should have the nerve to stamp on it, to hate myself, to get control of it somehow, especially if he had a wife. She's a dear little thing, too. I know her a little. We met them at the Waltons' dinner-party last month. They came in looking perfectly happy and content with each other. They were in the hall when we were going away, and I saw him turn up the little fur collar of her coat—such a pretty coat it was, cherry-colored brocade, and she looked charming in it. Oh, my dear Eve, you must scratch Gerald Maddox out of your life; you are a thousand times too good for him."

"Too good!" Eve echoed. "You think me dreadfully wicked, I know."

"No, I don't, darling. Of course I don't. Do have some more tea."

Eve shook her head with quick anger. It seemed an insult to offer her tea at such a moment.

"I wish I hadn't told you," she repeated in a low voice.

"I'm glad you did, you dear stupid darling!" Claire went over to the sofa and put her arms round the trembling figure and kissed the troubled eyes. "You will get through it," she said.

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"But what am I going to do—I can't go on living with Herbert; he has such cold blue eyes and such a hard voice."

"But you must have known this before," Claire remarked cheerily; "he was always a visible quantity. Wasn't it foolish to marry him?"

Eve turned to the fire—the sofa was beside it—and, putting her elbows on her knees, she looked into the dull red glow.

"I did it to save myself. I didn't think I should be cut off from all the things that would have served as ropes to steady me, and I thought the mere fact of being married would prevent me from thinking of Gerald. You see, I'm not really wicked." She looked up imploringly.

"Of course not—you are only a dear, idiotic darling."

"I have been faithful—of course I have—to Herbert. I thought he would be different, and I should be grateful and very nice to him. But he freezes me. Think of being buried in the country with him!" She seemed to visualize the situation. "The cottage is four miles from a station, two miles from anything at all. It isn't even near a road along which motor-cars whiz. It's near nothing but some dull walks over flat country, a few fields with here and there a stile, and occasionally a weedy, patchy bit of wood. There's the river just a little way off, a dreary bit of narrow river that seems to have been put aside by Nature away from life and somehow forgotten. Oh, how I adore life, Claire!" She looked up again and the sudden light that came and went on her face was wonderful. "And how much I want to live! Herbert would fish in the river for hours and hours if we went there. He always does. We should garden for hours and hours. On wet days we should read; but all the books are dull and heavy; he never has a box of new novels down: they don't amuse him. Every day we should take a walk, getting in punctually to our well-set meals. He would look at me from the top of the table, and I at him from the bottom, not talking much, we never do; perhaps he would ask me if I had a headache; and then we should walk up and down the garden again for half an hour, till he said, 'I think we will go in,' and then he would read again or ask me to do a game of chess. There's no emotion in chess, only skill, of the dull, calculating sort. I always shudder as I take the red and white pieces out of their brown wooden box. They are like him, somehow, chilly and hard and clear-cut."

She looked into the fire again, and they were silent for a minute or two.

"Eve, darling," Claire said gently, in a non-committal voice, "do you remember 'Alice in Wonderland'?"

"Why, yes, of course I do," Eve answered impatiently. "But what has it to do with me?"

"I was thinking of a line in one of the immortal poems of the book. I often quote it to myself when people contradict me. 'There is another shore, you know, upon the other side.'"

"Well?"

"You see, there's another point of view. You haven't looked across to the other side, dear. Lots of men delight in fishing and country life, and even some women do. Now, I think—" But what Claire thought at that particular moment is not recorded, for the door opened, the maid announced, "Mr. Burndale," and he walked in.

His wife locked her hands and waited. Claire rose and greeted him cordially.

"How pleasant of you!" she said with a little laugh. 'A laugh sets many a human clock right' was a proverb she was rather proud of inventing. "Have you come to tea?"

"I knew Eve was here and came to fetch her," he answered in a precise voice.

Claire looked up at him. Yes, his eyes were cold, she thought; but they were capable of expressing kindness, and he gave her the impression, in the swift moment in which she considered him, that he was a man one could trust and would be glad to know in a moderate way that lacked intimacy; but he would never provoke a quick, passionate love of the sort to safeguard and satisfy a woman of Eve's type. A thoughtful, reflective regard, or at best a cold devotion, would probably be his life's harvest, and the one that he would care to reap.

He looked across at his wife; he saw the shadow of fear that had settled on her face; but it had no effect on him.

"There's a taxi waiting," he said.

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"I thought perhaps Claire would keep me for the night. I was going to ask her." She looked appealingly at her friend.

But Claire was determined to manage the affair with merciless, though beneficial, diplomacy. "We are dining out and going to the play," she said. "I am so sorry, darling."

"I could stay here; I should like a quiet evening." It was half an entreaty.

"We are going home," Mr. Burndale said quietly.

Then Claire had another inspiration.

"I'm going to leave you two together, to have a talk," she said. "It's no good pretending that you don't want one, you do—I'll come back in half an hour." She blew Eve a little kiss as if to give her courage, and went quickly to the door.

Mr. Burndale followed her out. "I'll pay the taxi," he said. "We can easily get another."

When the door was shut, she turned on him. "Be kind to her. She wants to be loved, to be told that she's loved," she said in a whisper, and hurried past him, up to her own room.

He stood still for a moment, taken by surprise. Then, having paid the taxi, he went back to the drawing-room.

Up-stairs Claire threw herself down on the sofa at the foot of the bed from which she had rescued Eve half an hour before.

"Oh, I was a wretch, a pig, a brute, to her," she told herself; "but it was no good being sympathetic. She would only have gone on nursing her emotion and ruining her life. Some of the things I said must have been pretty quenching—but I am glad he has come. She might have gone and drowned herself or something—but I'm a pig and a brute all the same!"

IV

Eve had risen. She was leaning against the corner of the mantelpiece. He hardly looked at her. She knew it and resented it. "He doesn't care—he doesn't care. He doesn't even know how to care," she thought.

He seated himself on the opposite side of the fireplace before he spoke.

"What does all this mean?" he asked. "I don't understand your note. Sit down; we have half an hour before us and had better discuss it quietly. What does it mean?"

She sat down and locked her hands together. "I can't go on," she said. "We are neither of us happy. You seem content sometimes—I never am."

"What is it you want?"

"I want to be free."

"Marriage isn't a thing to be taken in hand lightly, as the ceremony warned us, but, having done so, we can't lay it aside for a caprice."

"It's not caprice. I am miserable."

He waited for a minute before he answered: "I have felt that. But I hoped that time, and the habit of being together, your womanly duties and my usual occupations, would gradually assimilate into a fairly harmonious whole. I think you expect too much from life. Very few people get all they want."

"All! I get nothing that I want."

"You seem to dislike the idea of going to the cottage?"

"I hate it!" she flashed. "I couldn't bear it again. I dread seeing that dull, gray river, meandering across the flat land, and feeling that it isn't even deep enough to drown oneself in."

"But why this extraordinary dislike to the place?" he asked calmly. "Lots of people live in the country altogether, find pleasant occupations, and are content—happy. It's rather absurd to refer to it, but the Garden of Eden, in which our first parents lived, was a place in the country. *We* went to Paris; but most marriages begin with a honeymoon spent in country seclusion, and it's supposed to be the happiest time of one's life. Why should not we be content in the country?"

"I don't love you enough to bear it," she said slowly. She knew that her words were cruel; and in a deadened way she hated herself for saying them.

There was a long silence.

"Why did you marry me?" he asked.

"I don't know—I oughtn't——"

"It hasn't been a success for me any more than for you. I've known all the time that you didn't care. You will remember that I never asked you if you did. I carefully avoided doing so."

"Why did *you* marry me?" she asked. "I don't think you loved me."

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He looked away from her when he answered and his voice was very low—it was different altogether. "I wanted to—to save you—I thought I could——"

"To save me!"

"One day I was at Winchester—my nephew was at the school—I went to the afternoon service in the cathedral. It was getting dark, and you thought you were hidden in the shadows—I was still farther behind—I saw you plainly. A man's arm was round your shoulders——"

"Did you see who it was?" she asked faintly.

"No. It was not my business. I avoided doing so. But it set me thinking about you."

She waited breathlessly for more. "Did you ever see me with him again?"

"No. But the fact that you were there, alone with him, told me a great deal. Whenever I saw you afterward I knew that you were unhappy. I thought you a beautiful woman." He said it quite coldly, but it was so strange to hear him say it at all. "Gradually your face became worn and your eyes looked hunted and tragic. I knew a girl once—years ago. A scoundrel made love to her and ruined her life—she was a Catholic and went into a sisterhood. She made it her refuge, a place to save herself in from deep waters. She had the same look on her face that yours had—for months."

He stopped for a moment.

"Yes?"

"I had been waiting for my share in life—if I was ever to have a share that counted—I thought I might make things better for you. I knew you didn't care for me. I wasn't in love with you, but I was sorry, and possessed by you. When you married me I felt that you'd taken refuge with me, as that girl was doing in the convent."

"You never tried to make me love you," she complained.

"I felt that it was too soon, that it would have to come gradually, if at all, that the other must wear itself out first."

She was afraid to look at him, and ashamed. "I hated the dulness, the duties, the routine. You gave me no freedom. I felt in prison—watched——"

"I meant to do my best; I only watched you from anxiety, not with an idea of knowing anything you didn't wish to tell me. You will remember that I never tried to sound any of the secret recesses of your life—the mental reservations we all have. I tried, by an entirely different set of surroundings and ways, to draw you away from the old ones. I thought I was being subtle by reversing everything—but I have evidently made a failure of it," he added formally.

There was a long silence, then she spoke again. "I think," she said slowly, "that I have been dreadfully selfish."

"Perhaps." He considered for a moment before he added: "Yes, I think you have. But I have been dense, so we are even, and the result is that we sit here with—with a sand-castle flattened out between us." It was the only bit of metaphor she had ever heard from him. "Tell me what you wish," he said coldly. "I will try and meet you if I can."

Her eyes filled with tears; she resented them and sat very still, dull and hopeless. "I wish I had known—I have been a fool," she said. She hungered for a contradiction, and to feel his arms, the thin arms of the man to whom she was married, go round her; but he made no sign.

"I have been a fool, too," he said wearily. He stopped abruptly and added: "I never had much to do with women—I don't know how to manage them."

"They don't want to be managed, they want to be loved," she said passionately, but almost to herself.

He looked at her wonderingly—doubtfully. She avoided his eyes and turned to the fire again.

"How can we mend up matters?" he asked.

"Mend up?"

"You want to be free?"

She raised her head, an entreating look was in her eyes, and he saw it. "I don't know," she said.

"You don't want to go to the cottage?"

"Oh, but I will, I will," she said impulsively. "I've been a beast!"

He got up then, hesitated, and stood before her. "Would you care to go abroad?"

She got up, too, at that and faced him. "Abroad!" She put out her hands, and drew them back again, just as she had in the morning.

"I have always wished to go to Amer-

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ica, and then along the Canadian Pacific to the Rocky Mountains, to Vancouver, and down the Pacific coast to California," he explained.

"Oh—" her face lighted up.

"I want to see Santa Barbara," he went on. "I hear it's a singularly beautiful place. Would you care to go?"

"I should love it!"

"You would love it," he said cynically. "Then we'll do it; but it would be more to the point if you loved me."

"I will—I will—if you will let me."

He looked at her unbelievingly for a moment; then the thin man did put his arms round her.

"I will be different," she said. "I will be quite different. I have been a perfect perfect beast!"

He laughed, a happy laugh: it was another strange thing to hear.

"And I have been a perfect perfect fool! So again we are even."

"I am glad of that," she whispered.

His arms tightened. "And we'll sell the cottage, or burn it down—which would you prefer?"

"I think"—she hesitated—"that perhaps we shall want to go there when we come back."

He stooped and kissed her.

"Geoffrey, old duck," Claire said to her husband when he returned, "you must take me out to dinner and the play. I'll get ready at once; for I told the Burndales that we were going to do that, and I don't want to feel that I am a little liar."

IRISH PLAYS AND IRISH PLAYWRIGHTS

By Brander Matthews

IT is one of the many interesting and significant coincidences of history that the more completely a smaller country may be absorbed into a larger nation, the more likely are the inhabitants of the lesser community to cherish their own provincial peculiarities. They seek to keep alive the local traditions and to revive the local customs; and often they strive to reinvigorate the local dialect and to raise it to a loftier level that it may be fitter to express their local patriotism, different from their larger national patriotism, but in no wise antagonistic to it. As a result of this pride in the past, and of this pleasure in the present, there is likely to arise a local literature in the local variation from the standard speech of the nation—the standard speech assiduously taught in the schools which are ever struggling to eradicate in the illiterate every vestige of the dialect that the men of letters are cultivating with careful art. And this deliberate provincialism is not factional or separatist; it indicates no relaxing of loyalty toward the nation. Indeed, in so far as any political significance is concerned, the outflowering of a dialect literature may be taken as evidence of national solidarity and of the dying down of older sectional animosities.

It was in the last quarter of the eighteenth century, and in the first quarter of the nineteenth, when Scotland had at last accepted the Hanoverian succession, that Burns and Scott, and lesser lyrists of a varying endowment, made use of the broad Scots tongue to sing the sorrows and the joys of the North Briton. It was in the third and fourth quarters of the nineteenth century, after the fierce ardor of the Revolutionary expansion and of the Napoleonic conquests had finally welded France into a self-conscious unity, that Mistral and his fellow bards told again the old legends of Provence, and illumined that fair land with new tales of no less charm, all composed in a modern revision of the soft and gentle speech of the troubadours. And now it is just at the beginning of the twentieth century, after three score years of incessant agitation have removed most of the wrongs of the Irish people, that Yeats and Synge and Lady

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Gregory have bidden their fellow countrymen to gaze at themselves in the mirror of the drama, and to listen to their own persuasive brogue.

Surprise has been expressed at the sudden burgeoning forth of this new Irish drama almost at the behest of Lady Gregory. But when due consideration is given to the long list of Irishmen who have held their own in the English theatre there is cause for wonder, rather, that Ireland did not have a drama of its own long ago. In fact, the history of English dramatic literature, and more especially the record of English comedy, would be sadly shrunken if the Hibernian contribution could be cancelled. We can estimate the gap that this operation would make when we recall the names of George Farquhar, Richard Steele, Oliver Goldsmith, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, John O'Keefe, Sheridan Knowles, Samuel Lover, Dion Boucicault, John Brougham, Oscar Wilde, George Bernard Shaw, and "George A. Birmingham." There is food for thought as well as for laughter in the saying that "English comedy has either been written by Irishmen or else adapted from the French." A harsh and cynical critic might even go further and add—having Steele in mind for one, and for another Boucicault—that sometimes English comedy has been both written by an Irishman, and adapted from the French.

It is to English comedy that most of these Irishmen contributed rather than to Irish comedy. The admission may be made that one or another of them now and again sketched a fellow countryman or two; but before Lover and Boucicault, no Irish dramatist peopled a play with Irish characters and laid its scene in Ireland. Although they must have known Ireland and the Irish better than they knew England and the English, it is to the portrayal of the latter that they gave their loving attention, neglecting altogether the delineation of the former. For some reason they were not tempted to employ their talents at home and to devote themselves to the delineation of the manners and customs of their own island. Probably the explanation of their refusal to utilize the virgin material that lay ready to their hands is to be found in the fact that to achieve a living wage they had to write for the London theatres, the audiences of which took little or no interest either in Ireland or in the Irish.

Whatever the reason may be why these brilliant Irish playwrights did not write plays of Irish life, there is no denying that they did not, and that it was left for the contemporary supporters of the Abbey Theatre to plough the fresh fields which their predecessors had refused to cultivate. Even the later English comic dramatists of Irish birth have generally eschewed themes fundamentally Irish, and have rarely introduced Irish characters into their English plays; there is not a single Irish part in all Oscar Wilde's comedies; and there is only one of Mr. Shaw's pieces the scene of which is laid in Ireland. Irish novelists, Maria Edgeworth, Banim, Carleton, Lever, and Lover, won fame by writing Irish stories; but only Lover and Boucicault wrote Irish plays. The Irish dramatists were all of them working for the London market, and they were subdued to what they worked in.

When we consider the closeness of Ireland to England, and the ease of communication, we can only wonder at the infrequency with which Irish characters appear in English plays. There is no Irishman—excepting only the slim profile of Captain MacMorris in "Henry V"—in all Shakespeare's comedies and histories and tragedies, although there are Scotsmen and Welshmen. Apparently the earliest Irish character in the English drama did not step on the stage until after the Restoration, and nearly forty years after Shakespeare's death. This earliest Irish character was a comic servant, called Teague, who appears in Sir Robert Howard's "Committee," a play which Pepys went to see in June, 1663. And apparently the second Irish character was another Tegue in Shadwell's "Lancashire Witches and Tegue O'Divelly the Irish Priest," a highly colored piece which was produced in 1681. The first Teague was devised to provoke laughter, whereas the second Tegue was intended to be detested and despised as an intriguing villain. It seems probable that this portrayal of a Hibernian scoundrel by an English playwright was pleasing to the London playgoers, since Shad-

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well brought him forward again a few years later in another play, the "Amorous Bigot," produced in 1690.

Then came the first of the native Irishmen who were to brighten English comedy with their ingenuity and their wit, and their grace and their good humor—the first and perhaps the most gifted of them all, George Farquhar. After trying his wings in public as an actor, an experience which explains the superior briskness and theatrical effectiveness of his plays over those of his immediate predecessors, Congreve, Wycherly, and Vanbrugh, he went over to London and commenced playwright. Yet he did not draw on his knowledge of his own people, and in all his plays we find only two relatively unimportant and absolutely insignificant Irish characters. One of these is another Teague in the more or less successful "Twin Rivals," produced in 1705; and the other is an Irish priest in the triumphantly successful "Beaux Stratagem," produced in 1707.

We cannot even guess what Farquhar might have done if he had survived, and whether or not he would have drawn more richly upon his recollections of his fellow countrymen after his repeated success had given him confidence in himself and authority over the public. His career was cut short by death before he was thirty—about the age when Sheridan abandoned play making for politics. It has been noted that the novelist is likely to flower late, and often not fully to reveal his capacity as a creator of character until he is forty, whereas the dramatist may win his spurs when he is still in the first flush of youth. Play making demands inventive cleverness, first of all, and dexterity of craftsmanship, and these are qualities which a young man may possess in abundance almost as native gifts, even though he may not have had time to reflect deeply upon the spectacle of human folly, which is the prime staple of comedy.

It is possibly because he is an Irishman that Farquhar's morality is not ignoble, like Congreve's and Wycherly's. He is not to be classed with the rest of the Restoration dramatists, as is usually done. Farquhar may offend our latter-day propriety, now and again, by his plain-spoken speech, but he is never foul in his plotting, as are Wycherly and Congreve, whom he surpasses also in the adroitness of this plotting. His dialogue can be cleansed by excision, whereas their dirt lies deeper and cannot be overcome by all the perfumes of Araby. It is upon Farquhar that Sheridan modelled himself, and not upon Congreve, as has often been assumed. The "School for Scandal" may reveal an attempt to echo the wit of the "Way of the World," but its solid structure and its skilful articulation of incident disclose a close study of the "Inconstant," the "Recruiting Officer," and the "Beaux Stratagem," all of them frequently acted when Sheridan was serving his apprenticeship as a playwright.

In crediting Farquhar with a finer moral sense than Congreve or Wycherly, it must in fairness be noted that they composed their more important comedies before Jeremy Collier had attacked the rampant indecency which characterized the English comic drama at the end of the seventeenth century, and that Farquhar came forward as a playwright after the non-conformist divine had cleared the air by his bugle-blast. The dramatist who took Collier's remarks most to heart was Farquhar's contemporary and fellow Irishman, Steele. But unlike Farquhar, Steele decided to be deliberately didactic. He declared that in his comedy, the "Funeral," produced in 1701, although it was "full of incidents that move laughter," nevertheless "virtue and vice appear just as they ought to do." Steele was even more ostentatiously moral in the "Lying Lover," produced in 1704 and withdrawn after only a few performances, its author asserting sadly that the play had been "damned for its piety." Yet in neither of these early comedies nor later in the "Conscious Lovers" does Steele introduce any Irish character.

And we do not discover any Irish character in either of the comedies of Oliver Goldsmith, the "Good-Natured Man," produced in 1768, and "She Stoops to Conquer," produced in 1773. A year after this second comedy had established itself as a favorite on the stage, where it is still seen with pleasure after seven score years, Goldsmith died, at the comparatively early age of forty-six. Here again, it is idle to speculate on what he might

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have achieved as a dramatist after the stage doors had swung wide to welcome him. If he had survived, it is possible that he might have been tempted to take a theme from his native island and to treat it with all his genial insight into human nature, never likely to be keener or more caressing than in dealing with his own countrymen.

Two years after Goldsmith had brought out "She Stoops to Conquer," Sheridan brought out the "Rivals," to be followed in swift succession and with equal success by the "Duenna," the "School for Scandal," and the "Critic." Then he forsook the theatre for the more tempting stage offered to him by politics.

In only one of these varied masterpieces of comedy is there an Irish character. This single specimen is Sir Lucius O'Trigger in the "Rivals," easily the best Irish part that had yet appeared in any comedy, and surpassed by scarcely any Irish character in any later play, English or Irish. Sir Lucius is an Irish gentleman; he is essentially a gentleman and he is intensely Irish. Here was a novelty, since most of the few Irish characters already introduced into English comedy had been servants, first of all, and secondly only superficially Irish. Oddly enough, the bad acting of the original impersonator of Sir Lucius, a performer named Lee, almost caused the failure of the "Rivals" at the first and second performances. The comedy was then withdrawn for repairs and for the rehearsal of another actor, Clinch, as Sir Lucius. In gratitude to Clinch for the rescue of the "Rivals" from the doom that impended, Sheridan improvised for his benefit a two-act farce called "St. Patrick's Day, or the Scheming Lieutenant," a lively little play of no importance, in which Clinch appeared as the scheming lieutenant, an Irishman only superficially Hibernian.

It is strange that the popularity of Sir Lucius and his appeal to the public did not lure the later English comic dramatists of Irish nativity to invite other characters over from the island of their own birth. But we do not recall any Irish part in any of the many plays of John O'Keefe, only one of whose comedies, "Wild Oats," is ever seen on the stage of to-day, and then only at intervals which are constantly lengthening. Nor can we recall any Irish part in any of the top-lofty comedies of Sheridan Knowles, composed partly in turgid prose and partly in very blank verse; devoid, all of them, of the wit and the gayety and the liveliness which we believe we have a right to expect from an Irish dramatist.

Very Irish, however, are the pieces made out of the "Handy Andy" and the "Rory O'More" of Samuel Lover; and most characteristically Hibernian is the light-hearted hero of Lover's farcical little fantasy called the "Happy Man." That these slight plays of Lover's represent almost the only attempts to deal with Irish character on the English stage in the earlier half of the nineteenth century is the more surprising since Miss Edgeworth had long since disclosed the richness of the material proffering itself to any keen observer intimate with Irish conditions. Walter Scott, at least, had seen the value of "Castle Rackrent" and of the "Absentee," and he is on record as confessing that one of the motives which urged him to the composition of "Waverly" and of its immediate successors was the desire to do for the Scottish peasant what Miss Edgeworth had done for the Irish peasant. It is to be regretted that the most popular of the Irish followers of Scott in the writing of tales of adventure was Charles Lever, whose earlier and more rollicking romances are happy-go-lucky in their plotting, and never disclose any desire for significant character delineation. Lever's scampering stories were so loose-jointed that they were almost impossible to dramatize, and even when they were turned into plays they did not demand critical consideration.

Then, toward the end of the first half of the nineteenth century, appeared the most prolific of all native Irish playwrights, Dion Boucicault. But it was long after he had become the most expert purveyor of theatrical wares for the theatres of London and New York that Boucicault turned to his native island for a theme. His first play is "London Assurance," a five-act comedy, with its scene laid in England and with a single Irish character. There is a green-room tradition that the play had been put together by another young and aspiring Irishman,

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John Brougham, that its original title was "Irish Assurance," and that the part now called Dazzle had originally borne an Irish name, having been intended by the ambitious Brougham for his own acting. Nearly forty years ago when I ventured to ask Brougham as to this tradition, and as to his share in the composition of the play, he laughed a little sadly and then gave me this enigmatic answer: "Well, I've been paid not to claim it!"

Whatever may have been Brougham's share in the beginning, there can be no dispute as to Boucicault's share at the end. "London Assurance" is not like "Playing with Fire," or any other of Brougham's later plays; and it is exactly like "Old Heads and Young Hearts" and half a dozen of Boucicault's succeeding comedies, the work, all of them, of an old heart and a young head—hard, glittering, insincere, and theatrically effective. In these pieces Boucicault was compounding five-act comedies in accord with the traditional formula of the English stage inherited from Sheridan and Congreve, and becoming at every remove more remote from reality and more frequently artificial. Although one of this early group of Boucicault's comedies was called the "Irish Heiress," they were all English plays with only a rare Irish character. A few years later, after Boucicault had become an actor himself, he wrote for his own acting a series of pleasantly sentimental Irish melodramas stuffed with sensational scenery: "Arrah-na-Pogue," with its sinking wall; the "Shaughran," with its turning tower; and the "Colleen Bawn," with the spectacular dive of its hero into the pool where its heroine is drowning. The theatrical effectiveness of these pieces was undeniable, and it was rewarded by long-continued popular approval; but no one of them had any validity as a study of life and character in Ireland. They were very clever indeed, but they were only clever; and they but skimmed the surface of life, never cutting beneath it to lay bare unexpected aspects of human nature. It is characteristic that two of the later pieces in which Boucicault appeared as an Irishman were adaptations from the French, "Daddy O'Dowd" (from "Les Crochets du Père Martin") and "Kerry" (from "La Joie fait Peur"). That he could so twist these French plots with their foreign motives as to make them masquerade as Irish plays is testimony to his incessant cleverness; but it is evidence also that the Irish veneer was so thin as to be almost transparent.

Yet however artificial and superficial might be these Irish pieces of Boucicault's, at least they were more or less Irish in that they pretended to deal with Irish life in Ireland itself. This is what no one of the earlier Irishmen writing plays for the London stage had ventured to attempt; and it was what the wittiest Irish dramatist of the generation following Boucicault's never did. Oscar Wilde was an Irishman who never touched an Irish theme or sketched an Irish character. He never put into his plays any of the haunting sadness, the humorous melancholy of Ireland. He was not quite as free-handed as Boucicault in levying on the private property of his contemporaries, yet he was willing enough to take his own wherever he found it. His dramatic methods are derivative, to put it mildly. Although he composed a "Duchess of Padua" more or less in imitation of Victor Hugo, and a "Salome" more or less in imitation of Flaubert, the most popular of his plays are comedies of modern London life more or less in imitation of Sardou. "Lady Windemere's Fan" is in accord with the latest Parisian fashion of the season in which it was originally produced; and even the young girl's trick of uttering only the same two words—"Yes, mamma"—in answer to all questions is an echo of Gondinet's —"Oh, Monsieur." The more farcical comedy, called the "Importance of Being Earnest," is a striking example of Wilde's imitative method, the first act and half of the second act having a closely knit comic imbroglio such as we find in Labiche's "Plus Heureux des Trois" or "Célimare le Bien-Aimé," and the rest of the piece being loosely put together in the whimsical manner of W. S. Gilbert's "Engaged."

There is nothing in any of Oscar Wilde's plays to reveal his Irish birth—unless we may credit to his nativity his abundant cleverness and his ready wit, the coruscating fireworks of which were sometimes

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exploded by an ill-concealed slow-match. It is almost as though the apostle of æstheticism recoiled from his native island and deliberately refused to be interested in his fellow countrymen. And almost the same remark might be made about a later and far more richly gifted English dramatist of Irish birth, Mr. George Bernard Shaw. Of all his score or more plays, only one, "John Bull's Other Island," is Irish in its subject; and this sole exception, so the author himself tells us, was due to the urgent request of Yeats, who begged Shaw to come to the aid of the struggling Abbey Theatre in Dublin. As it happens, "John Bull's Other Island" was never produced at the playhouse for which it was composed, because, as Shaw confesses: "It was uncongenial to the whole spirit of the neo-Galic movement, which is bent on creating a new Ireland after its own ideal."

In the United States, with our scattered Irish contingent, Boucicault's Irish pieces were as successful as they were in Great Britain. John Brougham, following in Boucicault's footsteps, wrote plays to order for Barney Williams and William J. Florence, cutting his cloth close to the figure of the special performer he was fitting. In the American variety shows a host of Irish impersonators of both sexes presented broad caricatures of Irish character, often rooted in reality. And here in New York there was developed out of these variety-show caricatures a special type of robust Irish comedy, more veracious than Boucicault's sentimental melodramas. Edward Harrigan began with a mere sketch, the "Mulligan Guards," peopled with half a dozen species of Irishmen acclimated in America; and as he was encouraged by immediate appreciation on the part of our cosmopolitan and hospitable public, he went on, feeling his way and refining his method, until he attained the summit of his reach in the delightful "Squatter Sovereignty," with its beautifully differentiated groups of the clan Murphy and the clan Macintyre. It need not be denied that there were wilful extravagances in this series of studies of the New York Irishman, and that to the very end there were traces of the variety show out of which this type of play had been developed; but no native Irishman had a more realistic humor than Harrigan or a keener insight into certain aspects of human nature.

Then we come to the beginning of the twentieth century and to the founding of the Abbey Theatre in Dublin, to the movement led by Lady Gregory and adorned by the very different talents of Yeats and Synge. Here was at last a new departure of the Irish drama in Ireland itself. Here were plays of very varying value and of many different kinds, alike only in this, that they eschewed manufactured bulls; that they did not rely on a varnish of paraded brogue; that they did not deal in boisterous fun-making for its own sake, their fun depending rather upon a subtler humor tinged with melancholy; and that they were no longer contented with an external indication of superficial Irish characteristics, but sought an internal and intimate expression of the essential. These new Irish plays were not Irish by accident; they were Irish by intention, Irish in character and in action, Irish in motive and in sentiment, Irish through and through, immitigably Irish.

The late Laurence Hutton once defined an American play as a play written by an American, on an American theme, and carried on solely by American characters; but he had to confess the fallacy of this definition when it was pointed out to him that so rigid a demand would exclude from the French drama the "Cid" of Corneille, the "Don Juan" of Molière, the "Phèdre" of Racine, and the "Ruy Blas" of Hugo, while it would also rule out of the English drama the "Romeo and Juliet," the "Hamlet," and the "Julius Cæsar" of Shakespeare. Yet there is significance in the suggestion, nevertheless; and these new Irish plays of Lady Gregory, of Yeats, and of Synge, are all the more Irish because they were written by Irishmen on Irish themes and peopled exclusively by Irish characters.

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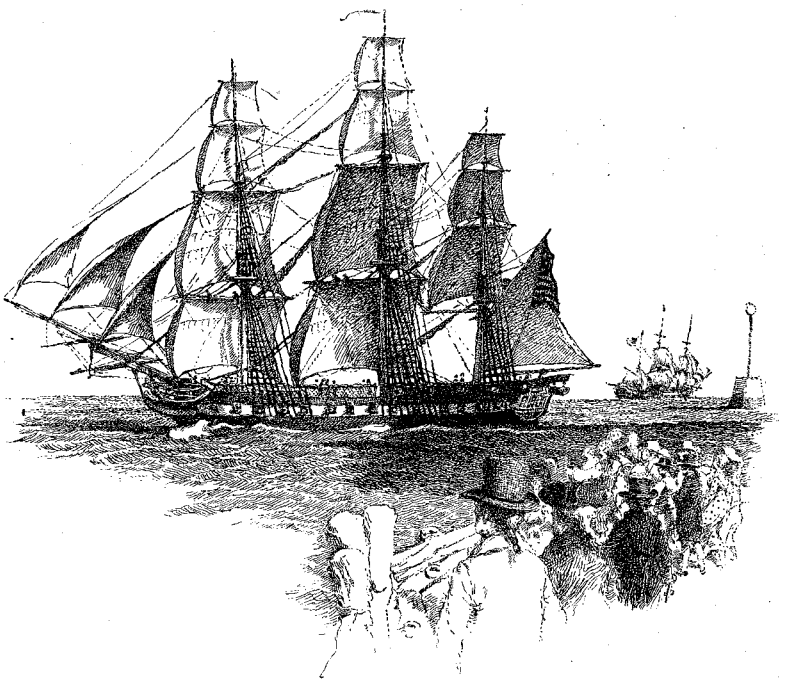
The YARN of the ESSEX

by

DON C. SEITZ

with drawings by JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS



OLD SALEM—"peaceful" in the Hebrew tongue—
Belied its name when Salem old was young.
Her seamen knew the Buccaneers
And manned the waspish privateers;
Sought strange cargoes, ventured far
Carrying spices and rare attar.
Setting their sails for the Isle of France
Fighting and trading as fell the chance,
Working their way with Yankee loads
To Go-Downs in the Canton Roads.
Scornful of ease, eager for fight
Certain always their cause was right!
Prayed on the land, fought on sea,
Jealous warders of Liberty!
No wind so ill but blew them fair
No deed too bold for them to share!
In the year Ninety-eight John Crapaud
Treated himself to an embargo
Barring the sea to the English race,
Shutting the door in Salem's face,
Without as much as *s'il vous plait*
The Frenchmen get in Salem's way:
Frog-eating sons of *parlez-vous*,
Who d'ye think's afraid of you!

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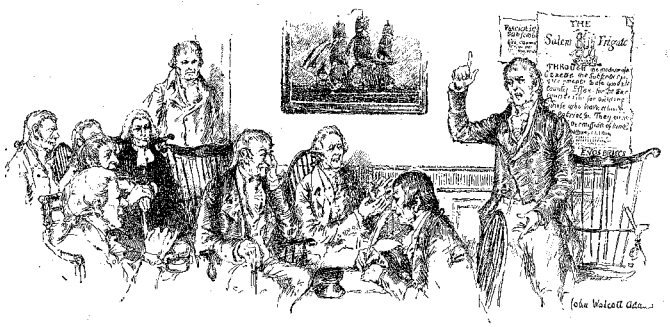

Day of wrath and judgment too
For the careless sons of *parlez-vous*.
Salem, aflame, a ship will give
In which her county's fame shall live.
Quick comes the cash, the will and deed
To fill a share of the nation's need.
Shipwrights rally and hammers ring
While lowing kine the timbers bring:
Hickory from the Hampshire dells,
Cedar and oak from the Essex fells,

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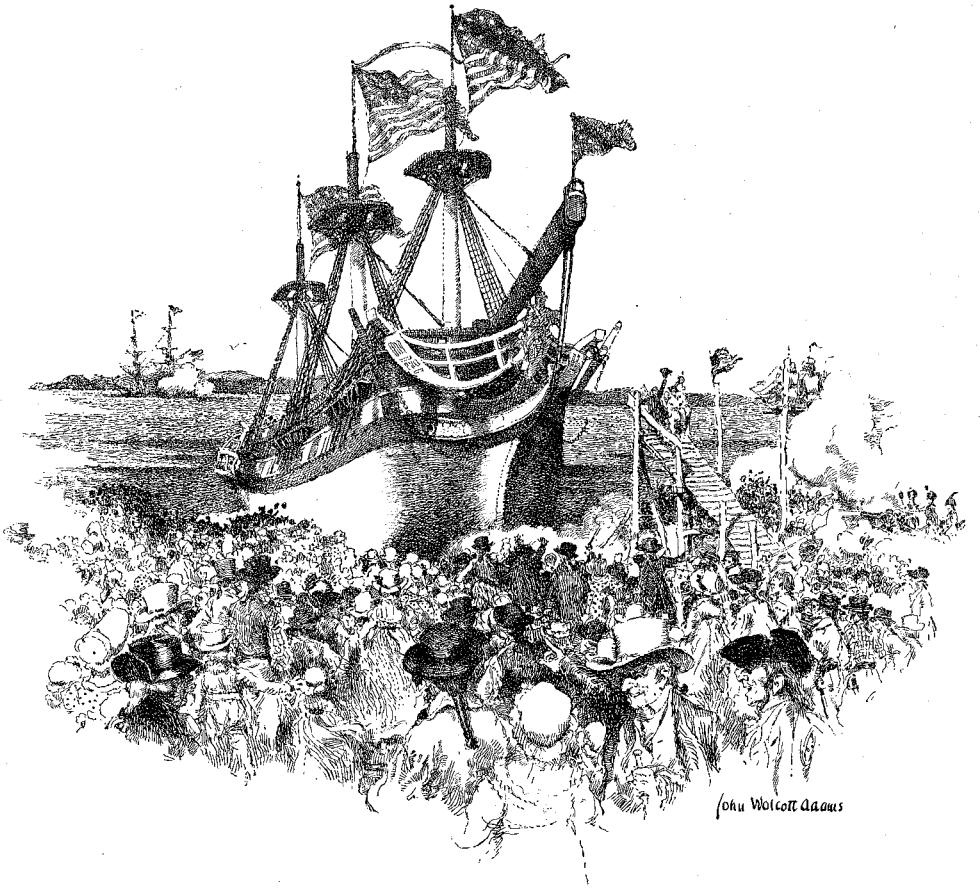
Whispering pines and hackmatack
That shade the rippling Merrimac.
The creaking axles bear the mast,
Drawn by strong oxen girded fast,
Marked with Kings' arrows in days of Kings,
Measuring years by the hundred rings.
Decked with garlands of green and rose
The big stick to the shipyard goes.
Now she's together on the stocks
Ready for the launching blocks.
Smartest and tautest of war-ship rigs
Fashioned and built by Enos Briggs,
Mild "Deacon" Briggs in his Sunday pew—
Something different driving a crew!
Made like a watch from truck to wheel,
Copper-fastened from deck to keel.
Whip-sawed plank and adze-trimmed spars—
Planed from ribs to capstan bars!
Essex her name as she deftly glides
Into the meeting of the tides:
Fine and famous launching day



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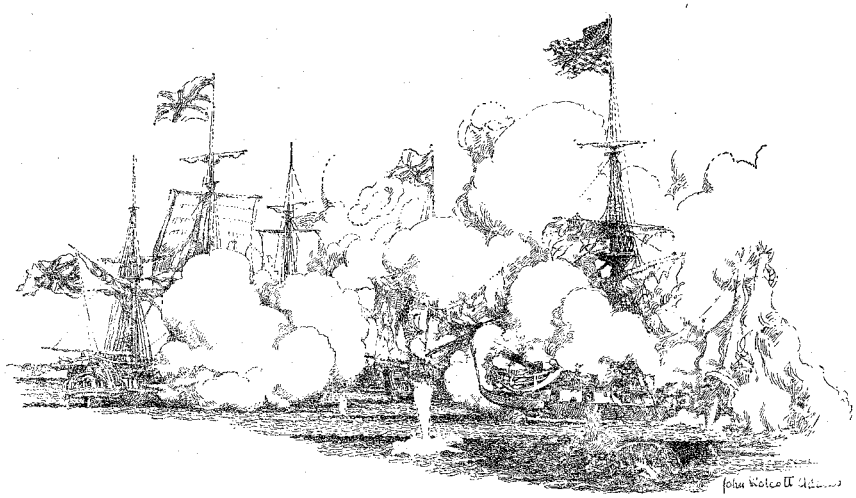
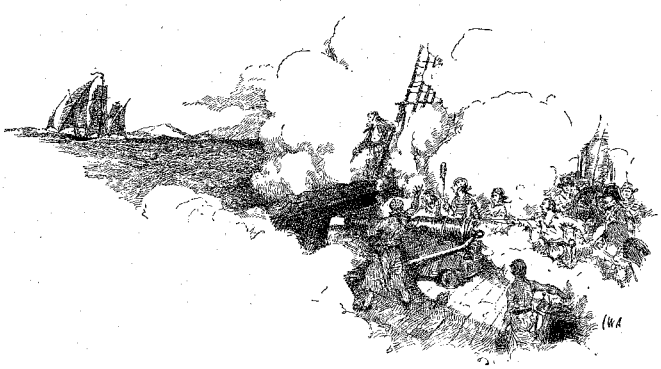


When the *Essex* goes on her ocean way!
Stately and proud she leaves the land,
Edward Preble in command:
Braver Captain and better ship
Never went on a trial trip.
Hear her guns through the growing years
Bark at the Bashaw of Tangiers,
Taming the Corsairs of Sallee,
Widening the pathway of the sea!
Flaunting the flag in foreign eyes
Under Mediterranean skies.
First to bear the bannered bars
Beneath the cross of Southern stars,
Rounding Good Hope and then the Horn
To show the world a navy born
Fearless and free on every wave,
Meeting the bravest of the brave!
Startling the Kings of the Cannibal Isles,
Winning from Queens their dusky smiles,
Finding Haven at Marquesa
And Fate in Valparaiso Bay.
Cornered and caught by two to one—
Not conquered till her duty's done!
Breeding a Farragut for Mobile Bay—
A second Porter for a later day!



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UNTIL TO-MORROW

By Leonard Wood, Jr.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. T. BENDA

DOÑA CARIDAD MARTINEZ Y TORRES, balancing a bundle of soiled clothes on her head, poised majestically on the edge of a bank of the San Juan River. Haughtily and distastefully she looked down at some acquaintances of hers who were squatting around on rocks and washing clothes in true Filipino style; which is, to be explicit, a soapless undertaking, and consists in pounding the clothes with huge clubs. That she, who was one-sixth Spanish, should have to wash clothes for money, as the Filipino women did, was a bitter, bitter pill for her to swallow. But, then, her having to come down from her pedestal served her right, she argued consolingly, for having married a pure Filipino, even though he had originally come from Manila and at the time was reputed to have the best fighting cocks on the island of Mindanao!

Suddenly Doña Caridad was spied by Carmen, one of the three washerwomen. Carmen immediately stopped washing and exclaimed:

"Jesus, María y José! Look! Doña Caridad with clothes to wash!"

The others looked up quickly, and Caridad was positive she saw a gleam of jealous satisfaction in their eyes. She, the haughty one, with clothes to wash!

"*Buenos días!*" said Caridad coolly, as she kicked off her slippers. "Is something amiss with my attire that you gawk so?" And off came the butterfly waist of filmy *piña* with a jerk that made something tear.

"We are so surprised to see you!" chirped Luisa.

"*Sí!* What does it mean?" questioned Pepita.

"Well," said Caridad as calmly as she could, "when one's husband is a poor judge of game-cocks his wife has to suffer." Whereupon she waded out into the shallow river and over to a certain big rock in the cool shade of a bamboo-tree. It was only justice to her Spanish blood that she keep as white as she could. "His black rooster," she continued, "was killed at Zamboanga the Sunday before last, and his red one turned coward and fled during a recent match."

"Ah, too bad," sympathized Luisa; "but such is the way of the world."

"Perhaps," said Caridad, endeavoring to adjust herself comfortably on the rock, "but Pedro, with a wife, four children, and Clarita, an orphan niece, who, now that Isabella, her guardian, has gone to her Father above, must live with us, relies upon birds for his rice and fish!"

"Men are lazy," philosophized Pepita.

"So now," continued Caridad, "I not only have to do my own washing, but that of others!"

Swat! Swat! Swat! sounded Caridad's club.

"For whom are you working?" ventured Carmen, after a slight pause, having hoped that she would volunteer the news.

Caridad did not answer immediately. She continued to beat those clothes with what seemed a vengeance. Finally she paused to say:

"For Señor Wallace, the young American planter who owns the hemp plantation over yonder. My cousin Benito sells him eggs, and he got me this work without my husband Pedro knowing it. It would kill him to know that I am forced to wash for strangers."

"Ah, *Dios!*" sighed Pepita, "it must be wonderful to have a husband who would regret his wife's working!"

"If one could really be sure of it—yes!" snapped Caridad.

"Poor thing!" said Luisa to Pepita. "She is such a lady!"

At that moment Doña Caridad was swearing beneath her breath; for among Richard Wallace's soiled clothes she found two clean shirts, a pink and a white one. With a groan she stood up and was about to wade ashore with the shirts when her niece Clarita appeared.

"*Hola*, Aunt Caridad! I'm sorry I'm so late," she cried, making a pretty little

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picture on the shore, dressed in a starched native waist with big butterfly sleeves; a modern skirt of the type the better-class Filipinos wear clung becomingly to her. Around her throat was a necklace of red flowers, while behind one ear rested a cigarette; and hidden away in the knot of her coal-black hair on the top of her head was a box of matches.

"*Ay, hijita!*" said Caridad, holding out the clean clothes. "You're as slow as a man! Here, take these."

In a jiffy Clarita had kicked off her slippers and, daintily lifting her skirt up to her knees, splashed out into the shallow river water. The other women watched interestedly.

"Carmen, Luisa, and Pepita," introduced Caridad, "this is my niece, Clarita de la Cruz y Torres."

Clarita smiled sweetly to the nodding women; then, taking the clothes from her aunt, splashed back to shore. There she carefully laid down the two shirts in a safe place, but looked longingly at the pink one. It had completely captured her fancy.

"Hasten, Clarita, to make ready to come out here and help me," shrilled her aunt, recommencing her washing.

But Clarita did not hear her. She had picked up the shirt in admiration. Her next skirt would have to be of that color, she was positive.

"Leave that alone, Clarita," commanded Caridad angrily.

"Oh, but how beautiful!" she enthused. "Pink like the roses! Have you ever seen him wear it, *Tía* Caridad?"

"No! Put it down before you soil it, *chiquilla!*"

Clarita reluctantly obeyed. She backed away, gazing soulfully at it. She wondered how she would look dressed in that color. She wondered again. A quick glance at her aunt showed her that venerable lady working like a Trojan. Neatly she snatched up the shirt and rushed off behind some bushes. . . . Caridad always got over her anger quickly!

Shortly, Clarita, like a naughty child realizing punishment is only a few minutes away, strolled into view, the pink shirt extending below her knees. Carmen was the first to see her and broke forth into peals of laughter, in which all joined except Doña Caridad. The latter scowled, whipped some perspiration from off her brow with the back of her hand, called on God and all the saints to give her patience, and was finally about to speak when Clarita timidly asked:

"How do I look in this pretty *camisa, tía querida?*"

"*Santisima María!*" shrieked Caridad. "Remove that *camisa* immediately!"

"Ah, but, *Tía* Caridad, let me wear it just for a few moments!" pleaded Clarita.

"Obey me!" insisted Caridad, putting every atom of herself into the utterance of those two words.

"No. Doña Caridad, let her keep it," suddenly came a strange voice in awkward Spanish from up the river a way.

All quickly looked to see who had spoken. There stood a khaki-clad *Americano*—the owner of the pink shirt!

"Ah, Señor Wallace, this is most embarrassing," said Caridad, obviously confused.

"Never mind! She is so pretty in it," he said rather slowly in his best Spanish, as he came down Clarita's side of the bank, "that by rights it is hers."

"*Gracias! Gracias!*" cried Clarita, clapping her hands.

"Ah, no, Señor Wallace," still protested Doña Caridad.

"I tank you," said Clarita, in English, as she happily fluttered a few steps toward him. "*Usted* have much the butiful heart, señor."

"So you speak English," he laughed.

"*Por* one year me go to school *en* Zamboanga—*americano* school. *Ingles mucho* big job," she told him, her eyes all the while fascinated by his light hair and blue eyes. She had always wanted to know an American and, feeling especially like knowing this one, she continued, but now in Spanish:

"You, *señor*, speak pretty good *español*."

"Señorita, I think you are joshing. I've never studied it much," he said lightly, noticing what a pretty picture she made against the bamboo background.

"*Porquê?*" she asked.

"Because there is no one out here to teach me! I must pick it up, for the most part." This was said with much effort on his part, but correctly.

"Butiful! Butiful! *Bueno!*" she cried childishly, and then, picking a big red

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flower from a near-by bush, she ventured naïvely: "What you say? I be your *profesor*, *usted* be *mi profesor*—eh, *Americano?*"

This was sudden!

"Perhaps," he chuckled, amused by her frank demonstration of her approval of him.

"We—*nosotros*—make the cool job of it," she continued, deftly arranging the flower in her hair. "What you say?"

"*Sí*, sometime," he replied, not taking her words seriously.

"*Mañana?*" she queried eagerly.

"*Bueno!*"

And with that she danced down to the verge of the river where there was a deep, placid pool. She kneeled down and looked for several moments at her reflection. She readjusted the flower, then called to him:

"*Venga acá, Americano!*"

The *Americano* obeyed and was made to kneel down beside her and also look over into the pool. Almost immediately she gave a little gurgle of delight and exclaimed:

"Oh, *Tía* Caridad, do you know the *buen Dios* makes me almost the same color in the pool!"

"Jesus!" broke forth Caridad. "How strangely you talk, *niña!*"

"No, no, *Tía* Caridad," she shook her head seriously; "it is not strange; I am just happy!" Whereupon she took the flower out of her hair and placed it in the buttonhole in the lapel of Richard Wallace's coat, all the while looking fascinatedly into his blue eyes.

And the latter gave one of those embarrassed, foolish smiles that are so often the first rays on the horizon of the dawn of love!

II

PERCHED on the centre-table of the living-room and busily trimming a lamp was Clarita—now Clarita Wallace. Every now and then she would pause in her work

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and look out at the Sulu Sea for signs of her husband's motor-boat. He had made his weekly trip to Zamboanga that morning for the mail and provisions and he was late in getting back. For already the sun was setting and bonfire glare shone prettily among the fronds of the cocoanut-trees on the shore. From the Moro village down the beach came the nightly thud-thudding of the tom-toms; in the kitchen old Petrona, who had had three husbands, was singing a melodious native love-song. And although Clarita had much on her mind to worry her—Caridad had not brought her two-year-old little son back, for instance—she began to sing.

The song was "*No te vayas de Zamboanga,*" a sweetheart's plea to her lover not to go away and leave her. Half-way through the song she stopped and chuckled contentedly. How silly of her to sing that sort of song! She should be happy, she argued. For a Filipino she had a luxurious home, an American husband, and a little son—a link that would ever keep the former by her side. Yes, she felt it was all quite worth being made to dress like an American woman—to wear shoes and stockings! It was worth not joshing with the workmen on the place and the horribly dull books and grammars he made her read. And, besides, each week didn't she have her holiday, when he would go into Zamboanga? On those occasions she dressed as was the *costumbre* of her people.

To-day she had had a perfectly wonderful time. All her friends whom her husband couldn't stand had been out at the plantation; her uncles and aunts and cousins had lorded it all over Buena Ventura, as the place was called. And little Ricardito had been sent off with proud Caridad to be admired by some second cousins in a neighboring village. This was against Wallace's instructions, but then he would never know. Caridad always got back in plenty of time—except to-day. Wallace didn't want the baby fed bananas and fish. One of his many silly ideas! Clarita already had her story planned: she was so sad after such a lonely day. If he should return angry, or despondent, or suspicious, she would play the vampire—offer him *vino* for his weary nerves, speak to him in English to please him. This always worked if he were not thinking of his home in the States, she had found, or displeased with her. When one of the latter instances was the case he would swear violently and threaten to leave her, and would make her keep out of his sight. She didn't really mind. She liked him only somewhat now—he was so exacting!—but loved him for his worldly goods and the prestige it gave her for being an *Americano's* wife. His having cabled his mother not to come out had angered her, not hurt her; she wasn't capable of grasping the real motive for his doing so, and she had so wanted to walk through the village with her white and refined mother-in-law.

"Petrona!" she suddenly shrilled. No answer. "Petrona!" she shrieked nasally, and jumped down from the table. The lamp was lighted.

"*Sí, señora!*" was nasalled back from the kitchen.

"Where did Caridad go with Ricardito—which cousins?"

"*Dios,* child! How should I know?" And the love-song was renewed.

Clarita was furious. Petrona was so stupid! Accordingly she shrieked her opinion of old Petrona, who respectfully yelled back to her to go to a certain well-known—well-known by hearsay only—place. Clarita then, at the top of her lungs, called her the vilest name she could think of and went out on the porch. With the master of the house away such lady-like long-distance little chats were frequently indulged in. They saved the hot work of walking a few steps.

But what was her dismay, upon stepping out on the porch, to see the launch quickly approaching the little dock!

"Oh, why doesn't Caridad return with the child!" she whimpered. "Ricardo will be furious if he finds out!" Then she called: "José! Tomaso! *ven acá!*" Two Filipinos who were building mosquito-fires near by hurried to her and were immediately despatched in search of Doña Caridad and the baby, with full instructions to return quietly by the kitchen.

Immediately she hurried within to put on her stockings and American slippers. Twenty years, almost, of having gone barefoot, except for loose-fitting slippers on Sunday and fiesta occasions, had made these inventions of civilization a most uncomfortable nuisance!

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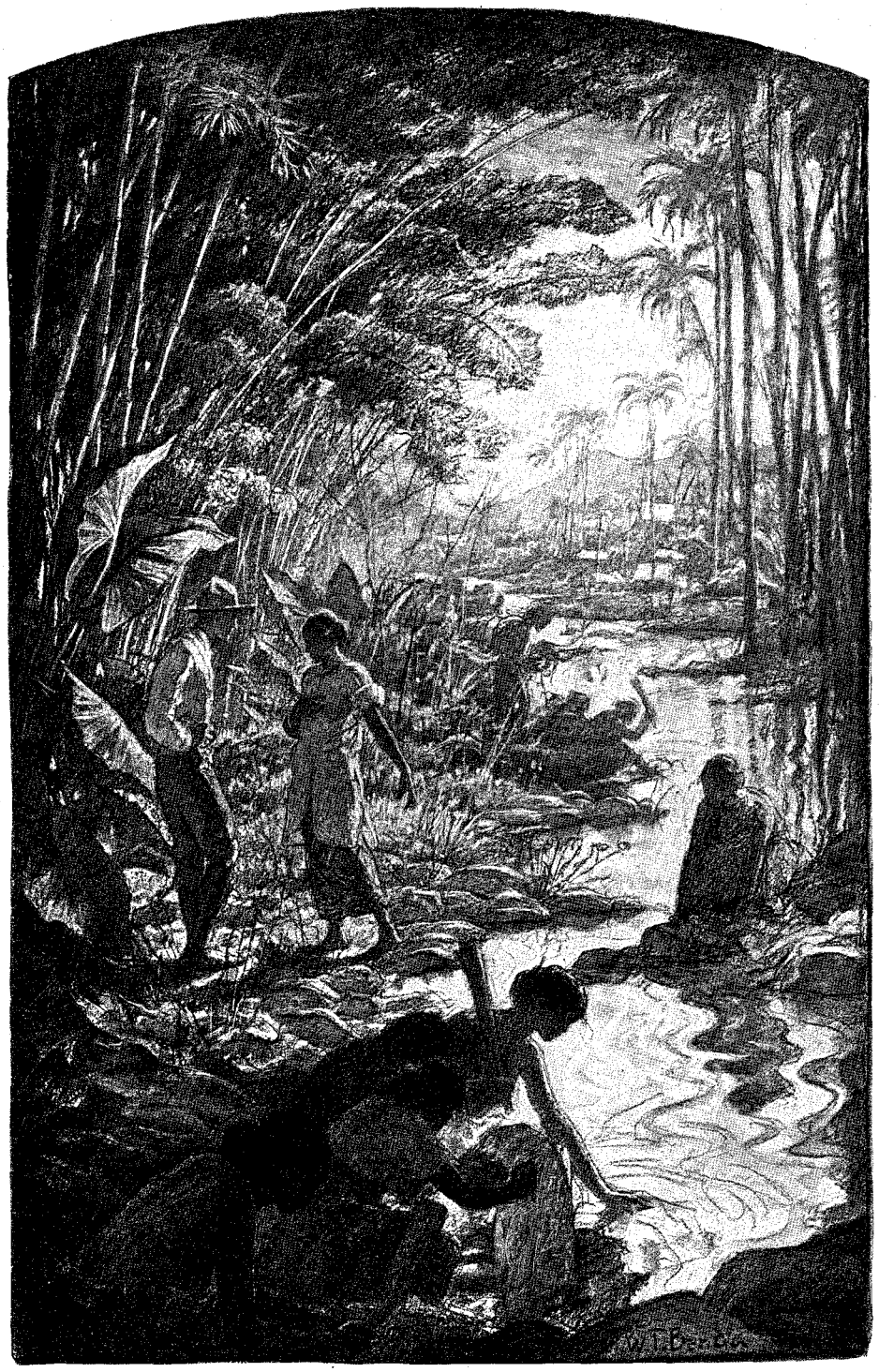

"I tank you," said Clarita, in English. . . . "*Usted* have much the butiful heart, señor."—Page 96.

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A white husband, strange to say, did not make life all milk and honey!

She was setting the table for dinner when he arrived. He walked heavily into the room.

"*Hola, chiquita!*" he said.

"Your poor little Clarita has been so lonely!" she pouted, hoping he would come over and kiss her. But, as he continued toward his study, she ran up to him and insisted upon a kiss. It was diplomacy, she felt.

"Oh, how many letters!" she commented, noticing an armful of mail.

"Mostly papers and magazines," he said, going into his office, his holy of holies, where she had been requested to keep out.

How she hated those letters from America! Each one of them in her imagination was begging him to return.

"*Qué carape!*" she exclaimed to herself. "He says the plantation is a failure. These *Americanos* are hogs—they are never satisfied with enough!"

She heard his desk-chair creak as he flung himself down in it. There! He swore—not angrily, but bitterly. Something in her sent the blood shooting through her veins. Cautiously she crept to the door and looked in. He was reading a letter.

"Ricardo," she asked childishly, in her directness, "the letters, they are, of course, from America?"

"Yes!" he snapped.

"From your mamma?" she questioned, entering the room.

He nodded.

"She again want you go home?"

He stopped reading the letter to say: "She's learned from Drexel in Zamboanga that I was fooled into buying bad hemp land! So, of course, she says come home!"

There followed a long pause, during which Wallace finished his letter. He arose to brush up for dinner, but the expression on the little woman's face made him stop to ask:

"What's the matter now, Clarita? Want some more money for your sick second cousin's godchild?"

She went over to him and, taking hold of the lapels of his coat, said: "That man Drexel, he no mention Clarita to your *madre?*"

The question surprised Wallace. "Why, evidently not," he said kindly.

"Why not?" she persisted. "Why no tell your mother, too, about Clarita?"

That was just the question he had asked himself time and again. At first he had intended to. It was all to have been so wonderful: he was going to educate the little brown butterfly; he was going to make such a success of the plantation; and the success of these plans was to be the big surprise for his mother and sister. And now he realized that they were mere hopes of yesterday. At times there seemed to him an insurmountable wall between him and the future!

"Clarita," he said in a low voice, "why do you ask me that? She will know some day." And then, to quickly change the subject: "And where's Ricardito?"

Clarita had completely forgotten him. "Ricardito?" she cooed questioningly. "Why, didn't you know, *mi querido*, that like the little *Americanos niños* he must be in bed by seven o'clock?"

"Bully for you, Clarita," he said, and left the room a bit eagerly.

Clarita, of course, had lied to him. That was a minor detail to her. If by taking chances she could keep her white husband, she would take them. He might go into her room and find the little crib empty! She shuddered at the thought of the scene that might occur.

III

When Wallace entered his room he was nearly bowled over by the nauseatingly sweet odor that clung everywhere there. Immediately he knew that Doña Caridad had been in his room, for she had a home-made perfume—only used on holidays—that would take any prize offered for a new and original odor! Scattered out on the floor in front of his bed were all of his shoes.

"Some damn relative been trying on my shoes again and forgetting to put them back," he muttered. This had happened numerous times before; once, even, his clothes had been tried on during his absence. The first time anything like this had happened he managed to see the funny side to it. But now it just filled him with a feeling of hopelessness toward Clarita. She had promised time and again, as his wife, to see that his property

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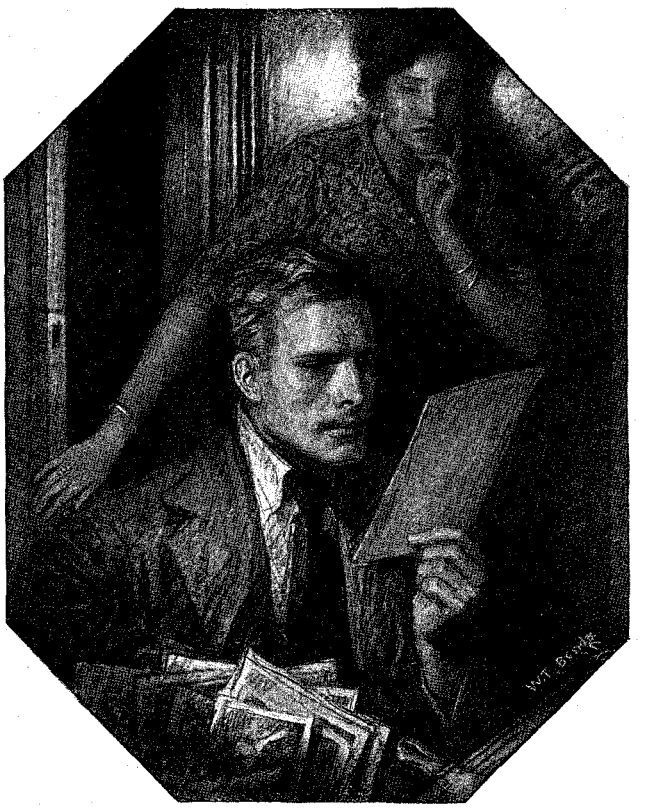
was respected. And time and again she had broken her word. The minute his back was turned she joined the others in their schemes against him. She refused all opportunities to stand on the same plane with him.

As he brushed up a bit for dinner he thought of the lie Clarita had just told him—the story of her lonely day and the hypocrisy of her attitude. He felt if he were meeting business success he might be able to put up with the underhand tricks of Clarita. But his plantation was a rank failure. Nearly all the money he had was invested in it; what he could sell it for wouldn't have netted him enough to start out again somewhere else. His love for Clarita had about been worn out, and so he did not have the necessary courage to take a brown wife back to a white man's land. He was known in Zamboanga as the "squawman." It was known there of his complete collapse a year before from drinking the native *tuba*, and he could easily tell from random remarks and little incidents that his acquaintances in Zamboanga were shaking their heads over him. It all made things just so much harder for him.

On his way back to his study he passed through the dining-room. He noticed how discerningly Clarita looked at him for a moment and the forced smile that followed. He wanted to stop and scold her, but asked himself what would be the use? She would only burst forth into tears and forget it all within an hour. Entering his study, he slammed the door after him.



He must have spent five or ten minutes gazing reminiscently at the picture before he became aware of some one's presence in the room.—Page 102.

Alone, he lounged dejectedly back in a big bamboo armchair. He was tired and weary through and through. The distant beating of the tom-toms got on his nerves, and he closed the window, regardless of the ensuing heat. Settled down once again, he took out from his inside pocket

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his mother's letter. He had read that through several times, but what he wanted was the enclosed newspaper clipping. With a slight, bitter smile on his lips he reread slowly the announcement of her engagement—Alice Davis's engagement. . . . He thought of their parting—how he had nearly proposed. If he only had!

Absently he got up from his chair and went over to a chest, from which he shortly took a bundle of photographs. He remembered he had put Alice's picture back with these others when he had married Clarita. In the meanwhile he had almost forgotten her. And now he somehow found it bitter-sweet to look at her picture and think what might have been.

He must have spent five or ten minutes gazing reminiscently at the picture before he became aware of some one's presence in the room. Looking around quickly he saw Clarita standing in the doorway with a fixed—ghastly in a way—expression upon her face. Her eyes were on the picture in his hand.

"What do you want?" he demanded, angry because she had been spying on him. "Why didn't you let me know you were in the room?"

She moved slowly back out of the doorway and, as if waking from a trance, said: "*La comida* is now ready."

He dropped the picture back into the trunk and nervously destroyed the clipping.

"Petrona's paternal aunt, Josefina Rodriguez y Fuentes, is ill, so I let her go," informed Clarita as Wallace sat down at the table—the truth being she had sent Petrona out also on the trail of her aunt. "And, *Ricardo querido,* I myself have cooked the dinner for you!"

He merely nodded non-committally. He didn't want her in the kitchen, for whenever she got among the plantation hands she became one of them.

Presently she returned with a tray full of things. "Oh, Ricardo," she chirped, "just see! I've something here you haven't had for such a long time! The foolish doctors have forbidden you to——"

"What's in that bottle?" he quickly asked, pointing at a big brown bottle on the tray.

"Look," she replied, pouring some of its contents into a glass.

It was *tuba!* Of all the native drinks that make a white man forget and degrades him it is the worst! Under her tutelage he had taken it before.

He seized her hand as she was about to offer him the glass and his voice shook with suppressed rage and contempt as he said: "You little fool! Don't you suppose I know?"

"What?" she whimpered, frightened.

"Why, your damnable purpose for giving me this!"

"*Sí!* As a *refresco;* you're tired, Ricardo."

The sugared scheming of her words made him contemptuously throw her hand to her side. "I'll tell you your real motive!" he bellowed.

"But there is no other reason!" she cried.

"There isn't!" he scoffed. "Hm! You've seen me getting more and more worried and disgusted each month! You fear I'm going to desert you. To keep me you decide—as you did some months ago—to make a drunkard out of me; to make me love and idolize this *tuba* the way some white wrecks out here do! And so for *its* sake you think I'll stay by you and the boy!"

With a little scream she sank in a chair near by, thus showing him that he had described her intentions.

"Divorce you—damn it!" he continued. "The little brown woman gets the unjust sympathy nearly every time out in these blasted islands when she's the defendant! The poor fool of a lonely white man that falls—" He stopped abruptly; a woman's sobbing was heard outside.

Clarita, upon hearing it, forgot her tears instantly and jumped to her feet. Again the sobbing and the sound of voices. "Caridad!" she exclaimed and dashed out of the room.

"Thank God the old witch's crying!" muttered Wallace. He could hear them outside at the foot of the veranda steps. Petrona was endeavoring to hush Caridad. From long experience he had learned that whenever any hushing was done around the house it was because there was something that might anger him if he knew. Consequently he had found out it paid to play the eavesdropper when every one more or less conspired against him. But just now he didn't care what

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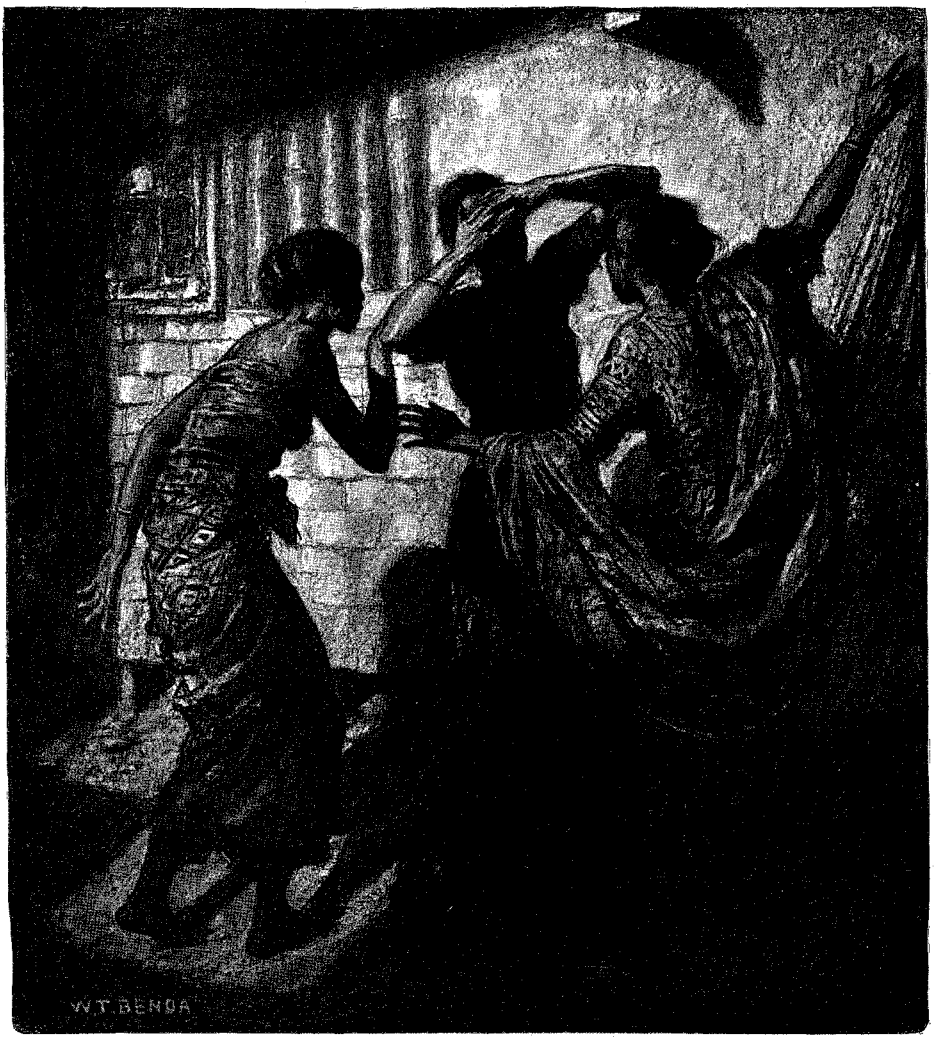

"Ricardito is dead?"—Page 104.

might be brewing. Clarita now held no place in his heart, and as for her family's tears—they could flow on in the future forever for all he cared. But nevertheless he couldn't help overhearing the conversation outside!

"*Ay*, Caridad! *Por Dios!*" pleaded Petrona tearfully. "Don't weep so loud. He may come out to see what's the matter!"

"Ah, Clarita, *pobrecita hijita*," broke forth Caridad in a still louder wail.

"What has happened?" demanded Clarita. "Ssh, *Tía* Caridad, he may hear you! Where—where is Ricardito?"

Both Petrona and Caridad were heard to burst forth into hysterical crying at that question. An awful suspicion swept suddenly through Wallace's mind. He arose and went directly to Clarita's room. She had told him the baby was asleep. . . . He found the little crib vacant! Clarita in his mind's eye took the form of a brilliantly colored and poisonous snake. He felt he could kill her. The little half-white son had been all that had made life endurable!

He left the room viciously to find out what had happened. Passing back through the dining-room he heard Caridad weeping her story. His boy's name stopped him short and he listened:

"I had Ricardito over at my sister-in-law's. . . . *Ay, hija!* . . . She has raised nine out of her fourteen children. . . .

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She fed it some banana and rice. . . . And a little later—Ricardito became sick with pains like the cholera. . . . Clarita, I can't tell you the rest! *Ay, hija!* . . ."

"Ricardito is dead?" Wallace heard Clarita frantically ask.

Caridad wailed, but Petrona mumbled: "Yes, dead!"

"Oh! Oh!" moaned Clarita. "He will kill us!" she predicted.

"Come! Come with me, we'll think up some story!" suggested Caridad, recovering from her weeping.

"Tell him, Clarita," said Petrona, as they started off, "that you took him out of his crib and over with you to your aunt's. That you left with intentions of returning, but it became so late—" And here the voice became too faint for him to hear any more of the wretched scheming—the same sort of scheming and duplicity that had so nearly ruined him.

IV

An hour later found him in his study making ready for an immediate departure. The parting of the ways had come. He would leave Clarita the plantation. He never wanted to see her again or hear of her. Perhaps there was a future for him back in the States.

Juan, one of the plantation boys, took his things down to the launch. Frightened by his master's sombre appearance, he asked no questions. On his way back, Juan planned to stop in at the plantation house, have a bite to eat, and hear all about it. But just as Wallace shoved off from the dock Juan's curiosity got the best of him and he questioned:

"When are you coming back, *señor?*"

"Oh, *mañana*," he lied listlessly.

"Until to-morrow, then, *señor, adios!*"

"*Adios!*"

V

In Benton, Massachusetts, the mothers of marriageable daughters all agree that the greatest "catch" in town is one Richard Wallace, the oldish-young man who came so mysteriously "from the Middle West" a few years ago to work in his uncle's huge silk-mill, and who, now that his uncle has died, owns the mill. But, however, he is the mothers' despair! Charming and all that, but he never has an affair!

"A puzzle, a veritable puzzle he is," said one dear old New England lady to her niece.

"If he were not so handsome," replied the girl, "I should call him a woman-hater!"

But then, you see, the people of Benton do not know all that we know about him!

CONNIE CUTS A WISDOM-TOOTH

By Vesta Tharp

Illustrations by Arthur William Brown

"WELL, of course, Connie, you don't have to go unless you want to," I said, turning to leave the room. "But as for myself, I'm going—and I'm going on the one-twenty-five train. I've got to see my baby quick."

Then I waited, with my hand on the door-knob, for Constance's decision. She placidly went on tinting the pale-pink rose-petal on the thin china plate in her hand. I gave a grating turn of the knob. Constance blended in the delicate coloring to her complete satisfaction and then calmly looked up.

"It is Sunday," she remarked. "You cannot take any one-twenty-five train. There will be none."

"That's all you know about it," I retorted. "Ted says I can go to East Weston and get a local from there two hours later."

Then I slammed the door and went across the hall to do my packing. Constance's cold, reserved attitude was getting on my nerves. I wished I had stayed at home and attended to my own business.

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Hypnotized, we advanced and inspected the horrid notice.—Page 112

Here I had spent nine solid days endeavoring to comfort an iceberg—an iceberg who had sent a pitiful letter asking me to come and help her, and who had repelled every loving and comforting advance I had made since the elevator dumped me out at the door of her apartment. If she only would melt a little bit my sacrifice would seem as nothing; but the provoking little imp fairly congealed the blood of any one who came within speaking distance of her—to say nothing about kissing distance.

Ted's telephone call seemed a blessed gift from Providence. Connie's lack of interest about Theodore was the final blow. I would go home if I had to walk every one of the fifty-seven miles. More-

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Martin was staring, dumfounded.—Page 115.

over, the blessed news Ted told made it impossible for me to stay away from home another night. I had to go quick. I could hardly wait. He said that Theodore, my own precious little son, had taken three steps all by himself. Ted's dear voice shook with joy as he talked over the long-distance. Of course I would have to go home and behold the miracle myself. Theodore is only eleven months and nine

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days old; we never dreamed he would walk so soon. What to do about Connie puzzled me for an instant; then I suggested taking her home with me, but she seemed quite indifferent on the subject. For the first time in my life I was frightfully angry with her. She acted as if Theodore's first step was too trivial to think about. That settled things. I decided to let her look after her own love-affairs.

I opened the dresser drawers and began pulling out my belongings. It was not my fault that my brother-in-law was a lawyer with political hankerings. I didn't coax him to be a lawyer; the fact is, I didn't know he was studying law until I met him just a couple of months before Ted and I were married. And Connie knows very well that she would have been furious had I not allowed her to be my bridesmaid. Nobody asked her to fall in love with my new brother-in-law. Naturally, Ted and I were pleased when his brother and my darling of a roommate developed a perfect mania for each other. But we never told them to.

I knew something was the matter the minute Connie's incoherent letter came. She said she was sick and for me to come at once. It was not so much Connie's ordering and imperious style of writing as it was the pathetic pleading between the lines which induced me to leave everything at home in Mother Thompson's willing hands and hurry to Bellington without even waiting to tell Ted good-by.

Connie had met me at the door of her apartment. Her face was somewhat flushed and swollen. She said the doctor thought she was cutting a wisdom-tooth, and it was coming through in such a manner that serious complications might develop. Did I suppose there was much danger, and did I know anything about wisdom-teeth?

One glance at her ringless left hand settled the question. Yes, I told her, wisdom-teeth were awful. Lots of people had to have their gums lanced, or something like that, and often teeth grew straight out sideways instead of straight up; and I had heard of instances where the wisdom-teeth were in such a terrible condition that they had to be pulled out. Moreover, they were hard to pull out; once in a while the dentist would have to pull so hard on the tooth that he would split the patient's jaw-bone. Poor Connie winced so pitifully that I assured her that the cracked jaw-bone cases I knew of had all been men. Never had such a thing happened to a woman, but still one couldn't be too careful. Connie brightened up. There was no doubt she would enjoy seeing a certain young man go through the wisdom-tooth-cutting process.

It took me almost a week to get the real truth out of her. The dear child undoubtedly was cutting a painful wisdom-tooth. But that was the least of her troubles. The tooth was a convenient object upon which to lay all her burdens. She pretended that the pained, patient expression on her face was caused by the aching tooth; but I knew, and so did she, that she had such an aching heart it was a relief to enjoy the aching tooth.

After much careful manœuvring I had managed to deduce the main facts concerning her trouble. Connie and Martin worshipped each other; they couldn't help it. Both Connie's parents had died when she was about three years old, and she had been brought up by an uncle. This uncle was a big railroad politician who spent most of his time travelling from State to State engineering railroad legislation. Usually Connie was taken along with him. The poor little girl had never known what it was to live in a house. She grew up in hotels. She never experienced the joy of intimate friendship with other children; she was always either arriving or going; there was no time for anything but to catch trains and be a nice little girl and not get in uncle's way. However, in his own peculiar manner Constance's uncle cared for her. He seemed to want her always near him, and it was with great reluctance that he finally allowed her to go away to boarding-school. He lavished every luxury on her, spoiled and petted her, and in fits and starts between railroad deals he would carry her away from school on pleasure-trips. As a consequence, Constance was a charming but very spoiled girl, whose only ethical law was to suit her own sweet self just as long as she did not interfere with her uncle's convenience. She recognized no one else's rights, did as she pleased, and pro-

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ceeded tranquilly on her way, blissfully unconscious of the trampled feelings left behind her.

I liked Constance. There was something about her captivating haughtiness and keen, analytic interpretation of the girls at school that amused me. I cultivated her acquaintance, discovered the dear, loving, lonesome girl hidden under her reserved exterior; and next to Ted and little Theodore I love her more than all the other people in the world. Words cannot express my joy when Constance became engaged to my brother-in-law, Martin Thompson.

Connie wanted a home, a comfortably furnished, carefully planned, real home. A place she could call her own—hers and Martin's. She had amassed an exquisite supply of the finest of linens and painted china. She loathed hotel service, and for months had lived in dreams of the perfect home they were going to have. Martin wanted a home, too; her ideas suited him. He would come out to our house, drop into a big armchair, lazily stretch his long legs, and imbibe our domestic atmosphere as he mentally took notes of how the effect was produced.

But Martin was a lawyer—not a common, every-day, easy-going lawyer, but an exasperating, ambitious one. That is where the rub comes in. It takes time for a young lawyer to work up a good practice. Martin was too wise to bother about taking all that time. He carefully laid his plans, carried them through, and before we realized what had happened our lawyer brother was a representative at the State legislature. Connie was proud of him; but when the legislature met and he met with it she became thoughtful. As the weeks went on and he stuck strictly to business she became more thoughtful. He said he couldn't run down to see her often because he was getting in on a big committee proposition and couldn't afford to lose out. He suggested that we come up to the capital sometime and see how the legislature worked. We did not go. Once during a flying business trip Martin had stopped over for an hour with Constance.

It was then that he confided to her his great ambition. He was never going to work up a home law practice. There was a big show for him to get into the National Congress next year. He was going to run for the House and then possibly later on he would manage to get into the Senate. He was so interested himself that he did not notice Connie's lack of enthusiasm. He went on to tell her some more. Woman-suffrage was a recent innovation in the State. He was young and therefore had no bad record behind him; he was in sympathy with many things which the suffragists were demanding. Their vote would be a powerful asset in his election. Moreover, a wife who was in sympathy with the suffrage platform would be an asset. Martin explained to his fiancée that he wanted his wife to become a figurehead in woman-suffrage circles of the State; he wanted her to do things, to suggest things, and, in short, as Connie sarcastically expressed it, to help put the name of Martin Thompson on the payroll of the United States Congress.

It was then that the bomb exploded. Connie declared she had been brought up on politics and she did not intend to marry politics. She could stand for her husband to be a lawyer, since he did not know how to be anything else, but she would not have a politician for a husband. She was marrying to get out of politics. As to her allying herself to the suffrage party—preposterous! She knew absolutely nothing about voting; she never intended to use her privilege of voting; women had no business at the polls; she was a confirmed antisuffragist; and if Martin wanted to marry her his political career would have to cease with the closing of the present legislature.

Poor old Martin got the shock of his life. He had supposed Constance would be overjoyed with his plans. He endeavored to reason with her, but found that she was unconvincible. Then they quarrelled; Martin could not bear to give up his political career; Constance insisted upon a stationary home with a stay-at-home husband. Neither would give in. In the end Martin left with Connie's diamond ring in his pocket, and the chances for my having a sister-in-law looked slim.

After this happened Constance spent two miserable weeks; then she gave up and wrote for me. She was alone in their

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Bellington apartment. Her uncle was in Oregon.

After I got there the poor girl's reticent disposition would not permit her to pour forth her troubles. She took refuge behind her wisdom-tooth and bravely tried to play the thing through. She provoked me, but still I pitied her. She needed me so much that I did not have the heart to be offended at her coolness and go home. Bit by bit during casual conversation she had let me know why the engagement was broken. If she hadn't felt so badly about it I would have considered it all a huge joke.

The girl actually sat at her library table and painted china as she discussed Martin's political ambitions with assumed indifference. She said he was a State representative now, but was going to be in the House at Washington the next term, the Senate the next, and then she supposed he would be President. I told her she didn't need to feel worried; even if Martin was my own brother-in-law there wasn't much danger of his ever being President. At that she shut up like a clam and wouldn't say another word.

Thank goodness! There was urgent necessity for my presence at home now.

There was a little over an hour in which to pack and get dressed for my trip. Fifteen minutes before train-time, on reentering the living-room a wonderful sight met my eyes. Connie's travelling-bag reposed on a chair, and the maid was adjusting the immaculately white collar of Connie's dainty lace waist out over her dark tailored travelling-suit. Connie was drawing on and smoothing into place her kid gloves. I took a couple of steps to grab the dear child in my arms, but stopped abruptly as she looked up and coolly regarded me.

"My dear," she said, "would you mind ringing for the bell-boy? We haven't much time to waste."

I rang.

It did not take long for the electric to roll us up to the curbing of the Union Depot. The ticket agent verified Ted's statements about the local we could get at East Weston, and a few minutes later we settled back in the train happy in the knowledge that before night we would see Theodore walk. That is to say, I was happy; and, despite her bored, resigned air, I guess Constance was as happy as any spoiled girl could be under the circumstances.

The car was crowded and stuffy. It had been threatening to rain all day. Low clouds hung over the sky, and the puffing black smoke from the engine insisted upon coming in the windows. Connie leaned back in her seat and languidly watched the people around us. Across the aisle in a double seat sat a worn mother with five dirty, noisy youngsters. One little kiddie was just about Theodore's age, but couldn't walk yet. All were contentedly devouring the customary and inevitable sack of half-rotten bananas. Connie turned up her nose and devoted her attention to the conversation of the couple in front of us. The girl was going to Colorado and was anxious to see a mountain. The man was going to San Francisco and had forgotten his sweater. He was afraid he would need it. I thoroughly enjoyed their talk; after a while it got so funny that I nudged Connie and turned to have a good giggle with her. The cynical, disgusted look on her face completely squelched me. I regretted my foolishness in asking her to accompany me home. If she kept this martyrdom business up very long she would frighten my baby to death. It was a relief when we got off at East Weston and had the whole peaceful world to ourselves.

A solemn, Sunday quiet pervaded the little town. Not a soul was in the shabby old depot. Even the ticket window was shut.

"A two hours' wait in this impossible hole?" demanded my ex-future sister-in-law.

I nodded guiltily.

We strolled around the depot a couple of times. Then I suggested a walk through the town. Connie said it looked like rain. We covered the race-track once more, then Connie took my arm and started along the walk leading toward the main street. It was a nice, clean little town with rows and rows of neat cottages and pretty, well-kept lawns. Most of the houses had one wide front window with lace curtains parted in the middle and drawn back to disclose an elaborate vase, or potted plant, or a piece of statuary set

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up on a pedestal. They looked comfortable and happy—those houses did. I longed to go in and get acquainted with their owners.

All at once Constance stopped, snapped open her hand-bag, took out a small bottle of listerine, and grimly applied it to her tooth. The poor child! Here I had been allowing myself to be provoked with her, while all the time she was suffering the most excruciating pain. I don't remember having cut any wisdom-teeth myself, but I know how terrible it is for little Theodore when he has a tooth coming through. She would feel better if we could find something to divert her mind. I racked my brain for an idea. Then one came.

"Connie," I suggested, "let's have a little fun. Let's go up to that corner house, knock, and ask if they know where John P. Thornburg lives?"

"What for? I don't want to see any. John P. Thornburg."

"But, don't you see, dear, there isn't any John Thornburg. We'll just play there is—we'll make up a whole Thornburg family; tell them we are anxious to call on the Thornburgs while we're waiting for our train; then those folks will be interested, ask us in, and we'll have a nice little visit with them, since they never heard of the Thornburgs."

Constance sniffed, then glared at me.

"Mildred Thompson! I am ashamed of you. Although you haven't cut your wisdom-teeth yet, please try to remember that you are a married woman and have a child. Can't you ever learn to behave yourself?"

If Connie had not been a sick woman she would have then and there found out precisely what kind of a tiresome, conceited smarty she was; but I don't believe in pitching on sick people, so I just contented myself with thinking a few things.

We barely met half a dozen people in the next two blocks. The streets seemed deserted.

"That must be a school-building," remarked Connie, pointing to a new brick building.

I nodded. I could not trust myself to talk; my voice was sure to shake with the tears I had not yet been able to swallow. Connie never cares at all when she hurts people.

Constance turned up the walk toward the front entrance, and so I did, too.

"If this was a school-day we could visit," I lamented. "It would be grand to see the little kindergarten folks."

"This is a high school," snapped Constance.

I shut up.

A flight of half a dozen steps led up to the main entrance. Knowing the place would be locked we did not ascend. Connie went and peered into a basement window.

"Oh!" she gasped. "Here is the most exquisite row of china-painting designs up on this wall. Oh, my!"

I sat down on the steps and let her gush. She went into ecstasies over those designs. Her bored indifference and suffering dropped from her like a cloak. She was once more the old, lively, interested Connie. She couldn't get over the beauty of that china stuff. A black cloud in the west rumbled and shook with lightning, but Connie refused to be worried by it. One design was so far in the shadowed corner that she could not quite make it out. And as usual that was the very design she was determined to see.

"This must be an exhibit room of the art department," she mused. "If I could get in there's no telling what I could see."

She tried all the windows, but none would budge. She went and peered through the window again. She fussed around for five minutes, then she got desperate and angry.

"I've got to see that design."

I sat quietly resigned to the inevitable, and watched the determined little rascal get a brick, break the glass of the window, reach her hand through, turn the lock, and carefully raise the smashed sash. Then she turned around backward and proceeded to lower herself feet foremost into the room. Suddenly there was a crash, a sound of broken china, and a faint, startled cry. I ran to the window, but darkness enveloped the lower part of the room. Nothing could be seen.

"Connie, Connie, what happened?"

"Oh, my goodness!" came a pitiful and horrified voice. "There was a tableful of china here—I stepped down right into

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I clung to the suffrage lady for support.—Page 115.

it—knocked the whole thing over—everything's smashed."

I stood helpless.

"Say," called Connie. "Maybe that front door has a Yale lock. I'll go up and see if it will open from the inside."

I turned and ran up the steps. Through the glass door Connie could be seen hurrying down the hall. I anxiously put my hand on the knob. The door moved. I opened it. Connie stopped a dozen steps away. We stared at each other.

"That door was not locked at all," she choked, and glared at the offending knob. Big splashes of rain began to hit against the heavy glass.

"Oh, my dear! Did you smash everything?" I asked as we hastened down the hall.

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"I don't know. It's so dark down in that blamed basement room I didn't stop to—" Connie's words froze on her lips. We stopped. Our eyes had fallen

'Right this way, old boy. Straight to

simultaneously on a huge placard on the wall.

$100 FINE OR 30 DAYS IN JAIL FOR ANY PERSON WHO BREAKS AND ENTERS THIS BUILDING

was printed in big black letters. Hypnotized, we advanced and inspected the horrid notice. There was a lot of small print telling about the contents of some article of a code enacted by the legislature.

"Another one of those fool political things," muttered Connie. "I won't pay them any one hundred dollars."

"We've got to get out of here quick," I whispered. "What would Ted say if we were arrested! I can't waste thirty days in jail."

"Martin would never forget it," groaned Connie.

We got almost to the door when Connie remembered her hand-bag.

"It's down in that awful room," she said. "I can't get along without my listerine! My tooth hurts right now."

We hurried to retrace our steps. Suddenly we halted, breathless. We listened. Connie grasped my arm; shivers ran down my back.

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"There's somebody up-stairs!" ejaculated Constance.

"They'll c-catch us sure," I chattered.

your daddy."—Page 116.

"Maybe it's the janitor. Let's tiptoe out," whispered Connie.

Barely had we tiptoed a dozen steps when two women appeared at the head of the upper stairway.

"Oh, here you are at last!" called one of them. "We heard your train was late. We are so glad you got here in time."

"Yes, so are we," I thought.

Connie is a little taller than I am, and she happened to be near the stairs, so I kept behind her as much as possible. This was her affair—not mine—I hadn't been breaking any windows and tables of china. Still, my son Theodore's first steps began to seem a far-away dream. I longed for home and Ted.

Those women descended the broad stairs, greeted Constance effusively, then shook my hand a little, and told us to come right up-stairs. They seemed to be expecting Constance, but eyed me with some surprise; Constance came up to their requirements, but evidently I did not fill the bill. Connie and I exchanged one swift look of resignation. We didn't know what we were, but we knew it would be healthy for us to try to be it. Then we allowed them to marshal us up the stairs. One of the women disappeared through a closed swinging door.

"We are all ready to begin," said the short and fat lady. "Perhaps you would like to readjust your hair before entering. Travelling is so wearing on one—especially on rainy days," she added sympathetically, and ushered us into a small private office—evidently that of the principal of the school. Connie glowered at her reflection in the mirror. Her hat certainly did need adjusting—also her hair.

"Pardon me, if I leave you alone with your secretary for an instant," the stout woman said. "I will inform the president of your arrival."

We watched her stop and converse with another woman who had just appeared across the hall.

"Well, if you are my secretary, who am I?" demanded my fellow sufferer.

I remained speechless. Constance was furious.

"I'm going to clear out of here," she insisted.

"Yes, and get arrested for breaking all that china—not to mention smashing a window. You had better keep still and wait for a good chance."

Constance viciously jammed in a hairpin.

"Who do those idiots think I am, anyway?" she stormed.

"Go on in and find out."

Constance made me tired. I had as much right to be angry as she. The clock above the desk said our train would be due in a little over an hour. It would be terrible to miss that train. But lots worse might happen. I felt sure that by

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night we should be locked up in the city jail. Constance was pinning on her hat with a vengeance, which showed the same thought was in her mind.

Our kind pilot returned and guided us across the hall. We entered. I gasped for breath. We were in a high-school assembly-room completely packed full of women.

"I saved this seat for you," whispered our usher, pushing me into a back seat near the door. I dropped weakly into it. A burst of violent hand-clapping brought me to my senses. I looked around. The woman was escorting my Connie up to the front of the room, on past the audience of enthusiastic women, right up on the platform and to a big, massive chair. The presiding officer greeted Connie warmly, and proudly ushered her to the seat of honor. Finally the applause died down and the president with much ceremony proceeded to open the meeting.

In a few choice words she expressed her pleasure at the interest which the women of the town were showing, greeted them cordially, and asked a sweet, soft-voiced old lady to pray. There was a dear and soothing touch to the old lady's simple prayer. I loved it. For the time being it made me forget the ridiculous predicament we were in. It was an earnest, sincere petition for guidance in the great work which these women were undertaking. An overwhelming curiosity to find out what it was all about seized me.

The prayer ended. I listened as the president rose to talk again. She said it was a wonderful occasion when women of all religious denominations could meet together on a Sabbath afternoon in one united cause. She dwelt upon the great possibilities before them, pleaded for broad-minded consideration in all questions to be discussed, and then called for a report of the school-age committee. A motherly and somewhat embarrassed woman in an out-of-date plum-colored dress arose and began to talk. As she warmed up to the subject her embarrassment vanished, and the audience listened spellbound. She gave statistics as to the number of children under school age who were not in school, stated the reasons why, pointed out laws needed to remedy conditions, and urged the necessity for immediate legislation. The report of the town's visiting nurse followed. She likewise pointed out several defects in existing laws.

I glanced at Connie. She looked as if her tooth hurt. Her face had a grim, set expression of resigned indifference. I felt nervous. Constance was not occupying that honor seat for nothing. I would have given my diamond lavallière to find out who she was supposed to be.

Short report after report was given. The injustice of girls clerking in stores from eight in the morning until ten at night was emphasized. Outrageous wage schedules were exposed. The facts surprised me. It was remarkable how intensely interested these women seemed in vital social and economic questions. The audience was composed of women from all stations in life, but a uniform element of seriousness enveloped them. Throughout it all Constance maintained the same cold, dignified air. She sat up stiffly in her chair and appeared totally oblivious to the live atmosphere around her. The room seemed close and oppressive; occasionally thunder muttered, but no one paid any attention to it. I could hardly sit still; something was bound to happen. These women deserved the deepest respect, but there was no telling what Connie might do. She had absolutely no reverence for anything in the world. Her face looked ominous. I bit my lips and twisted my fingers anxiously. It must be about twenty minutes until train-time.

A pleasant, white-haired woman in soft gray silk was discussing the moral conditions of the small town. She sat down amidst hearty and appreciative hand-clapping. Rain was beating against the windows. A loud clap of thunder drowned the applause.

The president started to speak. I held my breath an instant, then settled back with a sigh. A vocal solo was to come next. The soloist, a thin, long-necked woman with a superabundance of protruding upper teeth, got up and opened her mouth to sing. She enjoyed singing more than I enjoyed listening, and Connie's tightly drawn lips spoke volumes. Several short, violent thunderbolts from the storm only served to add a little variety to the agony.

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Suddenly I heard a slight movement out in the hall behind me.

"Good Lord!" choked a low, deep masculine voice.

I looked around. There in the dark shadow of the door stood my brother-in-law, Martin Thompson, and behind him was a tall, severe, distinguished-looking woman of about forty in a dripping raincoat. Martin was staring, dumfounded, at the dignified young lady occupying the honor seat on the platform.

"Martin!" I whispered.

He looked at me.

"Keep out of here," my lips managed to say.

How he ever happened to comprehend what I meant is a mystery. Nevertheless, he drew his companion back still farther into the shadow. No one else had noticed their arrival.

The solo ended. There was a tense stillness in the room. Wind shook the windows and rain dashed against them. I longed to die and be through with it. The presiding officer again arose, said it was indeed a great pleasure that the Women's Civic League had been fortunate enough to enjoy the privilege of this short visit from Mrs. Chester Albright, national secretary of the Woman's Suffrage Movement, who was on her way to Omaha, and now Mrs. Albright would say a few words of greeting to the association, etc.

I resigned myself for the worst. The interested audience twisted expectantly and then settled down to listen. The rain still dashed futilely and streamed down the window-panes.

Constance arose. Her slightly swollen wisdom-tooth gave her an added dignity. She acknowledged the introduction with a self-possessed smile, placidly swept her eyes over the audience, and commenced to speak. I looked helplessly at Martin. He seemed to have suffered a paralytic stroke.

"My dear friends," began Constance in clear, even tones, easily heard above the dashing rain and reverberating low rumbles of thunder, "words cannot express how intensely I have enjoyed the past hour. It has been a revelation to me."

I wiggled uneasily. What in the world was Connie up to? A girl who would spend Sunday morning painting china, and would go around in the afternoon deliberately smashing windows, was a dangerous character. She had no right to make fun of these women.

"In fact," she continued, "I little dreamed this morning that there was in reserve for me such an interesting afternoon. I want to congratulate you upon your executive ability, I want to extol your persisting and remarkable powers of intuition. You have informed me upon several subjects of which I was heretofore entirely ignorant. Remarkable to say, I am glad to find out who——"

A terrible flash of lightning lit up the room, a deafening crash of thunder exploded. The stunned audience gasped. Then frightened, nervous cries filled the air.

"Oh, look! It struck!" screamed a horrified voice. "The building is on fire!"

The assembly was on its feet in an instant. An excited stream of terrified women hurried down the stairs. No one noticed Martin as the crowd rushed out. I found Connie at my side.

"Quick!" she hissed. "We can make that train yet."

The building was clearing with remarkable rapidity. The fire seemed to be in a remote part.

"Connie dear!" exclaimed Martin, endeavoring to draw us toward the steps. Constance gave him one look of stupefied amazement, then she grasped my arm and ran. Martin and his distinguished companion followed.

"We want to catch the train," I called back to them.

The lower hall was dense with smoke. A minute later we were out in the pouring thunder-storm. We pressed through the crowd and dashed toward the depot. Our train was puffing on the track. We ran for dear life. Connie got there first, bounded on the back platform, and pulled me up. Martin and the suffrage lady clambered up after me. The train gave a jerk and started to move. Connie was knocked almost off the steps. Martin grabbed her quick. The poor, wet, bedraggled child collapsed, sobbing, in his arms. I clung to the suffrage lady for support, and discovered a few minutes later that I had been indulging in a good cry on her damp, rain-soaked shoulder.

The train jarred and rumbled along the

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track. East Weston was left far behind. The car door was locked, and there was nothing to do but make ourselves as comfortable as possible on the chilly platform. It would be twenty minutes before we reached our destination. Connie and I confessed the whole miserable story of our escapade. Martin listened sympathetically and tenderly. Several times the suffrage lady had to turn her head and smile. Martin and Connie seemed to have forgotten that they were no longer engaged.

Martin assured us there was no danger of arrest. He was positive the firemen would smash up everything which Connie had neglected. No one would think that she had spoiled all that china; there was a possibility that the lightning had struck that very room. Then the nice suffrage lady rose to the occasion. She said there was no reason why the women of East Weston should learn the truth. It wouldn't make them any happier. She would drop them a letter from Omaha telling them how much she had enjoyed the afternoon, etc. We all embraced her enthusiastically—even Martin.

It seemed that, in the interests of woman-suffrage, Martin had escorted the national secretary down to East Weston for a brief afternoon's trip. Their train was late and they had arrived just in time to see that obstinate little antisuffragist of a Connie serenely carrying off the rôle of Mrs. Albright, national secretary of the Woman's Suffrage Movement.

Ted had our car at the depot to meet me. He almost fainted when he saw us unload from the rear platform like so many tramps. But Ted did not care much; he was so eager to tell me how Theodore took three steps that he didn't think to wonder how Martin and Mrs. Albright happened to be along until two days later.

It was after five when we got home. Mother Thompson said Theodore was asleep. Ted and I were so disappointed; but of course it would never do to spoil our baby's nap. After dinner the suffrage lady retired to her room to write letters. She said she would have to leave in the morning. I started to go into the library to hunt the magazine section of the Sunday paper. The sound of low voices stopped me.

"This has been an awful month," came Martin's pleading tones. "If you will only have me, Connie, I'll give up everything and stay at home. Helping make our laws is a mighty empty job when I know there will never be any little woman at home to back me up and be proud of the good things I do."

"You don't have to give up anything, Martin," responded a sweet, penitent voice. "You can't imagine how ashamed I am. When I sat in that meeting and watched those blessed women discuss so many big things, I found out what a selfish, despicable wretch I am. Why, dear, I never realized that women could be so earnest and sincerely interested in public welfare. Now, please—let me finish! I want you to go to Washington, Martin; you must put through what those women need. Now I know, dearest, that there are all kinds of politicians, and I want my husband to be a politician. Home means just being wherever you are."

"Oh, Connie, Connie!" murmured a worshipful voice.

I slipped out. Ted could exist for a while without the Sunday magazine.

Some one was hurrying along the upper hall. In an instant the suffrage lady appeared at the head of the stairs.

"Oh, look, look, people!" she cried. "Theodore is awake now! I've got him."

Ted rushed out of the living-room. Connie and Martin emerged from the library. I reached up the stairs for my precious baby, took him in my arms. Theodore rubbed his soft cheeks against my face and fastened his fingers in my hair. He was glad to see his mother.

"Here, now!" said Ted, pulling him from me. "Show these folks what you can do, old chap!"

Ted carefully planted Theodore on his short little legs in the middle of the hall, and balanced him to stand alone. We gathered around him, an eager, breathless bunch.

And there my baby stood, his big, solemn eyes thoughtfully studying us.

"Come, Theodore! Come to mother!" I coaxed.

"Right this way, old boy. Straight to your daddy," ordered Ted.

"Here, baby, walk to me," begged the suffrage lady.

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Theodore stood still, helpless and undecided.

"Not on your life; try travelling toward your uncle. Now, hoof it up!" jollied Martin.

"Theodore! Come, baby!" pleaded Constance, sitting on the floor and holding out her arms.

Theodore hesitated, moved a step, swayed, caught his balance, walked half a dozen steps, and then, with a delighted chuckle, fell straight into Connie's arms.

We closed in around them.

"Why, of course," I laughed. "Theodore wanted to see Connie's new wisdom-tooth. Open your mouth, dear."

"Have you really cut one!" exclaimed Ted.

Connie held back her head and opened her mouth for all to see the phenomenon.

"Yes, sir," said Martin. "It's the truth. Connie has cut a wisdom-tooth."

AMERICA AND EUROPE—NOW AND AFTER THE WAR

By Elmer Roberts

Author of "Monarchical Socialism in Germany"

THE American in Europe feels the almost poignant solicitude of the fighting peoples as to what his countrymen think about the war. The belligerents long for the approval of neutrals and, above all, for that of the United States. Any indication of good will is received with a satisfaction far deeper than the American at home would believe likely. Even moderate criticism cuts harshly into the delicate sensibilities of the period. The emotions, the intensities of effort, the exaltations, the sorrows, and the memories of irrevocable lives rise as a mist between the European and a clear conception of our relation to the war—and all the more as Americans often seem in doubt themselves. Here in these great European communities the feelings, the intellects, and the wills of the Continental peoples are mobilized as universally as are physical bodies to attain a national aim. Private interest has shrunk into the collective interest. Therefore to the European, penetrated with his own national aspirations, it seems odd that he cannot discern plainly a national consciousness in America upon the issues for which he is fighting.

The upper level of French intellect and statesmanship, although puzzled often by American policy, is not disposed to criticise it strongly. Explanations even are made for American attitudes on the several questions that have come up. But the average Frenchman who doesn't know much about us has been disappointed. His knowledge of the United States is sketchy. He knows that in achieving independence and a republic we had French aid. He knows the names of Washington, Lafayette, and Franklin. The Civil War in the United States was, he thought, a war for human liberty instead of a war for unification. Without thinking a great deal about it the Frenchman assumed that Americans were idealists. He says now that he was mistaken, that we are not idealists and do not care deeply about anything except our safety and prosperity in aloofness. He does not blame us but himself for having been in error, for having made a mistake in judgment. He does not hate or despise us, as some persons have said. He is disillusioned, and he feels that the war, which has taught him to place different values on so many things, requires him to change his moral valuation of Americans.

The Frenchman in the mass, reaching this conclusion, does so without bitterness, and he is softened by the constant reminders of American work for the muti-

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lated, the wounded, and the poor in France, the devotion and audacity of American airmen in the French army, the feeding of Belgians, and the warm good will shown by many private persons in the United States. The French have been amazed and affected by the extent of American unofficial assistance. The twenty thousand wounded cared for in American hospitals, the two hundred thousand taken in ambulances from the field, are so many voices among those who have fought, or who are still fighting, in appreciation of American good will.

America, during the long equilibrium, has loomed so powerfully in the thought of Europe. To the Allies it has seemed as though America, taking the submarine question as an adequate reason, might have placed her great potentialities alongside them and thus shortened the war, while the Teutonic group has come to believe that they could have won the war had it not been for American shells and immense quantities of other material delivered daily to their adversaries. A large chapter of the history of the great European war will be the influence of the United States upon it, the ponderable influence of opinion, of diplomacy, of money and of machinery. The fundamental elementary force of the war, besides numbers, is machine power, machine-made fighting material. There may be controversies in the future as to whether American shops did not decide the war. They play a great part in it. German writers will tend to magnify the American factor, the Allies to diminish its importance, but any one in relation now with the supply departments of the Allies' armies knows the large place American-made instruments have in them.*

This participation of the United States in the war will naturally have consequences after the war in a measure of good will from the Allied countries. The hard necessities of Germans and Austrians will also require them to overcome their resentments and seek capital and trade in the United States. American financiers have thus far advanced to the Allies a billion and a half of dollars during the war—that is, they have given credit for about one-half what the Allies have bought in the United States. Germany will want all she can pay or arrange for after the war.

The American in Europe encounters some uncomfortable innuendoes about our taking advantage of European necessities to make stiff bargains. Our principal concern is popularly supposed to be to remain apart and profit by the ruinous quarrel. But this is not the opinion of financiers and statesmen in France and England. They take the cooler view that, as we are useful to them, we are entitled to profit by our risks. They realize that in times of peace the Paris or London banker took a higher price for his advances to American enterprises than he could get at home, and that it is not unreasonable for us in time of war to expect 1½, 2, or 3 per cent more for loans abroad than we receive at home. I have never heard that Americans of the North resented the high rates charged by European bankers for loans during the Civil War; rather, the feeling was one of gratitude that money was loaned at all. The American banker, who always expected European co-operation in any railroad loan of fifty millions or more, and who scarcely thought he could do without that co-operation, has had the singular experience of receiving the agents of the richest foreign governments and lending single sums ranging from twenty-five to five hundred millions of dollars. Those charged with the national finances of France, Russia, and Great Britain are always studying borrowing possibilities in the United States intently for two reasons—because they have actual need of the money and to keep exchange from rising to ruinous rates.

Americans are most interested in the situation after the war. Every one agrees that neither Europe nor America can be the same again. Any political, social, or

* A friend of the writer's and one of the great arms experts of Europe, after a six-month visit to the United States ending in June, summarized the results of his observations thus: "The shell production in the United States for the Allies is now about 100,000 of all calibers per day. The production will rise to 150,000 a day or even possibly to 200,000. Contracts for rifles placed in America amounted to 3,000,000. One company, which after fifteen months' preparation can make 5,000 a day, began deliveries in March. Another company, which is increasing its plant so as to turn out 7,000 rifles a day, is delivering 3,000 a day. An American steel company is delivering one ten-inch howitzer complete a day." The Allies are receiving machine guns in considerable quantities, shell steel, and horses from the United States, and a variety of manufactured material essential to the equipment of armies, such as automobile trucks, harness, railway supplies, and tools.

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economic changes in Europe must affect us, and Europe, feeling our youthful, untouched vitality, will wish to draw upon it. Europe, rather run down at the heel, will need our accumulated strength, energy, and ideas.

I will venture to speak upon two or three broad aspects of our relation to Europe after the war. The fighting European countries are not likely to be as nearly ruined economically as Americans seem to think. Any financier or economist before the war would have said—and those who had occasion to discuss the subject did say—that no modern state could support a national war for even a year, that the industrial dislocations and disorders would be unendurable for longer than six or nine months, that national organizations would fall to pieces. It was demonstrated as impossible that any country could take three or four millions of men from productive life and keep them fighting for more than a few months.

The war has shown the solidity of the modern state, its power to resist shock, its mobile adaptation to abrupt changes. Elements of peaceful production and exchange, such as railways, factories, technical skill and organizing genius, are quickly co-ordinated into instruments of destruction. Effort in the social organism is diverted from constructive purposes to destructive ones. The sources of effort, as we now see, can remain active in war for an indefinitely long period, with only slowly diminishing power.

A country in ordinary years uses up all it produces except about two per cent, which is placed to capital. A country at war changes its production of useful, comfortable, or pleasant things to making and using means of destruction or objects related thereto. The pleasure automobile goes into the military transport. The auto-omnibus carries meat to the army. Those who would have ridden in the bus overcrowd the subway or walk. Textile mills weave cloths for uniforms instead of for civilian wear. Every shop with a lathe or a machine tool turns out shells, hand-grenades or some contribution to the insatiable "front." The men at the "front" are healthier and better fed than in peace time. The people at home wear out their old clothes, make economies or endure some privation. The mass of the people are compelled by events to lead simpler lives. They do so without excessive strain, because every one else is doing the same. Things become scarce and people live upon less, as they do in pioneer days in new countries. The whole production, 100 per cent instead of 98 per cent, is used in living and in maintaining the war. The immense sums borrowed and spent by governments are the device merely of consolidating individual effort into collective effort.

Whenever a vehicle, a house, a machine, a bridge, a road, a field, or a forest has been destroyed, the country's capital has been reduced by that much. Four per cent of France has been harried and four-fifths of the steel industry stopped. The years of reconstruction will probably be marked by greater savings for capital account. Besides, solid permanent constructions are replaced by makeshifts adequate for the time. The substantial houses and churches of the villages and towns destroyed in France are being replaced by inexpensive light wooden structures sufficient for some years.

Assume that a national debt is an interior debt, due altogether to the people of the country that owes it. Had the loans representing the debt been subscribed by the property-holders of the country in exact proportion to their possessions, were the taxes laid in true equity, that part of them required for the service of the national debt would go back to the payers of taxes as interest on the bonds held by them.* The tax-collector could make a rebate from taxes of the amounts of interest coupons. Were the debt increased tenfold and the interest doubled, yet would the burden on the country remain the same, provided always the debt were distributed proportionately to taxpaying power and taxes assessed in precise equity.

*The interest on debts can be met by economies in the public administration, enforced savings. Take the position of France. The searchings of economists since the war began into the governmental housekeeping have brought the conclusion that of the 5,508,415,000 francs allotted in the budget for 1914 voted before the war, 1,500,000,000 roughly could be saved, or sufficient to pay 5 per cent interest on thirty billions of francs, or 3 per cent on fifty billions. The number of government employees in France before the war, including persons in receipt of pensions and retired pay, was four millions, or one in each ten inhabitants. It is assumed that five or six hundred millions of francs yearly can be saved in the public departments. Unfortunately, governments may also economize by cutting down expenditure on technical education and productive public works.

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The debts of France and Germany are for the most part interior debts. Germany, owing to the blockade, has bought little abroad, and therefore has borrowed little. France has borrowed about a tenth part of her requirements abroad, and this tenth could be covered several times in a period of peace by the values of her foreign investments.* The loans of France and Germany are as widely held among their peoples, perhaps, as are insurance policies in the United States. The fourteen and a half billions of francs subscribed to the French national loan of last autumn was almost wholly what was officially termed "small money," that is, by the peasants, the servants, the workmen, the shopkeepers. The great financial interests did not subscribe in proportion to their wealth, possibly because their money preferred short-term treasury bonds. Yet the subscriptions to national loans of one sort or another have been made naturally by the rich, the well-to-do, and the thrifty. Those who have not taken part in the loans and who must pay heavy direct and indirect taxes, will carry more than their proportionate share of the weight. This will be the propertyless classes or those whose possessions were already tied up immovably in other things. So that a shifting of wealth and of obligation is taking place in the countries at war. But, taken in block, billions of debt owing by peoples to themselves leaves them neither richer nor poorer as a community. And should you enlarge your conception to include the earth, the world will be neither richer nor poorer after the war than before, excepting in so far as capital—the two per cent or so among fighting peoples—has not been saved, and to the extent of the actual destruction of stored-up labor, the roads, bridges, houses, farms, etc., that have been destroyed or damaged. The real loss to Europe and to the earth will be the several millions of men, mostly the young, the physically and mentally fit, who will have died—the five millions already dead† and the many hundreds of thousands yet to die. It may take two or three generations to restore the visible losses of so much virile manhood. This is a direct diminution of the sources of national energy. The German peoples were two centuries in regaining the losses in population during the Thirty Years' War, largely because the birth-rate was merely fractional during a generation and immense numbers of civilians of both sexes were killed.

But to return to America's relation with Europe after the war. Talent of every sort is likely to flow from Europe to the United States. Talent in various forms of art and technical skill will seek to share in the wealth of the United States and security from future wars. European wealth itself is likely in considerable volume to choose America as a base from which to operate, both because of safety there and to avoid the taxes of Europe. Income taxes of five shillings in the pound terrify capital. But if an investment is made from America and the revenue from it drawn to America, European income taxes are avoided. Such incomes might eventually be spent largely in Europe, but a margin of them would reinforce New York banking capital. The European financier even now examines the possibilities of a series of wars in Europe during the next twenty-five or thirty years. If there should be no wars, there will be the constant preparation for them. National thought and energy are likely to pour into military contrivance. The supreme lesson of the war will be the necessity of a people being always armed and trained to maximum efficiency. Financial supremacy may shift from London and Paris to New York. This is a fascinating anticipation. The circumstances will be favorable.

Interest is likely to be higher in Europe than in the United States for an indeterminate period after the war has ended. The cost of living, wages, rents, are all likely to be considerably more than they were before the war. The replacing of hand labor by machines, after the American fashion, has grown during the war.

*M. Jules Roche, who of all the members of the French Parliament has the greatest authority in economic matters, has prepared a list of loans to twenty-eight foreign governments now outstanding, taken by French subscribers since 1894, amounting to 26,797,000,000 francs. One-half is owed by Russia, one and a half billion each by Japan and Brazil, a billion by Argentine, and 559,000,000 francs by Mexico. The interest return on these investments is 1,025,000,000 francs yearly. Besides government loans, France probably has equal sums in private foreign undertakings.

† The numbers of dead, as derived from such semiauthoritative sources as are open, appear to be, in September, 1916: Germany 1,200,000; France 800,000; Russia 1,300,000; Austria 1,100,000; Great Britain 175,000; Italy 75,000; Servia, Belgium, Turkey, together, 400,000.

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Communes, for instance, have overcome harvest difficulties by collectively buying self-binders and renting them to little farmers. The demand for American machinery, tools, and materials is likely to be on a scale quite unknown before the war. These sales during the first two or three years after the war will probably have to be made on credit, that is, paid for by loans raised in the United States, as Great Britain and France are now paying for much that they buy out of the proceeds of loans.

Were American bankers to apply to Europe the constructive work they have given to undertakings at home,—the same knowledge, imagination, and daring,—they would do immense service in the reconstruction of the wasted territories of Europe and to the United States also. It is a question not of our resources but of vision and realization by suitable human instruments.

The significance of the American people for Europe has grown steadily throughout the war. European governments and peoples have had their attention drawn to the United States as never before, and they have perceived our potentialities, morally and materially, in relation to themselves and the world, on a greater scale even than Americans themselves have seen them. The war for Europe has lifted the minds of statesmen and most reflecting persons to a consideration of every large element anywhere that does or might affect events in Europe now and afterward.

An effort will be made by the defeated group of belligerents to bring the United States into the peace negotiations, with the purpose of softening the terms. The winners, or those who obviously have the advantage when the war is nearing an end, will insist upon settling everything themselves, without the counsel or participation of neutrals. The losers will endeavor to raise questions probably connected with sea-transport or world-trade questions after the war, in which Americans would have real rights. The conclusion of peace will in any event be followed probably by an international conference to determine the rights of neutrals in future wars. The United States Government would have a strong position in such a conference, and might become the leader of the losers and the neutrals in the war in limiting by treaty the prerogatives of belligerents. International law would begin again in such a conference to have substance and a certain authority. Belligerents in this war have listened only to declarations by neutrals that implied the ultimate use of force to maintain them. The United States can properly press after the war for clear definitions and agreements.

Carved on the base of General Sherman's statue in Washington is this utterance of his:

"The object of war is a more perfect peace."

That thought is in the minds of men in Europe who strive to see spiritual fruits issuing from the war. Americans will share in such fruits and may contribute toward their perfection.

FULFILMENT

By Rose Cary Noble

THE princess and the little beggar-maid
Went each into the church, and each one prayed.
"Give me the king's son and his love," prayed one;
And prayed the other, "Give me the king's son
And let him love me."
God became aware
Of what each asked, and said, "I grant the prayer."
And Time, God's messenger with iron shod,
Gave the king's son to both, and both cursed God.

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THE SOUL OF JEANNE D'ARC

By Theodosia Garrison

She came not into the Presence as a martyred saint might come,
Crowned, white-robed and adoring, with very reverence dumb,—
She stood as a straight, young soldier, confident, gallant, strong,
Who asks a boon of his captain in the sudden hush of the drum.

She said: "Now have I stayed too long in this my place of bliss,
With these glad dead that, comforted, forget what sorrow is
Upon that world whose stony stairs they climbed to come to this.

"But lo, a cry hath torn the peace wherein so long I stayed,
Like a trumpet's call at Heaven's wall from a herald unafraid,—
A million voices in one cry, '*Where is the Maid, the Maid?*'

"I had forgot from too much joy that olden task of mine,
But I have heard a certain word shatter the chant divine,
Have watched a banner glow and grow before mine eyes for sign.

"I would return to that my land flung in the teeth of war,
I would cast down my robe and crown that pleasure me no more,
And don the armor that I knew, the valiant sword I bore.

"And angels militant shall fling the gates of Heaven wide,
And souls new-dead whose lives were shed like leaves on war's red tide
Shall cross their swords above our heads and cheer us as we ride.

"For with me goes that soldier saint, Saint Michael of the sword,
And I shall ride on his right side, a page beside his lord,
And men shall follow like swift blades to reap a sure reward.

"Grant that I answer this my call, yea, though the end may be
The naked shame, the biting flame, the last, long agony;
I would go singing down that road where fagots wait for me.

"Mine be the fire about my feet, the smoke above my head;
So might I glow, a torch to show the path my heroes tread;
My Captain! Oh, my Captain, let me go back!" she said.

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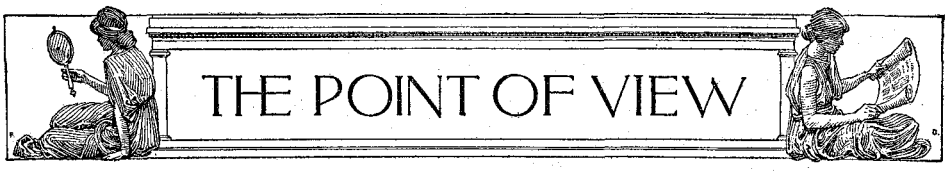

IN the death of Alan Seeger, the young American poet, who gave his life for the Allied cause in the bayonet charge at Belloy-en-Santerre on July 3, 1916, a talent of unquestionable promise and a spirit of unique and very definite quality was lost to American letters.

Alan Seeger, Poet, Killed in France

Seeger was extremely fastidious about his writing and, as is well known to his intimate friends, regularly destroyed a large portion of it; and it is partly owing to this, and partly to his incredible lack of ambition—nay, indifference, where the forwarding of his own work in any material sense was concerned—that he has as yet made himself so little felt outside his own immediate circle. Nevertheless, in such recent poems as "Champagne, 1915," "Ode in Memory of the American Volunteers Fallen for France," and the exquisite "I Have a Rendezvous with Death," a new and distinct voice has already been heard and recognized, and it is doubtful whether any other poet, with the exception of Masefield and the equally youthful and irrevocable Rupert Brooke, has succeeded in wringing from the chaos of the great war so fine and so authentic a music. During the last year Seeger had become, in a sense, the mouthpiece of many Americans who in heart, at least, are anything but neutral, and who in heart have responded to his challenging and exalted celebration of the cause which he himself, with life and song, served so passionately and so completely.

Yet in the death of this soldier and poet something perhaps even rarer than a true poet has been lost. In Seeger some of the most fundamental traits and longings of the human soul were incarnated in naïf simplicity—in their elements, as it were—and by some miracle of nature had never been warped or moulded into any sort of acquiescence with the conventionalities and compromises which civilization and the force of other personalities so subtly, and almost universally, impose upon the mass of men. People were accustomed to think of him as "different," even peculiar; few stopped to realize that in him was transparently manifest what many of us are but do not care or dare to reveal. He did and said what he felt and thought, and when he had nothing to say he was silent. Such sincerity is not usual, nor is it always either agreeable or politic—two matters which were beside the point where Seeger was concerned. It is this quality of the man as a human being, and as a very undistorted manifestation of a certain native aspect of the human soul, that the writer desires somewhat to unfold in these paragraphs, leaving the poet to speak for himself in the poems now published for the first time.

Seeger was of striking appearance. The writer recalls his first glimpse of him at a rather voluble meeting of one of the literary societies at Harvard where both were at that time undergraduates. Tall and rather sparely built, with a pale, but forceful and strangely immobile and mask-like face, straight black hair cut square across the forehead, and remote eyes, he sat through the entire evening in absolute silence, hardly deigning as much as a reply to questions directly put. At first this might have been attributed to either affectation or shyness, but a certain candor coupled with entire self-possession soon eliminated both solutions. On being questioned by a friend at the close of the discussion as to his extraordinary behavior, he announced with entire naturalness that the conversation had not appealed to him, and added that he was by nature not interested in trivial talk. This episode was characteristic of the man and, incredible as it may seem, carried with it no suggestion of conceit or pose.

Throughout his college course his bearing was consistently aloof. He wrote much and destroyed most of his writing, never sought publication in any of the college papers, and even refused to show his poems to friends—in this way gradually raising the very debatable question as to whether he had ever really written any. He could not be made to talk except where his whole heart was

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passionately aroused, and then it was always on the great issues of life or thought, the romance of love, and of death, of sacrifice, and of heroism—the romance of the world of large ideas and deeds in which he lived apart by himself, oblivious, rather than scornful, of the every-day routine with its smaller necessities. When he did talk he had a way of impressing the enthusiasm of his thoughts very strongly upon one, even when the thoughts themselves might not be particularly original in content. He was always keenly interested in the life and literature of the Middle Ages, and made a particular study of the mediæval Romance literatures, becoming extremely proficient in old French and Italian as well as English; and he was never tired of rolling off, in his monotonous and deep voice, some of those glorious old chansons of which love and war are the eternal burden. With all this, however, he was not by any means a bookman, was out-of-doors much, could walk most of his comrades off their feet, and delighted in long horseback rides during the summers, in Mexico, where his family had made their home for many years.

After leaving Harvard in 1910 he pursued the even tenor of his way, living for the most part in New York, and consistently refused to "become implicated in any kind of a job," resigning almost at once, and of his own accord, the one position that his advisers had persuaded him to try. He was always writing poems which no one ever saw, and had no plans whatever for the future, so that he was not only unhappy himself, but a continual source of anxiety and wonder to his family and friends, who found it increasingly difficult to understand his inexorable indifference to almost everything. On one occasion an offer for the publication of his poems was made to him, and was later more urgently repeated, but he never took the trouble to reply, and apparently never made any efforts himself to materialize his dreams in that direction. He appeared, in other words, well on the way toward becoming a complete dilettante.

IT was the Great War that wrought the change in this man, or rather offered him the chance to express outwardly in action and resolve (and without compromise) the passionate self within, so thirsty for great experience, so ready, too, for great sacrifice in any cause that kindled his heart and imagination—and so impatient of the little sacrifices and tasks that the less thrilling cause of daily life demands of us all. "Beware of the little deaths" might well have been his motto—yes, and of the little loves and the small enthusiasms and acquiescences also.

The Poet of the Foreign Legion

In 1912 the opportunity to go to Paris came to Seeger, and he quickly accepted it in the hope that he might there find a *milieu* more sympathetic with his point of view, and, above all, in the hope of that great and vague adventure, an outlet for his repressed and hardly conscious energies, for which he seemed always passively and fatalistically to be waiting. In Paris he was happier than he had ever been before. He made many congenial friends, and a number of distinguished and even celebrated figures in the world of art and letters were strangely drawn to the silent young American, who accepted this recognition with his usual calm and poise as something quite to be expected. Again he was said to be writing much, but again made no efforts to publish, and his work was hardly shown even to his closer friends. He was still uncertain of himself and his aims, still waiting for that destiny which he felt every day more clearly and steadfastly was somehow in preparation for him.

At the very outbreak of the war Seeger volunteered and was enlisted in the Foreign Legion, to which he remained loyal to the day of his death, in spite of several opportunities to see more brilliant and less exposing service in other branches of the French army. In characteristic fashion he deposited all his poems with a small printer in Bruges, and proceeded to the mobilization. The rest of the story is well known to all who have followed his career in the press.

In the fury and hardships of the war Seeger found himself at last and all toward which he had been blindly groping through many listless years. He had discovered a cause dearer than all else to his heart and an idea so great as to demand his whole body, mind, and spirit—something to which he could give himself up with all the courage and desperate idealism of his being, which had found so little vent for its enthusiasm in the less obvious and exacting battles of every-day life.

His letters are filled with a strange exul-

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tation, and thrill with a touching pride at the privilege that has come to him. For the first time he declares himself wholly happy, and finds life at last worthy of his utmost powers. Wounded, he returns impatiently to the front as to "the only place where a man can feel truly contented in such times as these." His courage and energy through two long years are inexhaustible—incredible. At the battle of the Marne, at Champagne, he volunteers for all the most dangerous reconnoitring, writes poems by night in the trenches, and pours out his soul in longing toward the hour when he shall be allowed to sacrifice himself in the cause of human liberty. This longing becomes, later, so intense that he appears to expose himself to unnecessary dangers: as it deepens into an ecstasy his fatalism keeps step with it, yet he dares hardly mention the hope which secretly inspires his heart, as one not worthy of so high and so sacred an end. From this mood was born his touching "I Have a Rendezvous with Death," the last poem that he sent to friends in this country. He had now only one dread, that he survive the great hour of the war and live to know again anything less glorious. "Life," he had said, "is only beautiful when divided between love and war."

On the 30th of May, 1916, Seeger was to have been granted leave to go to Paris, where he had been invited to read his "Ode in Memory of the American Volunteers Fallen for France." Through some error this leave miscarried, and the 3d of July found him forgetful of his disappointment in the elation over the prospect of taking part in his first real bayonet charge. "My dream is coming true," he said. "I cannot hope to see Paris again now before the 6th or the 7th, but if this leave is not granted me—Mak Toob! Mak Toob!" he finished with a smile. This was the charge on Belloy-en-Santerre in which he lost his life.

I quote from the account of his comrade in the Foreign Legion, the Egyptian Rif Bear: "The first section (Alan's section) formed the right and vanguard of the company and mine formed the left wing. After the first bound forward we lay flat on the ground, and I saw the first section advancing beyond us and making toward the extreme right of the village Belloy-en-Santerre. I caught sight of Seeger and called to him, making a sign with my hand.

"He answered with a smile. How pale he was! His tall silhouette stood out on the green of the corn-field. He was the tallest man in his section. His head erect and pride in his eye, I saw him running forward with bayonet fixed. Soon he disappeared, and that was the last time I saw my friend.

"Seeger was found dead. His body was naked, his shirt and tunic being beside him and his rifle planted in the ground with the butt in the air. He had tied a handkerchief to the butt to attract the attention of the stretcher-bearers. He was lying on his side with his legs bent."

Thus Seeger's dearest hope was, indeed, realized. He has tasted that privilege, to him the highest, of death in a pure cause. He has *lived* as well as *sung* his poem, and his whole being has found at last an adequate means of expression for its immeasurable love and sense of beauty—its haughty courage, and scorn of all lesser things. If this love and this courage might not express and fulfil themselves completely, save only in death, the loss is ours and not his.

I recall now our last talk. It was during the summer before his departure for France in 1912 and on a perfect moon-clear August night. I recall the familiar fatalism that he then gave voice to, the fierce discontent and hunger of the man, as of one who seeks blindly something greater than himself, whereby he may be liberated, through which he may reveal himself, to which he may consecrate and surrender his entire soul. I recall then the sudden realization, new to me at that moment, that for some spirits the every-day pressure of life is not sufficient, the every-day demands of life not large nor heroic enough in their claim. As for death—well, I recall also his favorite Indian phrase, repeated that evening, and which sums up beautifully his own attitude: "Inshallah, Death is a transient thing!"

THE will, I have recently read, even an inferior, broken-down old will, can be educated to a point where its owner can make it do almost anything; and when scientifically coerced it will make the mind work full twenty-four hours every day.

Certainly this is an awesome prospect: to have one's mind work like that all the time. No more aimless gossip, no more vacuous dreaming, nor reading foolish books, nor writing silly letters. This slippery engine

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must be improved, forsooth, enlarged and invigorated till I can hitch it up to an intellectual sawmill of any size and turn logs into lumbering logarithms at a rate calculated to catch the admiration of the oldest savant. Reading must be systematic and conducted with a definite aim in view. Writing must be periodic and properly related to reading, and, of course, consist of proper proportions of exposition, narrative, and description.

The Amateur Mind

It is the day of efficiency. There is even a tribe which specializes in organization and makes a living telling others how to run their affairs; and doubtless such men are useful and valuable. Any one who has attempted to insert an idea into the third-rate intelligence of the average congressman can point out a field for the activity of scientific thinking exponents and efficiency engineers which would receive the indorsement of every first-class citizen in the country. Nor is there any pleasure in conversing with those who cannot listen or keep to the point, or who dissipate the most interesting speculations in a ready and fallacious generalization or a specious conclusion which will not bear analysis.

But you and I are not such; and I, for one, cannot bear to contemplate my mind trained to the minute and in the pink of condition. How many facts could I not then produce on the instant! With what premeditation would I not manœuvre to get them in; and with what malice would I not overpower with statistics the unfortunate who had the temerity to differ with me!

Surely my present inexcusable slackness has compensations. I am on very good terms with my mind—terms of equality. There is no relation of master and servant, as recommended by the scientists, but we are rather fellow philosophers associating with mutual satisfaction and benefit. We respect one another. If one of us won't work, why there's an end to it; and if persuasion does not avail, we rest rather than resort to coercion. We both like to rest and are prone to regard such periods of relaxation as highly salubrious.

We read entirely without system and advocate this method, or lack of method, as the only practical course. We converse with the same lack of a coherent scheme and are ready to talk on any subject at any time; nor should lack of familiarity with the topic cramp one's ambition, for as life progresses novelties become increasingly rare and instruction comes more to be appreciated.

Doubtless there is a limit to the knowledge in the world, and certainly there is an early end to the facts one need know. It is not the knowledge that makes the man, but the use to which he puts it. We do not crave new facts, but new exercises with what we have. This is the real aim of education, so often perverted to mere instruction. The true prophet sees the vision of the possibilities in things and is not deterred nor dismayed if the practical application of his theories is not always a triumph. The realm of speculation is far more important than concrete demonstration, just as a principle is more vital than any one of its applications.

Partisanship is incompatible with speculation unless it be limited to a gentle longing. The zest to make converts to one's way of thinking, to convince or silence one's wretched listener, is fatal. No rambling discourse can be had with one who is bent on defending some special tenet or of amassing a bubble reputation for intellectuality almost by force if necessary. Such do not snatch fleeting thoughts from the books in the second-hand shop nor meander recklessly over the golf-links with an eye to nature and a heart full of politics. Rather they do one thing at a time, and do it well, and then, seizing the trump from Gabriel, announce their triumph to a reverent world. Yet their path is thorny, for at the moment of announcement the world is too often busy elsewhere and cannot properly attend.

So, also, with minds overtrained in a special activity, they develop a pettiness which cannot rise above their achievements. They must be exercised along familiar routes where they will show to advantage. They cannot bear to spend their celestial light in illuminating strange places or risk the dangers of the unknown trail. For them the failure to arrive is the knell of the enterprise—the whole undertaking must be counted a loss.

But not so with me. I have given no bonds to arrive anywhere. I glory in the excursion itself; I speculate on every pleasing possibility; I follow any inviting by-paths; I am untrained and unashamed.

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THE FIELD OF ART

Autumnal.

J. FRANCIS MURPHY—PAINTER

THE general public is prone to overlook the fact that painters must go through long years of effort in work of the most exacting kind, that brain and hand must both be trained, and that little praise and, too often, less money or centre-of-the-stage privilege is apt to come to one during these years of probation. Modern life moves too fast to endure this—youth is too eager. An easier way in these modern days of all sects, of new isms, is to sweep aside all such old-fashioned notions as the need of knowledge of drawing, of color. Color, it is said, does not exist—anything will do, and of composition and design the less we know the truer and more direct we are. To interpret life as one sees it, regardless of any preconceived or long-tried canons, is all that is necessary to constitute one an artist, if his work but reeks with the verities of his own distorted soul.

Over against all this may be set the work of the distinguished artist whose name is written at the head of this article—work which has lived and is still living without hurt throughout all the changing fashions of art, fancy, or foolishness.

More than thirty years ago the Salmagundi Club used to have exhibitions of work done in black and white only. If one had a keen and sensitive eye, the treasures of these exhibitions were the delicate, yet very firm and strong, pencil drawings of J. Francis Murphy. A growth of weed forms against the light—a cluster of slender birch-trees at the edge of a meadow—the slant of an old barn—these were the things; but the beauty and the interest lay in the way a pencil perfectly pointed had been made to render explicitly truth of form, and one realized that here was a man who was studying, studying closely, and laying up for himself a perfect mine of knowledge—knowledge that was one day to make him a veritable master. If we turn to the pictures of that day, whether in water-color or oil, we see the use he made of his information

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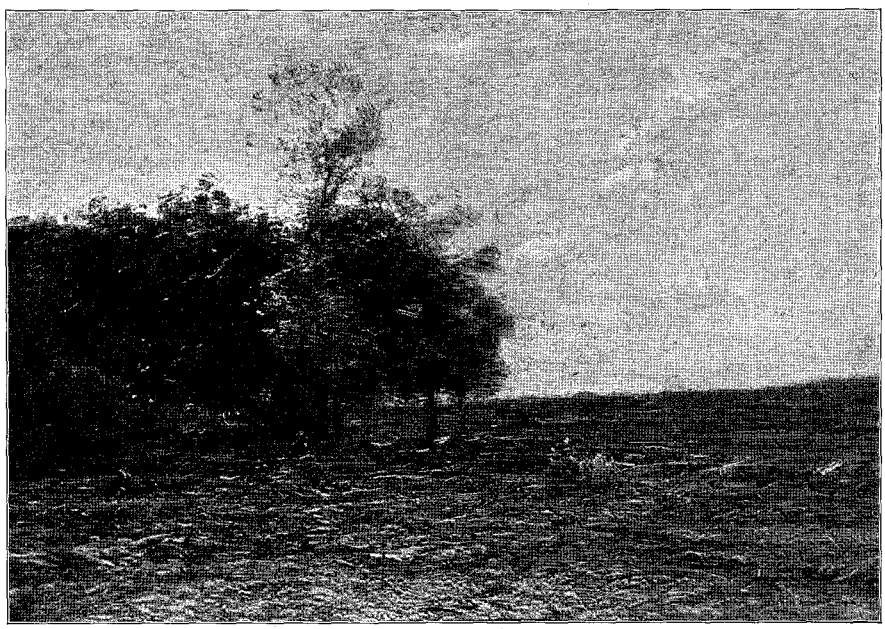
—how happily the word comes here, for Mr. Murphy's works were informed. One never had to question or to grope—his objects were drawn and painted with extreme consciousness of what they were.



A summer morning.

And how sincerely he has held his course! Year after year he added to his abilities and enlarged his study—the drawing of cloud-form, the study of foliage masses, the understanding of meadows and of rocky hillsides—all these were gathered into the golden sheaf of truth which has been the mine from which advancing years have been able to draw unfailingly.

And the point I make here—and I think Murphy's work proves—is that painting is not a haphazard affair, to be entered into lightly or unadvisedly by any one.

We would never say of Mr. Murphy that he is a great imaginative or dramatic artist. He probably never was troubled with a vision in his life. The approach to his art is through the tenets of the Barbizon school. Tone and color are beloved of him, and the rightness of his form is never questioned; therefore one may say his art is based on beautiful seeing. He does not ask us to imagine anything—rather he says simply: "I was walking across the fields to-day—the sky was very soft and fleecy, more tone than form or color, and the light over the grass near the little stream was very lovely, and that group of slender, sober birches was so delightful against the light that I have brought it all home to show to you." And we are glad that this was and is his mission.

We must not forget, either, that this beautiful seeing has also the plus sign after it—plus the man himself—there is the seeing and the doing.

No man has worked harder or longer to express himself than Murphy. When he used to do water-colors he spoiled sheet after sheet of paper to secure the clear beauty of a wash in some work that interested him, and many of his canvases have been finished only after long effort to secure the right quality of tone, the proper balance of air or texture. He is, we may say, a worker of infinite pains, and he has never been afraid of his work.

An artist told Murphy one day of his difficulties with the proper rendering of foliage, that he had to paint out and paint in, and his trees never seemed possible. Murphy's advice was quick and to the point. "Make a lot of drawings from nature with a sharp pencil," he said. Here,

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then, is at least part of his secret—a willingness to go back to nature and to take pains. It's a sermon that all great artists have preached ever, must ever preach, to themselves, and not fear.

The eminent sanity of Murphy's art has always endeared it to artist and public. He is logical and he is trained.

For kinship he is nearer to Wyant than to Inness or others of the older group, and yet, like them all, he is practically self-trained, and it is curiously interesting to note that these men are almost altogether self-taught or taught at home. They are American painters, painting in America, and were we searching for an American landscape we should find it in Murphy's work, done in any one of the years he has practised his profession. Some day some one must write a chapter or two on the home training of these great painters and add to them the names of Winslow Homer and George Fuller.

I am far from meaning to say that a passing glance will give one an understanding of Murphy's message in the world of art. There are many qualities that lie too deep for glances and come to those only who will pause and study. Nor is his gamut so limited as one might believe by what he chooses to give us to-day. In other years there were some wonderful green studies—poems, if you will—done in magical tones of gray and green, and long ago I can remember sunset things where the horizon edge burned in living fire and the world was shrouded in the mystery of nightfall. And he has felt the weather and the season's range—particularly he has loved and painted the spring and the autumn. The warm haze of autumn and Indian summer is often evident in his work and greatly loved for the mystery of half-revealed forms.

The technic, so far as one may say who has not watched the process of development in a canvas, is very direct, very painter-like and honest. If one means by directness the overevidence of paint-and-brush handling, then another meaning must be attached to the word here, for we are never troubled by the pigment in Mr. Murphy's landscapes—on the contrary, the loving care in the use and beauty of pigment is a characteristic in the pictures. The earlier ones showed us plane upon plane of meadow or hillside, with every inch of the space most delightfully drawn and painted, each object receiving its just amount of color and tone and accent, and if the artist used glazes they are not apparent in the finished work. As time has passed, Mr. Murphy has become, as most thoughtful artists do, more and more synthetic. His pictures are broader, less worked out in detail, but big and calm, the envelope of atmosphere beautifully adjusted.

Against the skies such tree forms as he uses are as delicately feathered as anything that Corot ever did, and with no likeness to that painter. A Murphy is always a Murphy, whether it be a work of years ago or of to-day, and this sterling honesty is a direct expression of the man. He has seen all the schools and all the *isms* come upon the board, speak their little piece, and go. He has listened and has observed—perhaps he has found qualities which in the silence of his own studio have been helpful, but no great revolution has shown itself in his work. Yesterday, perhaps, he accented more fully with darks, while in the works of to-day the accents are reached in the lights, making his canvases a trifle less heavy and just the breath of a tone higher in general value.

Quite as fully as the artists, the public has become keenly alive to the qualities in Mr. Murphy's work. It has received his pictures as authoritative coinage of pure gold is ever received, and the artist in the height of his powers has the pleasure and privilege of knowing that he is popular while still alive, a reward seldom meted out to painters, and won in this instance by a sturdy adherence to those ideals which have led him on.

And yet this popularity has not spoiled him or his work. It's a very delightful thing that we have not had to kill him, or break his heart, or sour him with long waiting in order to enjoy his work.

What the future will do with his fame we cannot tell, but if we may make an estimate built on experience in the lives of other artists his place is secure.

This serene calm seldom comes to an artist either here or abroad, and it is, of course, rarer here than there.

It has been said of Murphy's landscapes that they are deficient in design, that he cares nothing for pattern, and that composition to him is a valueless consideration.

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These opinions are empty and without due knowledge, for in his earliest works the balances of composition were beautifully felt; in his later things, as has been said, he follows synthetic expression and cares for very little elaboration of form. Always, it appears to me, he has cared little for the silhouette, that thing which so dominates the observation of the Japanese and which is an essential to the decorator; but Murphy is not a decorator—his terms are three-dimensional, and nowhere are you left unconscious of the substance, nowhere obsessed with the pattern, as with Blakelock. In Murphy you feel the firm earth under your feet—the sky is neither paint nor putty—it is air in its just understanding of sky structure and cloud-form, and, if we are to be insistent upon the weakness of pattern, let us observe and feel the compensation in his rendering of that most exquisite feature of landscape and landscape art, the sky-line. Not many painters observe it, and few give it to the observer with the beauty of a reverent touch. Murphy does! If we choose to be severe in our strictures, the thing which may be said against most modern effort is the lack of reverence, and yet it is a demonstrable proposition that there is no great art without it. I have no intention of dwelling upon this, but wish only to draw attention to this quality which abounds in Murphy's landscapes and is one of the great beauties to be seen there. Technically, also, his works are fine, and while I do not know his processes, the result ennobles the canvas.

An ultimate opinion, therefore, places Mr. Murphy safely in that great company of painters who have made American landscape art as significant as the work of the men of 1830 and with a virility characteristic of our people.

ELLIOTT DAINGERFIELD.

Edge of a clearing.

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OUR LOANS TO EUROPE

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES
Financial Editor of the New York *Evening Post*

AN incident which occurred in the last week of November brought into animated discussion several aspects of this country's financial situation. Following several large loans to France and England, for which American and foreign stocks or bonds were pledged as collateral security; also two loans of $50,000,000 each to Russia, not thus secured, and also four "unsecured" loans to the French cities of Paris, Bordeaux, Lyons, and Marseilles, aggregating somewhat over $100,000,000, another form of European borrowing was announced. The British and French Treasuries, so the New York fiscal agents of those two governments announced, had "each authorized the sale in this market of a limited amount of their short-term bills, running at various maturities from thirty days to six months."

A New Form of Borrowing

These "Treasury bills" have long been familiar in the London money market, where the Exchequer raises money on them to pay governmental expenses in advance of the large tax collections. During the war they have been issued in much greater amounts than usual, and in anticipation less of tax collections than of the floating of another large war loan. The proposal for their issue in America stipulated that the bills would be made payable in American money at New York and would bear interest adjusted to the current money rate.

THE Federal Reserve Board, which exercises general supervision over the national banking system, opposed the taking of these notes by American banks. It did not question their intrinsic soundness, and it passed no criticism on American loans in general to Europe. The fact was well known to the Board that English Treasury bills of this character have for many years been discounted by banks of the European Continent, and that Canadian banks have taken them in large amounts during the present war. But the Board discussed the question purely with reference to the position and policies of American banks at the present juncture. These bills, it thought, might come to be taken in such amounts "that liquid funds of our banks, which should be available for short-credit facilities to our merchants, manufacturers, and farmers, would be exposed to the danger of being absorbed for other purposes to a disproportionate degree." Therefore the Board announced to the banks that it "does not regard it in the interest of the country at this time that they invest in foreign Treasury bills of this character."

Opposition of Federal Reserve Board and Withdrawal

Clearly, this warning was based on the assumptions that the amount of such issues could not be controlled, that the banks would be tempted to lend on such bills in larger sums than would be prudent from the standpoint

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of good banking, and that the loans would not actually be extinguished at the end of the one or six months' term, but would be renewed or replaced by others; thus tying up permanently the bank funds invested in them. These assumptions were no doubt debatable. But the action was at least in line with prudence in a time of much perplexity; and, the supervisory board of our banking system having taken this attitude, the two foreign governments, in whose behalf the proposals had been made, very naturally and properly withdrew them.

Our Huge Loans Abroad

THE "Treasury bill" controversy was merely an incident in the general episode of our loans to the outside world. But it resulted, naturally enough, in reviving previous controversy over this whole remarkable chapter in American finance. It will be timely, therefore, to review in this place the situation which, in this regard, has arisen from our own economic relations to the European war. A month ago the Federal Reserve Board —which issues a monthly bulletin on the financial conditions of the moment—called attention, as a matter of exposition, not of criticism, to the fact that "the obligations of foreign governments, bankers, and merchants now held here are estimated to amount to $1,931,000,000." Of this prodigious sum (nearly one-half as much as the American railway and industrial corporations owed to the outside world when war began in 1914) $4,000,000 represented loans to China, $88,000,000 loans to Latin America, $212,000,000 loans to British dominions north of us, and $1,627,000,000 loans to Europe. Among the last-named huge advances of American capital to Europe, something absolutely unheard of prior to 1915, there were loans to such neutral states as Norway and Switzerland. But the bulk of them was made up of such operations as the $500,000,000 "Anglo-French loan" in the autumn of 1915 and of the "collateral loans" of 1916, footing up $550,000,000 to the British Government and $100,000,000 to the government of France.

All of these loans to belligerent powers had been created to effect, in part, payment by those states for their purchases of foodstuffs and war munitions in the United States. All of the $1,250,000,000 loans to France and England were made payable, principal and interest, in gold in the United States. They were a startling novelty in the history of finance. Not only had the American market never previously loaned to any foreign government more than two or three hundred millions, but no government at war, except England during the Transvaal conflict and Japan in the Manchurian War, had borrowed at all in the United States before 1915.

To the average man, the fact that England and France—not to mention Russia, Germany, Switzerland, and Norway—should have wished to raise money in this country, under the present abnormal conditions in the political and financial world, seemed natural enough. What did not appear so easy to understand was that our own people, themselves very recently heavy borrowers from Europe, should be placing so stupendous an amount of capital in such loans and should be confidently assuming ultimate soundness of the investment. With each successive loan thus subscribed in the American market, the questions asked when the first of the loans was placed

(Continued on page 40, *following*)

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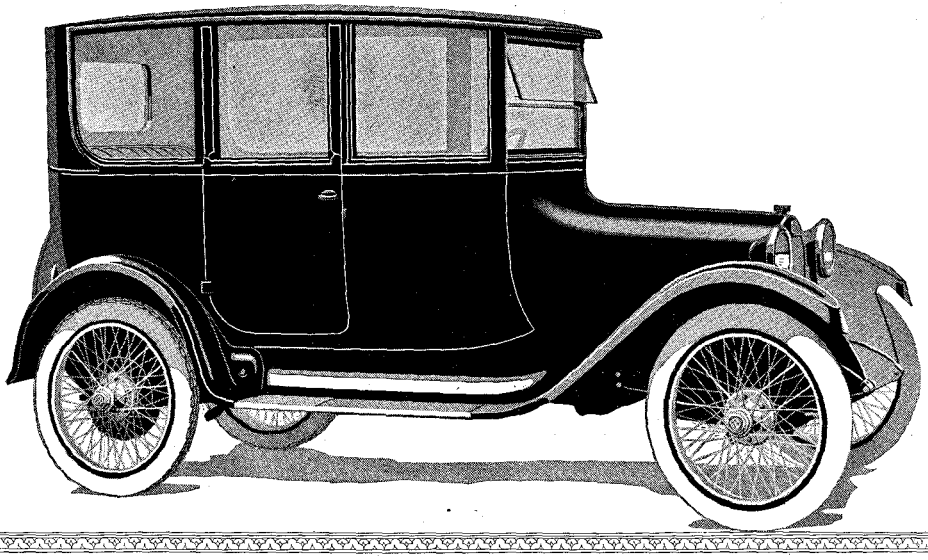

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(Continued from page 132)

has been asked again. How has it become possible for this country to raise such unprecedented sums for such a purpose? Is not the process bound to end in depriving our own domestic industries of the new capital which they need? And, finally, is the

(Continued on page 41)

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(Continued from page 40)

making of loans on such a scale, to nations engaged in such a war as this and under so terrific an economic strain at home, a safe investment for America?

These questions, especially the last one, have been put with more or less disquietude, even by people friendly to the borrowing governments. All of them deserve full and fair discussion. If (as is seriously contended in some quarters) we are committing a grave financial blunder by these transactions, on the scale described, it is high time we should know the fact. Let us once more review the situation.

How the American Market Met the Extension of Credit

THE first question, how the American market could have become capable of such immense extension of credit to the outside world, is the most easily answered of the three. It has to do with ascertained facts, whereas the other questions deal with theory or expectation. It is no secret that the bulk of the $1,627,000,000 loans, pointed out by the Federal Reserve Board as raised by Europe in this country since the war began, were placed here with the primary purpose of readjusting a greatly disturbed balance of international exchange. The familiar story of our war-time export trade in merchandise is that, whereas the largest recorded surplus of exports over imports in any calendar year of our history, prior to the war, was the $691,000,000 of 1913, the excess rose to $1,768,800,000 in 1915, and in only ten months of 1916 (the October foreign-trade statement is the latest at hand) had reached $2,490,800,000. It will almost certainly have exceeded $3,000,000,000 for the twelvemonth ending with December, 1916. This would mean that the surplus of exports, during the two past years, had been actually $3,500,-

(Continued on page 42)

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(Continued from page 41)

000,000 greater than the largest excess of any two previous calendar years on record.

Now, in such years before the war as that in which our "merchandise export excess" rose to $691,000,000, it was well understood how the balance on international exchange was readjusted. Part of the credit on merchandise account would be offset by the claims on American bankers, resulting from drafts on letters of credit by American travellers in Europe, which amounted to more than $200,000,000 annually. Part was cancelled by the $200,000,000 to $300,000,000 which our corporations had to send out each year in dividends or interest to foreign holders of their securities; part by the very large sum due for freight charges to European steamship companies. In some years part was offset by sale of their American investments by foreign holders; in other years by shipment of gold from Europe to New York. Since the war began, however, not only had the "merchandise credit" of the United States risen to a figure five times as great as in any former year, but the American tourists' drafts had been absolutely stopped by the war, and a vastly larger proportion of the freights on our ocean trade were paid not to foreign but to American ships.

What England Has Done

THIS extraordinary situation—created first by Europe's import of foodstuffs from our overflowing harvests of 1915 and 1916, and then by the Allies' prodigious purchases of copper, lead, steel, and finished war material—has been met by England in three separate ways. Gold has been shipped to us; American securities owned abroad have been returned to us, and London has borrowed in our markets—the last-named recourse amounting, from an economic point of view, to postponing payment of a

(Continued on page 43)

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(Continued from page 42)

part of the international debit balance, and giving a note or bond on two to five years' time to meet it. On balance, about $900,000,000 gold has come to us during 1915 and 1916, and perhaps $2,000,000,000 of our own securities. In each case these embodied a movement of wholly unprecedented magnitude; yet the two-year "merchandise export excess" which had to be cancelled stood, as I have shown, at the vastly greater figure of $4,200,000,000. It is the difference between the two sums total which has found expression in what we call our loans to belligerent Europe.

All this explanation of our foreign-trade situation may seem to be a twice or thrice told tale. It is necessary to repeat it, however, because it answers the first of the questions which I have quoted regarding our foreign loans—How was it possible for the

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country to raise such amounts for foreign borrowers? In the broadest economic sense, we did not have to raise the amounts at all. All that we did was to manufacture and ship the merchandise. The European governments owed the money for their purchases in America. They paid part of their debt in bonds with deferred maturity. Through the medium of banking houses, the manufacturers who had sold the goods to Europe squared their own account by sale of these European government bonds for cash to American investors.

IT will be observed that this process did not involve the shipment of a dollar in credit or capital from the United States to Europe. When our markets subscribed for $130,000,000 Japanese Government bonds in 1904 and 1905, that government drew on the proceeds for its own expenditures in Japan and Europe. The case of 1915 and 1916 has been wholly different, because the drafts of England and France, on the proceeds of their American loans of the two past years, have been used altogether for expenditure in the United States. Just as the figures of our foreign trade answer the question, how it was possible to raise such sums, so this fact of the keeping in this country of all the liquid capital involved goes far toward answering the second question, whether our own home industries will not be starved in their development through the granting of such amounts to belligerent Europe.

Will Home Industries Be Starved?

To some extent such displacement would doubtless occur, in so far as an ordinary American investor with, say, an annual surplus income of $10,000 had seen fit to invest $5,000 of it in "Anglo-French fives." Had he not done so, he and his fellow investors would presumably have provided larger opportunity for absorption of new American railway or industrial securities. But the striking fact of the actual situation is, that with all these huge loans to the outside world, American banking houses have actually been complaining that they had not enough new investment securities on their shelves to meet the demands of customers. The simple fact of the matter is that the country which was lending money whereby Europe could pay for its purchases from our own manufacturers, without drawing on London or Paris, was itself, as a community, growing constantly richer through the whole transaction.

It was precisely in this way (though mostly in time of peace) that England herself built up her foreign investment power of the nineteenth century. She sent immense consignments of manufactured goods to countries like India, Australia, Canada, the South American republics, and the United States—communities which needed the merchandise, but were not rich enough to pay for it all in other merchandise or in precious metals. The large yearly debit balance against such communities—created by this unequal exchange of goods, as well as by England's services through temporary banking advances and through ocean transportation facilities—London allowed to be settled through its own acceptance of new stocks and bonds issued by governments or incorporated enterprises in such countries. This was the origin of that immense "foreign investment fund" which, in 1914 and long before, was one of the evidences of England's position as the central money market of the world. These facts should never be overlooked in studying the economic situation into which the war has brought the United States.

IF our country's achievements of the past two years on similar lines had occurred through export of merchandise for peaceful purposes, offset by our acceptance of securities issued by foreign railways, water-works, industrial plants, cities, and governments not at war, I suppose that the

(Continued on page 46)

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(Continued from page 44)

operation would have been recognized without dispute as normal, logical, and altogether desirable. But the circumstances under which our huge "trade balance" of 1915 and 1916 was built up, made that impossible.

Few New Domestic or Foreign Securities

Except in the case of neutral states, there were few new securities being put out by private foreign enterprise. Railway and industrial companies of foreign communities were not large borrowers in the United States. The enormous purchases from America were made by belligerent governments. They were paid for, in so far as shipment of gold and return of our own securities were inadequate, in bonds of the same belligerent governments. But the facts that these governments were struggling at home under a quite unprecedented financial burden to conduct their war, and that their whole economic structure had been shaken by the strain, gave voice, in many quarters, to a different inference from what accompanied England's loans of the past century to the outside world. Whenever the theory that the American market could not safely spare such amounts of capital had spent its force, the suggestion was revived that belligerent Europe would not be able to repay these prodigious foreign borrowings after the war.

I HAVE already reverted briefly to that argument in these articles. But the large additions in the foreign borrowings from America since that time, the increased economic tension in Europe itself, and some particular incidents of the day, make re-examination of the matter advisable. What even some European individuals imagine may be judged from the German Crown Prince's interview of two months ago with an American correspondent. Commenting on our people's sympathies in this war by the remark that "where the treasure is

Will America "Aid in Footing the Bill"?

(Continued on page 48)

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(Continued from page 46)

there the heart is also"—not a particularly high-minded effort to account for the thought and motive of a nation which also showed its sentiments by feeding Belgium while the German generals extorted blood-money from her—this titled philosopher expressed his regret for unhappy America as a country "which has invested in the Entente's chance of success," and which therefore "will have to aid in footing the bill."

The ideas of Crown Prince William on such a question are not likely to be taken seriously. But he was probably repeating what he had heard some German statesman say; and, indeed, the general notion of the economic collapse of the Allied Powers after the war, with a huge war indemnity on their back, has been set forth even in Cabinet speeches to the Reichstag. What, then, is to be said of this imaginable result, and of its effect on the status of the bonds of belligerent Europe held by our investors when the war ends?

Some Government Debts Have Been Repudiated

THERE are instances of repudiation of a government debt. Austria ceased to pay interest on a loan contracted by her in the Napoleonic wars and guaranteed by Great Britain; but the incident was complicated by political dispute regarding terms. Greece, Turkey, and Portugal—not to mention numerous Central American states—have on occasion announced their unwillingness to continue paying interest on their public debt; at least at the contracted rate. These, however, were weak countries with neither financial nor commercial standing of any high order. All of them had assumed debts beyond their reasonable ability to provide for; many of them merely repudiated a debt fastened on them by a dictator or a revolutionary government.

Beyond these not very closely parallel instances, there is little in point

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to cite. What is generally called the bankruptcy of the French Government of Louis XVI in 1788 was in fact the recourse to paper money for payment of ordinary public dues; a recourse familiar on many other historic occasions, not least notably in our own wars of 1812 and 1861. But this is not what is meant by "debt repudiation" in the current discussion. As for the debt of the Confederate States, the English holdings of those undoubtedly repudiated obligations are still faithfully reported on each year by a London organization known as the "Council of Foreign Bondholders," with accrued interest scrupulously computed up to date. But since the Confederate Government, as such, expired in 1865, with nothing or no one to succeed it and administer its effects, the fate of its debt can hardly bear on the present controversy.

Comparison of Modern Debts with the United States War Debt

IN short, there is no valid analogy whatever to the present situation in the debt repudiations of the past. What we have now to consider, in the main, is the case of the most powerful financial and commercial states of the world; countries whose credit, three years ago, was absolutely unimpeachable; which borrowed then on much the same footing as the United States Government; whose income from taxation in the future is as certain, judged by all reasonable criteria, as in the past. The enormous increase in the public debt of all of them, and therefore in the annual interest charge, is unquestionable. For this, however, we have at least one very close historical parallel. The principal of the interest-bearing public debt of the United States in 1860 was $64,842,000; in 1862 it was $365,304,000; in 1865, $2,221,311,000. With all the astounding increase of indebtedness among the present belligerent states, no ratio of increase has yet been presented even remotely comparable to this.

(Continued on page 50)

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(Continued from page 49)

The public debt of England, during the long war with Napoleon, very nearly trebled in amount; the debt of France increased something more than 70 per cent as a result of the one-year Franco-Prussian War. Yet the market for the securities of all three countries had a curious story to tell in the sequel. During our Civil War, the new United States 5 per cents, issued in 1861 at par, sold as low as 83 on the Stock Exchange; they were quoted at 125 in 1869. British 3 per cent. consols, which had brought a price above 90 a few years before the Napoleonic war broke out, sold at 47¼ in the first year of that war and at 54¼ during 1912; but they were back at 84 in 1817 and at 97 in 1824. The 5 per cent loans of France, issued to pay the $1,000,000,000 war indemnity to Prussia after 1871, were originally sold at 79¼ and 80⅝; but they went to 100½ in 1874 and to 121¼ during 1881.

All Precedents Surpassed

IT is perfectly true, on the other hand, that the aggregate increase of national indebtedness in this war surpasses all precedent in history. It may reasonably be pointed out that there will be more nations heavily involved in accumulated war debt and fewer nations with capital to invest in such obligations than at any time in modern history with the exception of the period after the Napoleonic wars. In that period, moreover, England's accumulation of capital had continued throughout the war, and it was English capital which financed the world and absorbed the war debt after 1815. Yet, in a very much larger degree, this appears to be the present situation of the United States.

THE new taxes already imposed by the British Government, in the face of war conditions, prove at all events the possibility of providing in this way for the enormous burden of interest on the debt. What will be the

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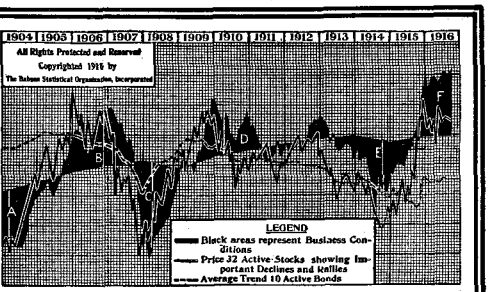
political and social results of such increased taxes, carried into time of peace, is undoubtedly a formidable problem. But it is a problem affecting primarily home indebtedness, because the paramount necessity of every one of the belligerents, when the war is over, will be to support its foreign credit. "When I asked one of the highest authorities in Great Britain," a partner in the New York banking house which acts for the British Government in this country lately said in a public interview, "how he would express the difference between an external and internal obligation, he replied that 'an internal obligation of the government is a debt owed by the government to its own people; an external obligation of the government is a debt of all of the people through the government to holders without the country.' In other words, an external bond of any of the governments is in effect an obligation of all the people constituting the government, from which no deductions are to be made and for which the assets of all the people are liable."

New British Taxes

AS for the international situation in which this country will be left through its immense acquisitions of the loans of belligerent Europe, that question was somewhat strikingly elucidated by Mr. Miller, of the Federal Reserve Board, in a recent speech. Pointing out first that these loans by the American market, practically all payable, interest and principal, in gold, are all of short maturity ($360,000,000 falling due as early as 1917 and 1918), he pointed out the extent to which these maturing credits will guarantee our position on international exchange. Furthermore, "the

The Firm Position of the United States

(Continued on page 53)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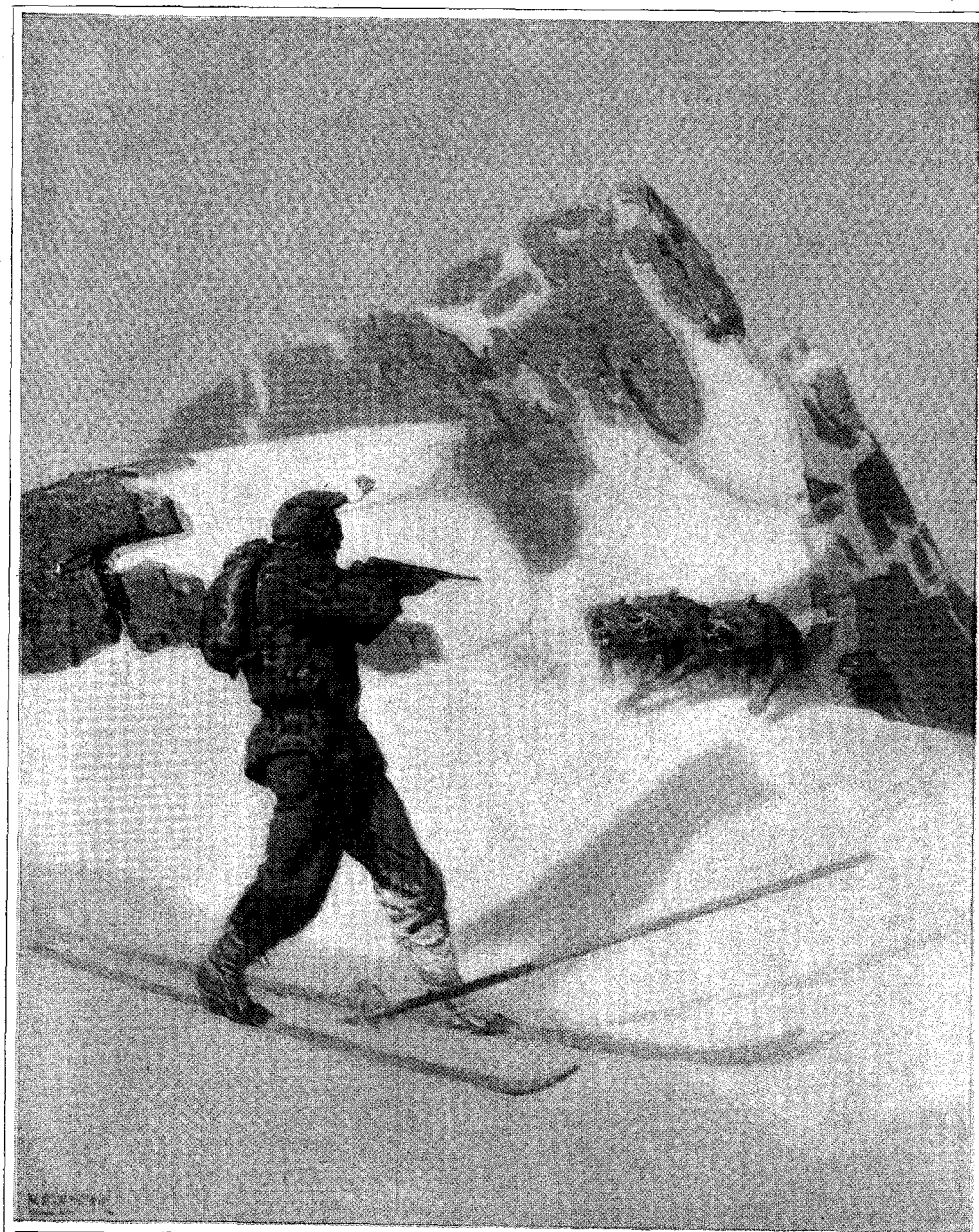

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